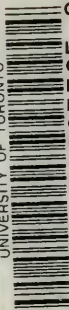


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01695735 9

8/22/81  
Toronto University Library

Presented by

Messrs Dulau & Co

through the Committee formed in

The Old Country

to aid in replacing the loss caused by

The disastrous Fire of February the 14<sup>th</sup> 1890



567

2

More

Just,  
for

"The manner in which Spenser  
gives a picture of his own career  
of life, is generally sup-  
posed to have served as a model  
for that of Gil Blas."

2 covered



---

*Printed by B. R. Howlett, 10, Frith Street, Soho.*

E777v  
-E1

THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
*LIFE OF THE SQUIRE*  
MARCOS DE OBREGON,

INSCRIBED TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS  
CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO,  
DON BERNARDO DE SANDOVAL AND ROJAS,  
*The Protector of Virtue and Father of the Poor,*

By VINCENT ESPINEL,  
MASTER OF ARTS, AND CHAPLAIN OF OUR LORD THE KING, IN THE  
ROYAL HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF RONDA,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

FROM THE  
MADRID EDITION OF 1618,

---

---

By MAJOR ALGERNON LANGTON,  
61st REGIMENT.

---

---

VOL. I.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR JOHN BOOTH, DUKE STREET,  
PORTLAND PLACE.

---

1816.

13600

12/6/91

Vol. 1-2

6

# CONTENTS.

## VOL. I.

	P.
<i>Translator's Preface</i> . . . . .	ix
<i>Original Prologue to the Reader</i> . . . . .	xv
<i>Particulars relating to certain Spanish Novels, together with Biographical Sketches of MAESTRO VINCENTE ESPINEL, Poet, and Author of "THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF SQUIRE MARCOS DE OBREGON</i> . . . . .	i

## BOOK. I.

### CHAP. I.

<i>Object of the History</i> . . . . .	1
--	---

### CHAP. II.

<i>Preliminary to the Author's Description of his Vicissitudes</i> . . . . .	6
--	---

### CHAP. III.

<i>The Squire's Situation with the Physician—Description of his Master and Mistress—The Advice he gives to his Mistress on important Points.</i>	13
--	----

### CHAP. IV.

<i>Sequel to Doña Mergelina's Intrigue with the young Barber</i> . . . . .	31
--	----

### CHAP. V.

<i>The Squire's Advice to the Barber, and to his Mistress—Hints for the Guidance of Doctors</i> .	46
---	----

## CHAP. VI.

- Doña Mergelina's Gratitude, and the Proposition  
which was the Result of it—Marcos's Love  
Adventure . . . . .* 63

## CHAP. VII.

- The Squire about finding a new Master—Re-  
flections on Castle-building . . . . .* 80

## CHAP. VIII.

- Thoughts on the Education of Youth, and the  
Choice of Tutors . . . . .* 86

## CHAP. VII.

- The Squire's Definition of Courage and Rashness,  
exemplified by Events—His Adventure in the  
Hall of a great Man . . . . .* 97

## CHAP. VIII.

- The Squire's first Adventure upon setting out in  
Life . . . . .* 127

## CHAP. IX.

- The Trick of the Carrier towards the Squire and  
Fellow Student—A mighty curious Adventure* 144

## CHAP. X.

- The Squire's Arrival at Salamanca—His Delight  
thereat—Taken ill, and cured by Water, against  
the Doctor's Prescription . . . . .* 156

## CHAP. XI.

- The Squire's Poverty involves him in Difficulties,  
from which he is partly extricated by his prudent  
Conduct . . . . .* 165

## CHAP. XII.

- Sharpers outwitted . . . . .* 176

## CHAP. XIII.

- Singular Instinct of Dogs—Moorish Shepherds  
—Avarice repaid—Adventure among Thieves  
—The Mercy of one duly recompensed . . .* 203

## CHAP. XIV.

- Squire and Merchants part Company—A serious  
Attack by a Serpent, during which the Mule  
ran away . . . . .* 222

## CHAP. XV.

- The Recovery of a lost Mule from a Gipsy—The  
Discovery of a petty Thief—Incidental Matter  
in a Journey in Spain . . . . .* 239

## CHAP. XVI.

- The Squire's Delight at beholding the Beauties of  
Malaga—He gives good Counsel to an old  
Friend . . . . .* 255

## CHAP. XVII.

- An immoderate Babblers defeated by his own  
Weapon . . . . .* 262

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Reflections upon Babbling continued* . . . . 276

## CHAP. XIX.

*The Squire's Stratagem to get from a Gang of Gipsies—His Arrival at Ronda—Attempt to prove the Site of the Munda of the Romans* . 283

## CHAP. XX.

*The Squire returns to Salamanca—Adopts a Soldier's Life—Embarks for the West Indies—Engages in an Adventure, which does not terminate quite to his Wish* . . . . . 298

## CHAP. XXI.

*The Squire arrives at Vittoria—Encouraged by the Great—Travels to Navarre and Aragon—Gives up his Mind to Gaming; and Reflections thereon, as also on Jealousy* . . . . . 319

## CHAP. XXII.

*Enters the Service of Count of Lemos—Folly of Joking on the Natural Infirmities, or Credulity of others* . . . . . 334

## CHAP. XXIII.

*A Tale-bearer rewarded—End of first Part of the Squire's Recital to the Hermit—Reasoning on Supernatural Appearances* . . . . . 355

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

---

THE Volume of which a Translation is here offered to the Publick, was put into my Hand at Ronda, when travelling in Spain, by a Parish Priest, with whom I entered accidentally into Conversation in the beautiful Alameda, or publick Walk, of that enchanting Place.

I feel a grateful Satisfaction in recording the Name of this respectable old Gentleman, whose Civility to me as a Stranger (though by no means uncommon in that Country) was very striking and acceptable. Indeed, though my Stay at Ronda was much shorter than I

wished, I saw enough of the Inhabitants to be deeply impressed with a general Feeling of Respect towards them, and I observed in their Conversation a warm Affection for their Native Town, which occasionally shews itself in the following Pages, and which its romantick Beauties fully justify.

The City is built on an Eminence at the Distance of about three Miles, and to the North of the Ronda Mountains. It stands on a solid Rock, a perpendicular Chasm in which divides the Town into two Parts; but a Union has been made by the construction of a magnificent Stone Bridge of considerable Height.

Under this Bridge a rapid Torrent rushes impetuously along, over huge Masses of unconnected Rock, and immediately below the Town, within the

Distance of half a Mile, sets eighteen Mills in Motion. At the Bottom of the Fall, the Stream assumes a more composed Appearance, and its Banks, after leaving the Mills, are ornamented on both Sides with a Succession of Gardens in the highest State of Cultivation, profusely intermixed with Orange Groves and Trees of various Kinds.

The grand Terrace of the Alameda rises abruptly and majestically above this luxuriant Scene, and a Prospect is afforded from among the Trees of that Walk, which could hardly be surpassed in Beauty. It happened on the Evening of my Arrival at Ronda, that the Sun set with unusual Splendour, and produced a Sublimity of Effect that I never saw equalled.

Immediately beyond the rich Garden-

ground, the Scene is diversified by the Appearance of a vast Number of small Hills, finely overgrown with the picturesque Cork Tree. They are thrown into a Variety of romantick Forms, and rise gradually in Height, till they become blended with the black rugged Mountains which compose the Back-ground of this animating Picture.

In the course of my Translation, I have occasionally taken the Liberty to omit or shorten some Sentences and Passages found in the Original, in consequence of their provincial or proverbial Idiom, or their containing Ideas it was impossible to render into English. It was the Custom in the Author's Days, sometimes to indulge in a play of Words that no longer accords with the Taste of the present Age; and in all Spanish

Novels, Allusions occur relating to local Customs and well-known Facts, which have uniformly rendered their Translation extremely difficult, and, in many Cases, an adequate Version has been impossible. The Narrative, however, of the present Work, is carried on with great Nature and Spirit, and contains a great Variety of entertaining Changes, Incidents, and Anecdotes, forming in the whole, what I trust will be considered a curious and interesting Specimen of Old Spanish Romance.

I should not omit to mention that my Friend the Clergyman, on presenting me with the Book, assured me that it was the very Work on which Gil Blas had been founded.

The Name of my Friend the Priest, as I find it written at length in the Origin-

nal Work, is, "DON FRANCISCO JOSEF DE CABRERA Y RIVAS, CURA DE ST. CECILIA DE RONDA;"\* and to him this Attempt is gratefully inscribed by

THE TRANSLATOR.

\* "Rector of the Parish of St. Cæcilia in the City of Ronda." *Tr.*

# ORIGINAL PROLOGUE.

TO THE

R E A D E R.

---

MANY Days, some Months, and even Years, I was dubious whether I should usher this poor Squire into the World, divested of Parts and filled with Misfortunes; and on this Subject, Confidence and Distrust created a strong Contention within my Breast—Confidence filled with Errors, Distrust abashed by Terrors; the first presumptuous, and the second timid; the one creating a Fiction of the Brain, and the other inclining to despond. I therefore called in Humility to my Aid; a Virtue which is not only acceptable in the Eyes of God, but also to the severer Judges of the World.

Consequently I resolved to consult my Labours with Licentiate Trebaldos, of Toledo, a great Latin and Spanish Poet, learned in the Greek and Latin Languages, and in the modern ones, a Man of consummate Skill; with Father Hortensio Felix Paravecin, extremely profound in Divine and Human Letters, and a great Poet and Orator; and some Part of them with Father Juan de la Cerda, whose Letters, Virtue, and Precision, are well known and duly appreciated. I also conceived it proper to appeal to the divine Talents of Lope de la Vega, who as he yielded to subject his Verses to my Correction in his Youth, so I, in my old Age, consented also to abide by his Censure and Opinion. I further submitted my Labours to the Inspection of Don Domingo Ortiz, Secretary of the Supreme Council of Aragon, a Man of an excellent Genius and great Judgment; as well as of Pedro Mantuano, a Writer of distinguished Virtue, and well versed in the higher Branches of Literature.

The whole of these Characters gave me more Courage than I first had felt, and I not only resolved to abide by their Censure, but likewise by that of all other Persons who may discover any Thing therein deserving of Reprehension ; all whom I request to inform me of my Faults, as I shall always be humble in receiving their Advice. My Intention was, to see whether I should succeed in writing something, in Prose, that might be of Service to my Country, by affording Delight and Instruction, in conformity to the Counsel of my great Master Horace ; for some Works, written by learned and renowned Men, have gone before the World, and contain nothing more than dry Doctrines, without any pleasing and moral Precepts to relieve and improve the Mind.

There are other Writers so capricious as to suppose, that they afford more Delight by publishing waggish Jests and turning every Thing into Farce ; Works which after one has read, scrutinized, and sifted them well, are so vain

and futile, that they leave no Substance, or Advantage for the Readers, nor Satisfaction or Credit for the Authors. Father Fouseca wrote divinely on the Love of God ; and yet, though the Matter was so lofty, he contains many Things to expand and recreate the Mind, and give it Room to expatiate with pleasurable Delight. We ought never to stick too closely to dry Doctrinal Points, or give too great a loose to the Play of Imagination ; Morality may be introduced under pleasing Colours, and Doctrine also may be blended with Delight ; for Virtue when examined near, possesses great Attractions to those who seek her, and Delight and Entertainment frequently lead us to ponder on the End of all Things.

Whilst I was yet undetermined, as well from my Persecutions of the Gout, as my Gnawings of Distrust, whether I should launch my Squire among the tossing Elements of the World, a Gentleman and Friend of mine requested me to lend him the Manuscript ; and that Part of it

comprising the Story of the Tomb of Saint Gines, getting to the Knowledge of a certain Nobleman, whom I know not, but who thought it would never be published, he recounted it as his own, affirming and boldly saying that the Adventure had happened to himself.\* This was enough to pique any one, for there are some Persons so forgetful of themselves, that from a Principle of Self-love, they venture to entertain their Hearers, with what must afterwards turn out as not their own.

If any Person should be displeased at my sometimes quoting living Persons, and talking about known and prominent Characters, I answer, that the Spanish Monarchy in my Time has been so full and abundant of Worthies in Arms and Letters, that I do not believe Rome herself had greater; and I am rash enough to say, not so many, or so great.† And I do not

\* This alludes to a curious Story told at the End of Chap. V. Vol. I. of this Translation.

† This particularly alludes to the Time of Charles V.

here wish to treat of the Deeds the Spaniards have done in Flanders,\* so superiour to those of ancient Times, as Luis de Cabrera has written in his "Perfect Prince;" but of those Things which our own Eyes have daily seen, and our Hands have touched; such as those performed by Don Pedro Enrique, Count of Fuentes, with such incredible Courage.† The Making and

when the New World had just been discovered and conquered, and when, by the Emperor of Austria coming to reign over Spain, there was an Union of Strength and Talent, which undoubtedly then made the latter the greatest and most powerful Country in Europe. Of this Era, Spaniards are particularly proud; and we here see Espinel could not disguise his native Feelings.

\* The various Sieges and Battles of the Spaniards in the Low Countries, under the Duke of Alva, undoubtedly present Traits of heroic Valour, Perseverance, and Privations, such as scarcely the World before witnessed; but unfortunately they were blemished by a bad Cause, and darkened by Traits of Cruelty. The Work here alluded to of the "Perfect Prince," and written by Cabrera, was a History of Philip II.

† About the Year 1592, after the Death of the Duke of Parma, Fuentes was sent to Flanders by Philip II. to take the Direction of Affairs. The Government was afterwards given to the Archduke Ernest, Cousin to the same Philip,

pillaging of Amiens, which Don Diego Villalobos records in his Commentaries, where he was employed as a valiant Captain of Lancers and Infantry, and where with a Load of Hay and a Pannier of Nuts, six Captains took a City so great, that it was the Platform and Key to all France.\*

It is pleasing to dwell on that Ease and Resolution with which Spaniards rush to the Service of their King, exposing their Lives, as

who it will be remembered was called the Devil of the South, in consequence of the Troubles his Policy excited in Europe during forty-two Years. Fuentes, however, acquired great Reputation, though the Affairs of the Spaniards began to decline after the Death of the Prince of Parma; and he was besides held as an extremely witty Man.

\* In 1596, Henry IV. of France made an Alliance with Elizabeth of England and the Dutch against the Spaniards. The Spanish Governor of the Low Countries, however, Cardinal Archduke Albert, that Year took Calais and Ardres, and the next Year the French lost also Amiens. The Circumstance of the Hay and Nuts, must allude to a Stratagem by means of which an Officer must have found out the weak Parts of the City, and thereby combined a successful Attack.

lately was seen in the Affair of Mamora,\* where they were left swimming the whole Night, meeting with neither Vessel nor Land, on which to seek Safety, and thus courageously overcoming their adverse Fortune, and performing Things which even the Roman Monarchy had not witnessed.

What ancient Authors exceeded those Spain has given birth to, within these few Years, that she has been free from Wars? What Orators were greater than Don Fernando Carrillo, Don Francisco de la Cueva, and Licentiate Betrio; who, by their excellent Style and high Conceptions, prove the Truth of their distinguished Talents? The not reading of dead Authors, and our not adverting in the living ones to those Secrets they inclose in what they profess to teach, is the Cause of our not giving to the latter the Applauses they deserve; for it is not only on the outside Bark that we ought to look, but with

\* This alludes to some great Action of the Spaniards on the African Coast against the Moors.

the Eye of Consideration we ought to penetrate into the Interiour. It is not because Authors are more ancient that they are better; nor are they less estimable or instructive, because they are modern. He who is contented with the Bark alone, derives no Fruit from the Labours of the Writer; but he who scrutinizes them with the Eyes of the Soul, gains wonderful Advantage.

Two Students were going from Antequera to Salamanca; the one extremely careless, and the other diligent; the one a great Enemy of Trouble and Learning, and the other vigilant and extremely searching into the Latin Language; and though both were very different in every Thing else, in one they were alike, that is, both were poor. One Summer's Eve, travelling over Plains and Meadows, and being parched with Thirst, they came to a Well, where, after refreshing themselves, they saw a small Stone on which were engraved Gothic Words, nearly worn out by their Antiquity and the Feet of the

Cattle that passed over in search of Drink. On this Stone were inscribed twice over, the following Words: CONDITUR UNIO. CONDITUR UNIO.

The Scholar who knew least, observed: "Why the Devil has this Sot engraved the same Thing twice over?" (Ignorant Men are always rash and presumptive.) The other was silent, and not being satisfied with the mere Bark, said to his Companion; "I am tired, and fear being again thirsty, so I will not fatigue myself any more this Evening." "Remain there, like a Coward as you are," said the other, "I will go on by myself." The wise one remained, and after cleaning and carefully examining the Inscription, and as it were tearing the outside Bark from his Understanding, he exclaimed: "UNIO means Union, and UNIO means a precious Pearl: let me see what Secret is here." He then set to work digging in the best Manner he could, and raising the Stone, found the Union of the Love of the two

Lovers of Antequera,\* and on the Neck of the one a Pearl larger than any Nut, together with a Necklace worth Four Thousand Crowns. He

\* In the Vicinity of the City of Antequera, on the Road from Loja to Seville, and not far from Archidona, is discovered at some Distance, a rugged Rock of considerable Size, still called *La Peña de los Enamorados*, or the Rock of the Lovers of Antequera, from the following Circumstance. At the Time the Peninsula groaned under the Saracen Yoke, in one of the Battles then frequently fought between the Christians and Moors, a Spanish Nobleman, valiant and accomplished, was made Prisoner. On being carried to Granada as a Captive, the Moorish King was pleased with his Presence, ordered his Chains to be taken off, and gave him Employment in the Palace near his Person. The King had a Daughter, possessed of singular Charms. The Princess saw the Captive, and was enamoured; he also yielded to her sovereign Sway. The Christian Captive was graceful, and the Moorish Princess was not insensible. Great were the Difficulties they had to encounter to converse with each other, owing to the great Inequality of the Sphere in which they moved, and the Effects of Turkish Jealousy. They were every where surrounded by Guards and Spies; but what Argos has not been blinded by Love, or what Dragons has he not laid to sleep? In spite of all their Difficulties, the Lovers obtained Interviews, but unfortunately, at length, they were discovered. Dreading the Anger of the Father, a King and Moor, they saw Death, or Separation.

replaced the Stone, and journeyed on by another Road.\*

tion, which was the same Thing, as inevitable, and instantly resolved to fly. They left the Palace at Night, in search of some humble Cottage, as a Shelter to their chaste Love. The King immediately dispatched his Cavalry after them, who came up with them in the Neighbourhood of the famous Rock already alluded to. The unhappy Pair finding it impossible to escape from their Pursuers, hastened to the Summit of the Rock, and forming one of those strong Resolutions which Love alone inspires, they resolved to perish united, rather than be torn asunder; they were instantly folded in each other's Arms, and sprung into the immeasurable Gulf that yawned below.

Had this tragical Event occurred in the Time of profane Antiquity, its Remembrance would have been celebrated with solemn Pomp; but Christian Austerity has allowed no more than a small Cross to rescue it from Oblivion. This was erected as soon as the Moors were expelled from the Country, as a simple, but sorrowful Monument to the Memory of these two Victims of Love; and placed on the Summit of the Rock. This naked Cross still excites the Curiosity of the Traveller. The Inhabitants around relate the mournful Tale which has been transmitted to them from their Ancestors; and frequent Allusion is made to it in Spanish Poets, and Romance-writers. It is the Tomb of these two Lovers, that Espinel supposes the Student discovered.

\* Gentle Reader, before you proceed, see what Gil Blas says before he begins his Story.

Rather long, but important has been my Story, as a Lesson how Authors ought to be read, for Times are not always the same, or Ages always firm. I am desirous, in what I write, that no one should be satisfied with the Bark, for in the whole of my Squire there is not a Leaf which does not contain an Object more than the Surface would denote. I myself now look into the Inside of Things from a natural Inclination; but under the Gaeties of Youth I seldom went beyond the Outside. This is an Age I am now sorry in my Heart has passed by me; but I hope to God that Repentance will always follow after Faults.



*Particulars relating to certain Spanish Novels,  
together with Biographical Sketches of  
MAESTRO VICENTE ESPINEL, Poet, and  
Author of "THE ADVENTURES OF SQUIRE  
MARCOS DE OBREGON," by William Wal-  
ton, Esq.*

SPANISH Novels and Romances, have always been esteemed and celebrated for their Redundancy of Wit, Justness of Comparison, natural Descriptions, and a peculiar and appropriate Delicacy in touching every Circumstance relating to the Passions and Affections of Mankind, as well as a singular Skill and Adroitness in pourtraying the Scenes and Stages of varied Life. Hence both the French and ourselves have always been eager to become acquainted with them; and, though under very imperfect Versions, they afford an inexhaustible Fund of Amusement. Le Sage and Florian, have founded a great Part of their Reputations on the Adoption of Spanish Novels and Romances into their own Language; they have been pronounced inimitable, and tended to give us correct Ideas of the Habits and Pursuits of the People to whom they refer. Every Nation has its peculiar Mode of seeing and feeling, and is possessed of characteristic Traits, partly derived from Education, and partly from Climate; these are best pourtrayed in the

Romances and Novels of each. Spain, besides, from the sombre Government by which she has been ruled, the Peculiarities of recluse Education, the Intercourse of Moors, and the romantic Scenes and Ruins with which the Country is every where studded, has afforded great Scope for these Sources of Pastime and Improvement ; hence they are to be found in most Languages, and, though the Fashion for Reading has frequently varied, they have kept their Ground. Romances founded on the marvellous, received their Death-wound from the Pen of Boileau ; but Novels taken from the Occurrences of Human Life, and blended with Moral Precepts, have uniformly met with the Sanction of even the Cynic, and have been placed in the Hands of Youths of both Sexes with Safety and Advantage.

It is, therefore, with a degree of Confidence that the present Work is ushered before the British Public ; and, indeed, it is something astonishing, that a Translation has been so long delayed. Like Don Quixote, it does not contain a Burlesque on the ferocious Spirit of the wild, and as some would call splendid Era of Romantic Chivalry, but it constitutes a well-told Story, busy, varied by Incidents and happy Interchanges, and regularly promoting the Progression and Chain of the Whole. The Adventures of Marcos de Obregon, in Spain, are generally supposed to have served as a Model for those of Gil Blas ; and in several of the Stories, a great Resemblance will be noticed. But before we proceed to give any further Details respecting the Work and its Author, it may be deemed accep-

table to communicate certain Particulars relating to the Authorship of *Gil Blas*, a Subject on which considerable Doubts have been entertained.

It is well known that Le Sage has generally had the Merit of this agreeable Piece of Composition, though a variety of Circumstances concur to make it nearly evident, that its Origin must have been Spanish. Such an accurate Picture of the Manners and Customs of Spain, Pursuits of Life of the different Classes, Localities, Idiom, Proverbs, Slang, History, Characters, &c. as contained in *Gil Blas* and *The Devil on Two Sticks*, could never be possessed by any Foreigner, unless he had spent all his Life in the Country.

By what Means the Original of *Gil Blas* passed into the Hands of the French, has never been accurately ascertained; but Father Isla, a celebrated Spanish Writer of our own Time, has published the following Particulars respecting *Gil Blas*, contained in his Preface to the Spanish Edition of that Novel. Father Isla was a Jesuit, and on the Expulsion of that Order from Spain, he retired to Italy, where, as a Kind of Pastime and Means of Support, he adopted and published *Gil Blas* in his own Language (an Attempt to which his Style was particularly suitable) under the following curious Title-page:

“The Adventures of *Gil Blas de Santillana*, stolen from Spain, and adopted in France, by M. Le Sage, now restored to their own Country and Native Language, by a jealous Spaniard, who does not suffer his Nation to be sported with.”

Respecting Le Sage and his adopted, it is ascertained, that he resided in Spain for several Years, attached to a diplomatic Mission; that he was pleased with, and cultivated the Spanish Language, and that he was particularly intimate with an Andalusian Lawyer, who, according to general Report and Father Isla, gave him the famous *Sueño Politico*, (Political Dream) which begins with these Words: "*Pasaba yo el Bocallini por estudio ó por recreo,*" amounting to a most furious Satire against the Spanish Ministry. The same Authority adds, that he also confided to Le Sage a Manuscript Copy of the Novel of Gil Blas; a more agreeable, but still more pungent Satire against certain Dignitaries who had been successively raised to the Rank of Ministers, and whose Conduct is therein ridiculed.

The Motive for confiding the MS. to a Frenchman was, that the Work should be published in France; for under the despotic Government existing in Spain, and the Difficulty of passing a Work of the Kind through the Board of Censure, all Possibility was precluded of laying it before the Spanish Public. As a stronger Proof that Le Sage was not the original Author of Gil Blas, it will be seen, that from the Satire contained therein against the Ministers and Counsellors of Philip 3d and 4th, it must have been written during their Reign, or shortly afterwards, and whilst certain political and administrative Events were fresh in the Memories of all. Those two high Personages themselves, in the 3d and 4th volumes, even are mentioned in a very unequivocal

cal Manner. Le Sage was born in 1677, at which Time Philip 4th was dead; and it is presumable, that the French Imitator could not have been in Spain as a diplomatic Agent, till he was near 30 Years old, consequently, long after the Events alluded to had lost their Force.

The only Circumstance that occurs in the whole Novel, to induce a belief that the Work was written by a Foreigner, is a remarkable Blunder in the Geography of the Country, in Book 10, Chap. 1; where the Story says, that "Gil Blas and his faithful Servant Scipio, leaving Madrid for Asturias, slept the first Night in Alcalá, and the second in Segovia." The Fact is, that from Madrid, Alcalá is in quite an opposite Direction to Asturias and Segovia; consequently, to sleep there the first Night as the first Stage to Segovia, it would be necessary to return through Madrid. From Alcalá to Segovia, the Distance is at least 20 Leagues, besides the Obstruction of a River; and to perform this Journey, according to the usual Mode of Travelling in Spain, would require two Days. This Blunder could not, therefore, have originated with a Spaniard; and it must either have been caused by some Mutilation or Obscurity in the original Manuscript, or was done on Purpose, as a Lure to convey the Idea that the Work was composed by a Foreigner, though every other Part denotes a perfect Knowledge of the Topography of the Country.

The Authors of the *Dictionnaire Historique*,\* in the

\* Vide Art. Sage (Alain René Le.)

Capacity of Critics and Biographers, appear to give Le Sage Credit only for Imitations of the Spanish, in the following Words: “ He afterwards learned Spanish, and was greatly pleased with the Authors of that Nation, of whose Works he has given us *Translations*, or rather *Imitations*, which have been very successful. His principal Works in this Kind are, 1st. Guzman de Alfaraché ; 2d. The Bachelor of Salamanca ; and 3dly. Gil Blas de Santillana, &c. The two first are known Spanish Works, as well as the *Diablo Cojuelo*, or Limping Devil,\* in which Le Sage has no other Merit than being a Translator ; nor does he, except in a few Dramatic Pieces, appear to have soared so high as the Regions of Authorship.” The same Biographers add, that he was “ possessed of little Invention, but gifted with Genius and Taste, as well as a great Talent in beautifying the Ideas of others, by making their Thoughts his own.” The Composition of Gil Blas, most assuredly, is a Work of great Invention, and exhibits the boldest Effort of native Genius that can be imagined, and, as with Junius’s Letters, it is to be regretted that the real Author, in the Eyes of Posterity, has not his due.

Whoever he was, and however great the Sources of his Imagination, he could not have been above borrowing Part of his Plan from his Predecessor Espinel, who had been the Contemporary and Rival of Cervantes, and who, at that Time, jointly shared with him the Estimation of his Countrymen, as a Man of exalted

\* Usually called, The Devil on Two Sticks.

Literary Talents. At the Time *Gil Blas* was written, no other national Novel could be found to serve as a Model, than that of *Espinel*; for *Don Quixote* had been written for a peculiar Purpose, had fully answered its Object, and was then in such Repute, that to attempt to tread in the same Steps, would have been more than Presumption. In *Marcos de Obregon*, however, there is a very uncommon Feature. The Author, whose Station was humble, but whose Talents were nevertheless respected by great Men, amidst the busy Changes of Scene, and the Variety of Conditions in which he is placed, has sought to be his own Biographer, not from a Principle of Ambition, but that he might point out to succeeding Youth some of the hidden and lurking Rocks to which the Heedless are exposed, when they are launched into the great Theatre of the World, without a friendly Monitor at hand. Like *Burnet's History of his own Times*, or *Clarendon's History of his own Life*, the present Work is not a Record of Public History; yet it contains a Chain of Anecdote, Sketches borrowed from Life, and a busy and rapid Succession of real and possible Events, accompanied by moral Deductions, which cannot fail to amuse and instruct. In it the Character of no one is exposed, the Reputation of no one lessened, and the Weakness of no one discovered; still there is a Sufficiency of Satire, and a Zest and Piquancy of Anecdote, capable of well beguiling the leisure Hour, without once offering the least Gratification to Malignity.

But to proceed to a nearer Examination of the Author.—If the History of Men of Letters were to be confined to the Narrative of their Actions, merely as Citizens of the Literary Republic, the Life of a Writer and a Learned Man, would not extend to any Thing more than an Outline of his Studies and Works; but the Persons of Men illustrious in Letters and in Science become so interesting, that the smallest Circumstances, the minutest Particulars of their public and domestic Life, are rendered Objects of lively Curiosity. This increases, when the Author has appeared on the Theatre of the World at a Period of great Events, more particularly if he has had any active Share therein, and has not been content to perform the Part of a simple Spectator.

This was the Case with the Spanish Author, of whose Work a Translation is now, for the first Time, offered to the British Public. Licentiate\* Vincent Espinel, lived during an Age the most flourishing in Letters and in Arms, the Spanish Monarchy has had to boast. He reached the latter Part of the Reign of Charles V., all that of Philip II., and the Beginning of that of Philip III. He was born in the Year 1544, at Ronda, a beautiful City of the ancient Kingdom of Granada, on the Borders of Andalusia; which, in the Opinion of Geographers, is the ancient Arrunda, but according to that of Espinel himself and others, is the celebrated Munda; and from one or both of these Names, its present Appellation is derived.

\* Licentiate signifies a Degree in Spanish Universities.

His Parents were more noble than rich. They were Natives of the Valley of Cayon, near Santander, situated in those famous Mountains, among whose broken Crags and steep Defiles, the Castilians took Refuge, in consequence of the Irruption of the Saracens, in the Time of the inert Gothic King, Don Rodrigo; from whence they fought the numerous Hosts of their Invaders, to whom they had been perfidiously sold; nor did they lay down their Arms, till they had completely effected their Expulsion, 700 Years after their Conquest.

The Spanish Biographers who have attempted to write the Life of our Author, have only given us short and very imperfect Outlines, such as are incapable of satisfying the most idle Curiosity. Lopez Sedano, who, in 1773, furnished a Sketch in the *Parnaso Español*, scarcely does any thing more than mention the Years of his Birth and Death, and the Title of his Works; but the Place and Kind of his Studies, together with the other Events of his Youth, Sedano says, are entirely unknown. We are, however, on the very best Authority,\* enabled to assert, that the tender Years, Rise into Manhood, as well as nearly every other Occurrence of the Life of Licentiate Espinel,

\* It is to the Friendship and Politeness of Don B. J. Gallardo, chief Librarian to the late Cortes, justly celebrated by his ingenious and sportive Productions, (particularly his *Diccionario Critico-Burlesco*,) as one of the most elegant Writers of the Spanish Language, and well known for his Researches in Philosophy and Belles Lettres, as well as his profound Knowledge of Spanish Literature and Bibliography, that we are indebted for many of the following particulars relating to Espinel.

are perfectly traceable; and we have the greater Confidence in what we are now about to lay before the curious in Spanish Literature, because the whole is supported by the most authentic and incontestable Documents, viz. the Life of the Author, written by himself. Espinel seems to have been desirous that no Stage or Part of his varied Life should be unknown; and, for this Reason, he composed a Book, founded on the Outlines of Reality, but filled with as much Entertainment, as if it had been the Work of the most sprightly Invention. Such are the present ADVENTURES OF SQUIRE MARCOS DE OBREGON, under which fictitious Name and Title, Espinel gives a Detail of his own variegated Life. It is, indeed, a Fact of which the Curious are now well aware, that Espinel is the real Hero of his own Novel, and that the Adventures as well as the Composition belong to himself alone.

With this previous Information, and from our own Resources in Spanish Literature, we consequently hope to have it in our Power to give a more perfect Biographical Memoir of Licentiate Espinel, than can be found in any of the Historical Records of his own Nation.

In pursuit of our Object, we have fully ascertained that Espinel performed his first Studies in Ronda, under the direction of Maestro Juan Cansino. This was a great Teacher, according to the Words of his own Scholar Espinel, "not of that Number who now-a-days are called Preceptors, but of those who anciently were termed Grammarians," and who, besides being Philologists, were generally acquainted with all Species

of Science. He was extremely learned in Belles Lettres and Humanity, which young Espinel learnt from him, and also exemplary in his Conduct. He taught the sound Principles of Morality, together with the Latin Language, in which he composed good Verses. He was born lame in both his Hands, a Peculiarity that has been noticed in several celebrated School-masters of our own Country. Under the Auspices of such a Guide, our young Author was led on to the Study of the ancient Classics and Models, in which he imbibed that Elegance and good Taste, which afterwards so greatly distinguished his own Works.

When he had learned all it was possible to acquire in his own native Place, and already skilled in Latin Composition, and adorned with some Musical Attainments, but still thirsting after more copious Sources and anxious to get into a more extended Sphere, he left his paternal Roof, and took the Road to Salamanca. This University was, at that Time, the scientific Emporium of Spain, whither, from the Reputation it had acquired, Professors and Scholars flocked from every Quarter, attracted by the Celebrity of the Studies pursued there. At that Period were flourishing in it, Men eminent in all those Branches, whose Cultivation the Times and the Inquisition allowed. This black Tribunal, essentially the Persecutor of Learning, made every Exertion to keep the Minds of the People in Darkness and subject to its Iron Rod, by obstructing all Kinds of Studies and Professions,

except those from which Despotism and Superstition had nothing to fear. Thus Spanish Talents, seeking to indulge in the native Fire of their own Climate, when they were unable to consecrate their Efforts to the sober Pursuits of Minerva, were obliged to follow the more sportive Occupations of the Muses. The Government encouraged these playful Fancies of the Brain; for Tyrants always like to keep their Slaves amused, in order that they may not feel the Weight of their Chains, or may not be tempted to file them asunder, since they are unable to break them to pieces. For this Reason, at no Period has Poetry flourished so much in Spain, as during the successive Reigns of the three Philips; but more particularly, in that of the Monster Philip II. The Golden Age of that enchanting Art had just begun to beam, when Espinel reached Salamanca. The most celebrated Poets then tuned their Lyres to those same Nymphs of the Tormes, which in these latter Times have had to listen to the Martial Sounds of British protecting Bands.

Espinel, gifted with a warm and lively Imagination, was easily borne away by the Murmur of the Muses; but he was soon obliged to shake off the Attractions of these Syrens, to follow the tedious Studies of "*Panc lucrando*." The short Allowances our Scholar enjoyed during his Academic Career, kept him so low, that to tally with his Companions, he undertook to give Lessons of Singing. He himself recounts in sportive Strains, the parsimonious Life he was obliged to pass during the first Part of his scanty Pupilage, and that

which he afterwards experienced, if not more cheerful, at least more plentiful, when he lived as Messmate with several of his School-fellows, in the Parish of St. Vincent; a part that is never chosen for Lodgings by the Students of Salamanca who are in easy Circumstances.

In this Kind of Employment he passed three or four Years; but though poor, as he was a noble Mountaineer,\* he succeeded in obtaining a Place on the Establishment of the College of St. Pelayo, one of the four upper ones out of the twenty-five Colleges that University at length attained; half of which, at present, are scarcely remaining. The City of Salamanca, in like Manner as Thebes was called the City of a hundred Gates, might be called the City of a hundred Corporations, for it contained twenty-five Colleges, (an English one included,) twenty-five Parishes, twenty-five Convents of Friars, and the same Number of Nuns.

In his Collegiate Career, Espinel had several illustrious Companions, some of whom afterwards became Bishops. The Bishop of Valladolid was brought up with our Author; Señor Vigil de Quinones was his Messmate, and Llanos Valdes was his College Companion, the same who was afterwards Counsellor of the Inquisition, and most probably Nephew to the famous Inquisitor General Valdes. Whilst, however, his

\* In Spain, all those enjoy the privilege of Nobility who are born on the Mountains of Asturias and Santander, in Reward of their Ancestors having come forth from thence with Pelayo, as the Liberators of their Country, then oppressed by the Moors.

Companions, each one in his Turn and in their respective Ways, reached the Summit of Fortune, by obtaining rich Dignities and Employments, Vincent Espinel always remained reduced to that same Narrowness of Circumstances to which Men of an extraordinary Genius are so often born, but more particularly Poets.

He was, however, unable to complete his Studies, in consequence of being called to Ronda by his Father, in order to take Possession of an Estate some Relation wished to leave him. He was afterwards obliged to absent himself from Salamanca, owing to a general Dispersion of the Students, occasioned by a certain Quarrel with the Mayor, Don Enrique de Bolanos. These Disputes, more or less strong, were not unfrequent in that City. The Students, as Espinel very aptly observes, are young, rash, and easily roused. Their Number, at that Time, reached nearly 12,000\* belonging to the various Colleges: and a Circumstance had, besides, provoked the ungovernable Spirit of the Students. This was a Question of Privileges. There are certain Immunities called *Fueros*, enjoyed by Individuals of certain Classes, of not being judged by the ordinary Judges, but each by his own special ones. In conformity to this absurd Principle, a Criminal who is an Ecclesiastic cannot be judged by the ordinary Courts, because he enjoys this Immunity, and has a Right to claim a special Judge of his own Cloth. The Military, and even the Student, are entitled to an Immunity of a similar Nature. It is incredible how

\* They have been as many as 20,000 at one Time.

much the right Administration of Justice, in Spain, is obstructed by these Immunities, and how much they encourage Impunity.

The Students, under Cloak of their Immunity, frequently sported with the Severity of the Laws, and the Diligence of the Ministers who sought to correct and punish their Irregularities. There were, on the other Hand, in the University of Salamanca, certain Usages and Customs which frequently caused Noise and Confusion. There reigned among the Students such a provincial Spirit, that those of the different Provinces of the Spanish Empire were divided among themselves; but those of each combined into a distinct Clan, and often raised Quarrels, and even Battles, each Party in favour of his own Province, as thinking it the best. These Disputes generally took place at the Nomination of the Conciliarios who assist at the Meetings of the Doctors of the University. They are chosen by the Students, represent the Provinces, and afterwards elect the Rector. This for the Scholars was a Day of great Pomp and Solemnity; but a Day also of absolute Licentiousness; because they were enabled to commit all Kinds of youthful Excesses, under Cover of celebrating the Feast, without Fear of Interference from any of the Authorities. It was during these Feasts, that the Spirit of Province was most let loose; and though, for the sake of moderating it, the Custom was not to mention or appear to give any Preference to any particular Province, all those belonging to each assembled in Posses on that Day, formed themselves into Parties under a Leader,

and carried a peculiar Emblem representing each respective Province.

Thus assembled together, they performed a kind of Procession in two Lines, singing the Praises of the new Rector, whom in this Manner they conveyed from his House to the University, to take Possession of his Seat, where a splendid Refreshment was served up for them. This Possession was called the Walk of the Rector, (*Paseo del Rector*). When the Entertainment was ended, the greatest Noise and Sport commenced, and lasted the Remainder of the Day and Part of the Night. Elevated by the plentiful Toasts they had drank, the Scholars ran in Flocks about the City and Suburbs, bearing as Insignia on the Top of a Pole, some characteristic Production of their Country, thus distinguishing each Province; and when they met one another, each cried out: "Long live the Bottle; long live the Ear of Corn; long live the dried Sausage;" which is the same as to say, "Long live the Manchegans, Navarrese, Estremenians, &c.;" as the above are the most noted Productions of each of these Provinces.\* These boisterous Mobs frequently ended in real Battles, attended with Bloodshed and Deaths. This customary Disorder lasted up to the Year 1790, when Government interfered, and was under the Necessity of forbidding the Walk of the Rector to be performed

\* Viva la botella; La Mancha is a Wine Country. Viva la espiga; Navarra is a Corn Country. Viva el chorizo; Estremadura is famous for dried Sausages, one of the principal Ingredients of the Spanish Olla. They had also Fountains of Wine flowing, of which all drank at Discretion.

any more. It is presumable, that the Dispersion of the Scholars which caused Espinel to leave Salamanca, originated in one of these Riots, in which there must have been some considerable Clashing with the Civil Magistrates, owing to Accidents.

Let this be as it may, these venturesome Feats were no other than Essays to the new Species of Life that awaited our Author. He remained in Salamanca till he heard of a great Naval Armament fitting out in Santander: when he instantly resolved to leave Letters for Arms, seemingly desirous of experiencing still more of the Nature of an arduous Life. The Admiral who had the Command of this Expedition, was Don Diego Maldonado, and in it Espinel obtained the rank of Ensign; however, it turned out so unfortunate, that out of 20,000 Soldiers, the Flower of Castile and Andalusia, who were embarked in it, not more than 300 were saved.\* This was a large Expedition the Spaniards were fitting out about the Year 1576, on which occasion they had to struggle against Nature, who afflicted them with a terrible Plague, in the same Manner as a few Years afterwards with their Invincible Armada, they had to contend against the Elements as well as British Valour.

Being obliged to return to Santander, in consequence of this Misfortune, our new Ensign performed a circuitous Peregrination through several Towns of Navarre, Aragon, and Castile, till at last he took up his Quarters in the House of the Count of Lemos,

\* This Expedition was supposed to be against the New World.

Don Pedro de Castro, where he remained for some Time. This Nobleman was a great Patron and Friend to Talents, being one himself; and as such his Name has been rendered immortal, by the Writings of the incomparable Cervantes. Besides his Works, no better Proof could be adduced of the Merit of Vincent Espinel, than the Manner in which he was distinguished by this illustrious Personage. The Count was a Lover of Letters, a Protector of Learned Men, and from the Specimens of his Talents we have on Record, it evidently appears, that he was well able to appreciate one so deserving of his Esteem. He was Author of a Comedy, called The Confused House, (*Casa Confusa*,) which was represented in Lerma, on a public Occasion, and also of a Description of the Government of Quixos, an American Province belonging to Quito, and which according to Pellicer, the Biographer of Cervantes, is found in its original State in the Royal Library of Madrid. The Fondness of the Count of Lemos for Literature and Learned Men was so great, that when he went as Viceroy to Naples, he carried with him as his Secretary of State, Lupercio de Argensola, as well as his Brother Leonardo, two celebrated Writers belonging to Aragon; and all the other Places under him were filled up with Persons of Learning.

But the Leisure Espinel enjoyed in the House of so great a Character as the Count, was by no means congenial to his restless and fiery Spirit; for this Reason he left Valladolid for Madrid; and from thence following up the same Variety of Condition, he pro-

ceeded on to Seville, with an Intention to pass over to Italy, if he should not be in Time to cross over to Africa. The latter did not take place, in consequence of that famous Battle in which three Kings were engaged, and all three perished, and among them the expected Messiah of the Portuguese, the unfortunate but intrepid Don Sebastian.\*

In Seville, Espinel met with Persecutions in consequence of certain Love Matters which ended in Demonstrations of Valour; but he found great Comfort and Support in the Marquis de la Algaba, Don Luis de Guzman, a Nobleman of Genius, from whose Pen, if we remember well, some Pieces of Poetry are to be found in the Flores de Poetas Ilustres, collected by Pedro de Espinosa.

At length Espinel attained what he so anxiously wished and desired, viz. an Opportunity of leaving his native Country in order to see the World. He embarked for Milan, under the Protection, and with the Household of the Duke of Medina Sidonia,† from the Port of Saint Lucar, whither he had retired in order to escape the Plague which at that Time afflicted Seville. Fortune,

\* There is a popular Belief that King Sebastian, who perished in the Year 1578, in the Battle of the Plains of Tanista, against the Turks, will again appear on the Earth, and in his own Kingdom. Several curious Prophecies have foretold his Coming, and lately by many People he was expected in Lisbon. Several Impostors, styling themselves to be Sebastian King of Portugal, have already appeared in former Times.

† This Nobleman, a few Years afterwards, commanded the Invincible Armada against England.

however, who, in her capricious Moments, seemed to have chosen Espinel as an Object of Sport, still continued her playsome Gambols towards him. Touching at La Cabrera, a small desert Island near Majorca, he was captured by a Turkish Privateer, commanded by a Renegado from Valencia. The particular Occurrences relating to his Captivity, may be sufficiently well collected from a careful Perusal of the present Adventures; as well as what befell him in Italy and Flanders, where he himself assures us, he was present at the Siege and Assault of Maestricht.

The Renegado who took him Prisoner, acted towards him with such Generosity, that he undertook a Voyage almost for no other Purpose than to land him in Spain in Safety. This proves how engaging Espinel must have been in his Manners, and how much he gained on the Affections of those with whom he was connected. This generous and humane Trait had almost cost the Renegado Captain very dear, for he was near being made Prisoner, as Espinel was, by the Genoese Gallies under the Command of Marcelo Doria; but the most unfortunate Part of the whole Affair was, that at first he was supposed to be the Renegado Captain himself; an Error which undoubtedly would have cost him his Life, if he had not been timely recognised by a Spanish Musician, an old Friend of his.

This happy Event placed Espinel at full Liberty; and the first Use he made of it was, to proceed to Milan, as it were, in Search of new Adventures.

Here, however, he had an Opportunity of experiencing the Reputation for Learning in which he was held. He arrived, according to his own Assurances, at Milan, at the Time they were celebrating the Funeral Obsequies of Queen Anne of Austria, Daughter of Maximilian II. of Austria, and fourth Wife of Philip II. who died on 2nd of October, 1580. The Magistrates of Milan seeking to honour the Memory of so distinguished a Personage, undertook to have the History of her Life written, as well as Verses intended to celebrate her Virtues and Political Career. This Commission was given to Espinel, though a Stranger, and in preference to many learned Characters who might have been selected on the Spot.

He remained three Years in Milan, without any thing happening to him worthy of Notice: at length, after passing through several Towns of Italy and France, he landed in Barcelona, and came up to Madrid with a great Prince,\* very fond of Musick and Poetry, of whom Espinel himself informs us he became a Confident, and from him received the greatest Favours. We are ignorant who this Mecenas was, but it appears, that Espinel had at length got into the Land of good Living. He himself assures us, that he was now tired of leading such an arduous and troublesome Life as that he had before passed; and, as he fared too well and enjoyed much good Cheer, he began to be

\* Prince here does not signify more than a titled Nobleman, such as Duke, Count, &c.

lazy, and got so fat that the Gout began to teaze him. This was a Disorder that afflicted Espinel during the Remainder of his Life ; and of it, and of his Corpulency, he speaks in several Parts of his Works. He draws a laughable Picture of himself, after he had grown so very lusty, in a Letter in Verse which he wrote to a Friend ; it is as follows :

“ Y quien me ve tan reverendo y gordo  
Piensa que es del añejo y magra lonja,  
O' que de rico y perezoso engordo.

Que aunque este dia me pidió una monja  
Pues le negava mi presencia y trato,  
Que la hãria singular lisonja

En dar la de mi cara algun retrato ;  
Que lo tendria en excesiva estima,  
Por contemplar en mi belleza un rato :

Por dar la gusto (que es un poco prima)  
La envié por memoria de mi rostro  
Un botijon con un bonete encima.”

We must here express our regret at not being able to gratify our Readers with a Translation of the preceding Bagatelle ; to imitate it well and in Verse, would have required the Pen of a Dean Swift ; but it may be considered as descriptive of the Person of Espinel, as the Dean's Description of himself to Lord Oxford, was characteristic of his own Literary Pursuits.\*

\* Swiftiana, vol. 1. page 73.

A Court so noisy and filled with Bustle as that of Madrid, at that Time, was by no means suited for the Quiet and Repose of a Man tired with the Vortex of the World. A Life so arduous and variegated as had been that of Espinel, required Peace and Repose; and tantalized by the Gout, and rendered unwieldy by Corpulency, he was no longer fitted to share in the active and toilsome Scenes in which lately he had so much delighted.

No Country was so well suited for Repose, to court the Muses, and indulge in his sportive Vein, as the romantic Situation of his own native Place, and this Espinel chose for that of his Retirement. "Having peregrinated," says he, "through Spain, and out of it, during twenty Years, I went to my own Country, which is Ronda, became a Clergyman, and enjoyed a Living granted to me by Philip II." This was the Chaplainship of the Royal Hospital of Ronda, the only Recompence Espinel obtained for all his Pains and Labours.

As before remarked, no Spot could possess more Inducements for a Man of Genius and Taste to fix as his principal Residence, than Espinel's native Place, Ronda. No Place could furnish a more agreeable Retreat. Relieved from the Hurry and Confusion of the busy Town, the Intrusions of Company, and the Strife of Tongues, the Subject of this Memoir here entered into the peaceful Dwelling of a Country Retreat; where, like the weather-beaten Mariner, who, having been long tossed about by the Storms and

Tempests of a troubled Ocean, rejoices at his Arrival at the wished-for Port ; he looked back with pleasure on the Dangers, Difficulties, and Temptations from which he had escaped—in future, intent alone on the Enjoyment of a contemplative Life. Restored to his Relations and the Friends of his Youth, after so long an Absence, a thousand interesting Scenes must have occurred, which it is out of our power now to trace; but it is very possible, The Adventures of Marcos de Obregon owe their Origin to the Importunities of Friends, anxious to know what had happened him in the varied Scenes through which he had passed. Hence do they constitute a copious and authentic Source of Anecdote relating to himself.

The bold and romantic Scenery round Ronda, as well as the singular Situation of the Town itself, soon called forth the Poetic Strains of Espinel. The Town is placed on a high Mountain of sharp-pointed Rock, at the Foot of which flows the Rio Verde in a deep Bed. The Descent to the River is by 400 large Steps cut in the Rock, and said to be the Work of the Moors; this renders the Town extremely strong, and its Aspect singular. Intervening Vallies and Plains are filled with the richest Verdure, and Chains of craggy peaked Mountains, called the Sierras de Ronda, bound the Prospect and extend to the Mediterranean; in which also the Rio Verde throws itself near Marbella, a Town that takes its Name from its Founder, Mahabal the Carthaginian.

The Boldness and romantic Scenery of this inter-

esting spot, afforded ample scope for the poetic genius of Espinel, and consequently soon after his arrival there, he wrote his beautiful Poem on Ronda, which he calls his *Cancion a su Patria*. With us, "Goldsmith's Deserted Village" does not contain an Assemblage of softer and more pleasing Ideas than this Effusion of our Author's, which as we cannot insert entire, as a Specimen of Style, we will only give one Stanza descriptive of the Aspect of Ronda.

Desiertos riscos, solitarias breñas,  
 peñascos duros, asperos collados,  
 agrias montañas que medís el Cielo;  
 agua que de la cumbre te despeñas,  
 de los montes mas rigidos y elados,  
 que cubre nieve, ni endurece el yelo;  
 senoso y verde suelo,  
 cuya profundidad y anchura apoca,  
 esta soberbia y levantada roca;  
 ancha vega profunda,  
 cuyos mas altos vultos  
 de aqui parecen a la vista ocultos;  
 ruinas sacras, dó la antigua Munda  
 sobre peñas tajadas,  
 hizo temblar de Roma á las espadas.  
 &c.                    &c.                    &c.

#### IMITATED.

Ye spiral rocks and summits drear,  
 Ye cloud-capt hills and broken glens,

Sharp mountain heights lost in expanse,  
 Whose frozen summits torrents pour  
 Whence frost and sunshine hold their strife ;  
 Ye verdant plains and lengthen'd groves,  
 Enamell'd meads whose wide confines,  
 The tall majestic rock surmounts ;  
 Ye far-extended vales and airy lawns,  
 Pent in by rows of crag whose tops  
 Ascend up to the starry sphere ;  
 Amid ye, ancient Munda stood :—  
 Behold her sacred ruins, where,  
 Pois'd high in air, and out of stone  
 Hew'd and constructed, she defied  
 The power and strength of Roman hosts.

Espinel seems to have continued in the Seclusion of Ronda during the remaining Part of his Life ; nor does he appear to have attained any Benefice beyond what we have mentioned. So excellent a Man, and so well qualified for making personal Friends, it might naturally be expected, would have obtained some higher and more eminent Reward in a Country where there are so many Dignities to be given away ; but Emulation and Envy, those constant Enemies of real Merit, blighted his worldly Prosperity. There was, however, another great Obstacle to his Advancement in Life. His Disposition was open, ingenuous, but, at the same Time, inflexible. Persons of this Turn of Mind, are the least suited for a Courtier's Life ; for with the thoughtless Great, Flattery, Dissimulation, and

Meanness, are the only Steps by which Inferiours can ascend. In that giddy Round of Corruption, it is necessary to fawn and flatter before Favours can be obtained, and even to kneel down as the Camel does to have the Load put on his Back.

Even in common Life, Openness and Candour of Disposition are attended with Inconveniences ; for undisguised Truth too frequently offends, and often makes Enemies. The great Cervantes, who was attached to Espinel by a Congeniality of kindred Talents, pointedly remarked this Circumstance in our Author, in the following Words :

“ Este, aunque tiene parte de Zoilo,  
Es el grande Espinel, que en la guitarra  
Tiene la prima, y en el raro estilo.” \*

From his very Outset in Life, Espinel had to struggle with that Depression attendant on an empty Pocket, which also fell to the Share of his Friend and Rival in Literary Fame, Cervantes, and which has in like Manner been remarked in many of our own Poets. In former Times, Men of Genius seem to have experienced more of the Neglect and Ingratitude of the World, than at present ; and among ourselves, the Names of a Savage and Chatterton, the fabled Horrors of the Fate of Otway, and the elegant Complaints of Shenstone and Hammond, would almost induce a

\* Viage del Parnaso, Canto II.

Belief, that the popular Opinions on the Infelicity of Genius are true in all Countries, and that there are, almost always, inevitable Misfortunes which cloud the Poetic Career.

However, some of the darker Lines of Misfortune and Disappointment so remarkable in the Lives of the above British Poets, were more attributable to Imprudence than to a Want of Feeling or Benevolence in Society; but Cervantes and Espinel cannot be reproached for any Thing that could impede the Progress of Fortune, or prevent the ordinary Enjoyment of Felicity. What, however, retained Espinel in a continual Mediocrity of Fortune, was, his being totally divested of worldly Ambition. Though his Mind was incessantly active, still whilst a Soldier, he never aspired at Command; and when he entered the Church, he was satisfied with fulfilling the useful Duties of his Profession, intent only on leaving behind him the Reputation of a great Poet. Thus during all his Life he had to struggle with Want; and he died poor, in the Year 1634, at the advanced Age of 90. His Memory, however, will live as long as Musick and Poetry have their Admirers; for both these divine Arts are indebted to him as to one of those creative Geniuses, who, besides cultivating them with Honour, have enriched them with their Inventions. In the Character of Poet and Musician, we shall next proceed to consider him.

As a Poet, Vincent Espinel occupies one of the first Places in the Parnaso Español. Lope de la

Vega mentions him the second on a List he forms of the great Poets of his own Time.\* His Prose Writings are distinguished for a classical Purity of Language, and indeed all his Works for a peculiar Choiceness of Style, which, as Cervantes says in the Lines just quoted, in him was unequalled. His Poems are remarkable for great Vigour of Thought, Acuteness, lively and sportive Fancy, Chasteness in every Sense, besides great Softness of Modulation. They fully justify the Repute in which he has always been held, and amply prove that he

“knew every string of the soul,  
Could touch every sense, and each passion control.”

Espinel's Poetic Works, in a collective Form, were first printed in Madrid, by Luiz Sanchez, in 1691, in one Volume 8vo. under the Title of *Varias Rimas*. Wherever this precious Collection is opened, it will be found to breathe that poetic Fire, that *Mens divinator*, which Apollo has so rarely bestowed on his Votaries. What Strength of Thought do we not notice in his *Incendio y Rebato de Granada*?† Here the Confusion and Distress of a Town besieged by a powerful Enemy, are depicted in the most glowing Colours, and the Horrors of War traced with a bold Hand. The Poem describes the Expulsion of the Moors from

\* *Dorotea*, tom. 1.

† “Fire and Alarm of Granada.”

Granada ; and poetic Fancy could scarcely have a wider Scope. What soft Majesty do we not also remark in his *Cancion a su Patria*, of which mention has already been made. What more particularly characterizes all the Compositions of our Author, are a constant Elegance, an easy and natural Sublimity, together with a certain Infusion of Taste, acquired by his Attention to the Ancients, particularly to Horace. Of the Odes of this Roman Poet he has given several Translations in Verse, and also one of his *Ars Poetica*,\* which latter has been lately re-printed by Sedano, and placed by him at the Front of the first Volume of the *Parnaso Español*. In this as well as his other Pieces, there is a Proof of that admirable Ease with which Espinel imitated every Style ; and it appears almost impossible, that the same Pen which painted the Horrors, Din, and Fury of the Rebato of Granada, should be the same that afterwards represented the Feelings, Hopes, and Fears of the Human Heart, with so much Sweetness and Softness as are to be found in the following little Effusion :

“ Mil veces voy a hablar  
 A mi Zagala ;  
 Pero mas quiero callar,  
 Por no esperar  
 Que me envíe n'oramala.

\* The *Ars Poetica* of Horace was also lately translated, by Yriarte, a Modern Spanish Poet of great Fame ; but Espinel's Version is preferred.

Voy a decir-la mi daño ;  
 Pero tengo por mejor  
 Tener dudoso el favor,  
 Que no cierto el desengaño.  
 Y aunque me suele animar  
     Su gracia y gala ;  
 El temor me hace callar,  
     *Por no esperar*  
*Que me envíe n'oramala.*

It would be impossible to do Justice to the Grace and Naïveté of these few Lines, nor do we expect to escape the Charge of Presumption, in offering to our Readers so lame an Imitation as the following :

A thousand times I fain would speak,  
     And sue my lovely Fair ;  
 But still I can't my silence break,  
     For fear she'll flounce and flee.  
 To her I fain would tell my pain,  
     And open all my woes ;  
 But still I tremble to complain,  
     And all my pangs disclose,  
 Lest angry looks my hopes destroy,  
 And mingle pain where late was joy ;  
 And tho' her soft and gentle mien  
     Gives courage to my heart,  
 I dread the sentence of my queen,  
     So keen the deadly smart.

Among the various Compositions of Poet Espinel, the one called The House of Memory, (*La Casa de la Memoria*) deserves particular Attention. This is a Poem in two Cantos, intended to immortalize the Memory of certain Spanish Heroes, Wits and Musicians of his own Time; and it may be considered as a singular Coincidence, that the Plan and Construction of this Piece greatly resemble Chaucer's House of Fame, on which Pope afterwards founded his Temple of Fame; with this Difference, that Espinel's Object is more confined, as it only includes the Worthies of a given Period of Time. Spanish Literature is so little understood among us, and our Limits are so circumscribed, that we have not ventured to present our Readers with lengthy Extracts from this Piece, or to dwell on the Merits of some of the illustrious Poets represented therein, as Candidates for Fame. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with transcribing the Encomiums passed on two of the great Wits of that Age, distinguished in Spain, like the Reign of Queen Anne in England, which was marked by the Collection of Talents that enriched the Spectator, and opened a new Æra to British Poetry.

The two great Wits alluded to, are Cervantes, and Lope de la Vega, both well known in England, the first as a Prose-writer, by his inimitable *Don Quixote*; and the other as a Poet, by the Account of his Life and Writings, lately published by Lord Holland, a great Admirer of Spanish Literature. Espinel was the Guide and Director of Lope de la Vega, in his

first Display of Poetic Genius ; and during the whole of his Life he lived in Friendship and Harmony with him. He was fully sensible of the great Hopes, this prolific and florid Mind gave to Poetry ; and from the early Marks of Talent he evinced, Espinel anticipated the gigantic Reputation that awaited the Bard of Madrid. In the above-mentioned Poem, he weaves a Crown for him, in the following Lines :

“ Aquel tierno renuevo que abrazando  
 Con el laurel creciendo se levanta,  
 Que del divino espiritu inspirado,  
 En la florida edad sus versos canta,  
 Es del eterno monte eternizado  
 Nueva, florida, digna y facil planta ;  
 Es VEGA, y tal que con el monte lleva  
 Termino de llegar á lucha y prueba.”

Our Author here paints the great Expectations entertained of the rising Genius of Lope de la Vega, and alludes to that peculiar and unequalled Facility with which he wrote in Numbers.

It has been asserted,\* that Espinel felt a Degree of Envy and Emulation towards Cervantes ; but besides many Reasons which destroy the Foundation of this Suspicion, the following Eulogium proves, that, though Rivals in Literary Fame, they were on the best of Terms :

\* Pellicer, Life of Don Miguel de Cervantes.

“ No pudo el hado inexôrable avaro,  
 Por mas que usó de condicion proterva,  
 Arrojando-te al mar sin proprio amparo  
 Entre la Mora desléal caterva,  
 Hacer, CERVANTES, que tu ingenio raro,  
 Del furor inspirado de Minerva,  
 Dexase subir á la alta cumbre  
 Dando altas muestras de divino lumbré.”

Espinel here alludes to the providential Escape of Cervantes, who was cast ashore among the Moors, but whose great Misfortunes did not prevent him from ascending to the highest Pinnacle of Fame, but rather seemed to elicit that divine Fire, which distinguished him as the greatest Favourite of Minerva. This was not the Language of Emulation, or Envy; nor, as a Poet, had he any Need of being envious of Cervantes, whom in Verse he excelled, as much as the Author of the Knight Don Quixote, in Prose, outstripped the Writer of Squire Obregon. Cervantes and Lope de la Vega do, indeed, appear to have been jealous of each other's Fame, and occasionally mixed Terms of Censure and Sarcasm in their Compositions. They had, besides, each a Party; but Espinel seems to have been highly respected by both, and did not descend to lavish fulsome and extravagant Praises on any one, or to wield his Pen to injure the Feelings of his Contemporaries.

Cervantes was not less polite and attentive to Espinel, whom he frequently and tenderly eulogizes.

We have already quoted his Words, in the Viage del Parnaso; and we shall now add what he says in his Canto de Caliope.

“ Del famoso ESPINEL cosas diria  
 Que exceden el humano entendimiento,  
 De aquellas ciencias que en su pecho cria  
 El divino de Febo sacro aliento.  
 Mas, pues no puede dar la lengua mia  
 Decir lo menos de lo mas que siento ;  
 No diré mas sino que al cielo aspira,  
 Ora tome la pluma, ora la lira.”

Of renown'd Espinel, I things would say  
 That far exceed the reach of human mind,  
 Depict that science in his breast inflamed  
 By god like Phœbus' animating breath;  
 But since my tongue unable is to tell  
 The least of all I feel in his behalf,  
 Suffice to add, that he aspires to Heav'n,  
 Whene'er he wields his pen, or sounds the lyre.

Feeble as are the Ideas of the preceding Stanza in English, they nevertheless contain as great a Compliment, as can be paid to Poetic and Musical Genius, and from one of the greatest Men to be met with in the Annals of Spanish Literature.

The Musicians celebrated by our Author, in his House of Memory, are generally unknown in this Country, though some of them have acquired Renown

not less by their Writings, than by their Musical Science. Such is Dr. Salinas, the blind, who in his own Days received the Appellation of Divine, and held the Place of Professor of Musick in the University of Salamanca, where, from Time immemorial, this enchanting Science has been taught under a good Endowment.

As this was one of the Arts which so pre-eminently distinguished and adorned the Poet of Ronda, we sub-join a few Remarks on his Excellence in this particular Branch. He was passionately fond of Musick, but especially of the Guitar. This is an Instrument exclusively belonging to the Spaniards, and indeed to them perfectly national. Musick is indebted for this Instrument to Spain, and its Perfection is due to Espinel. The Spanish People have manifested in the Guitar, the same as in their Vernacular Tongue, the Tendency of their Ear to every Thing that is harmonious. The Guitar is an Instrument superexcellently harmonious, and is remarkable for great Concord of Sounds. Harmony is also the most prominent Feature of the Spanish Language; and in this Quality, it certainly exceeds all others of Europe, without even excepting the Italian, which possibly may be more melodious, but not so concentful.

It has been observed by an able Spanish Professor,\* who has attained great Celebrity in Europe, as well by his Execution on, and complete Mastery of this Instrument, as his artistical and philosophical Know-

\* Don Fernando Sor, now in England.

ledge of it, that the Guitar is more adapted to Harmony than Melody; consequently, those who execute quick Movements thereon, do not succeed so well, as when they seek a Number of Positions, in order to produce the Concord of Sounds, corresponding to the Melody of their Pieces.

Espinel manifests his great Knowledge of the Guitar, by his Addition of the Fifth Chord to the Four it only had before his Invention; thus increasing the Means of creating a Concert of Sounds, which till then, it was necessary to supply by the Aid of Inversions. Thus he gave to the Guitar, an Extension which has since made it comparable with other Instruments, which have had the good Fortune to be cultivated by better Harmonists than those who have generally performed on the Guitar, and made it capable of expressing every Thing that can interest the Feelings of the Heart. The Addition made by Espinel of the Fifth Chord, is not only admirable in itself. but because it led to the Discovery of the Sixth, which is considered as the Acmé of Perfection to which this Instrument can be carried, as long as the higher Tones cannot be increased.

But it will not be sufficient Eulogium of Espinel to say, that the Discovery of the Fifth Chord improved the Guitar; it must besides be confessed, that this alone has constituted it a really Musical Instrument, at the same Time, that it pointed out the Road to complete the Work in such Manner, that whilst the Guitar had only Four Chords, it was impossible to perform a Phrase

of three Concerts, with all its Parts correctly placed ; but with the Guitar perfected by the Addition of the Fifth and Sixth Chords, the incomparable Sor executes one of the Solo Fugues of the Oratorio of The Creation of Haydn, without sacrificing a single Sound to the Genius of the Instrument, and adhering strictly to the Manner in which the Musick is set. This same would not be difficult for other Guitar-players to perform, if considering this Instrument in the harmonious Light it deserves, and availing themselves of the Improvements due to Espinel, they were to subject themselves to the learning of the Rudiments of the Manner in which it ought to be fingered, by following up the regular Gradation of Sounds.

Musick is, therefore, indebted to the Author of Marcos de Obregon, for a valuable and interesting Discovery ; one that, particularly in Spain, must have endeared his Memory to his Countrymen. Espinel confessedly gave to the National Instrument of Spain, Unison, Accompaniment, Variety, and a Complication of Sounds. This alone made it susceptible of compound Musick, and gave it the Quality of Symphony, by increasing and adjusting the Bass to the higher Tones. These Circumstances, must convey a very correct Idea of the Proficiency Espinel had reached in the enchanting Art of Musick. This also must have contributed to render his Company so desirable, since he must have been the very Soul of Society, when accompanying his own Verses on the Guitar, and sounding—

That lyre, which, by his nervous fingers strung,  
 More sweetly wild, and more majestic wrung,  
 Than the fam'd lute of Thebes' triumphant bard,  
 Th' Olympic hero's last and best reward.

As Musick and Poetry are intimately connected with each other, Espinel's Discoveries in the first, opened to him the Door to analogous Discoveries in Spanish Metre. The Versificators of his Country are indebted to him for the Invention of a Style of Poetry, now usually called the *Decima*. This is a Strophe, composed of ten Verses of eight Syllables each, but rhyming with each other in a particular Manner. Rhymed Stanzas of this Number and Metre of Verses, were, in former Times, known to Spanish Poetry; but the Improvement of interwoven Rhymes, such as are now alone used, was not introduced till the Time of Espinel. Lope de la Vega, in his *Laurel de Apolo*, highly extols the rhyming Beauties of this Style of Composition, as may be seen in the following easy and fluent lines, which, like most Spanish Verses, it would be impossible to clothe with an English Dress:

“ Fueron las Espinelas  
 De artificio estudioso  
 Para el Laurel alegres esperanzas.  
 Oh Apolo, que revelas  
 Género tan hermoso,  
 Tenga ESPINEL debidas alabanzas!  
 Qué bien el consonante

Responde al verso quinto !  
 Qué breve laberinto !  
 Que dulce y elegante  
 Para todo soneto !  
 Tal fue su autor perfecto  
 En Música y Poesia,  
 Porque todo consiste en harmonia."

Here Lope de la Vega alludes to the Value of Espinel's Discovery, derived alone from Apollo, and for which, he says, the Inventor ought to have due Praise. How well, says he, does the *consonante* answer to the fifth Verse, what a sweet Labyrinth, and how soft and elegant for all Kinds of Sonnets! Thus perfect in Musick and Poetry, he adds, was the Author of the Decima, for all consists in Harmony.

A greater and more sincere Testimony of Esteem could not be paid to the Taste and Talents of Espinel, than is contained in the above Extract. This is not the Incense of Praise, but the cordial Sentiments of a candid Appreciator of Merit, flowing from a due Sense of real Greatness, and possibly inspired by an Impulse of Gratitude for Advantages derived; for, beyond doubt, Lope de la Vega founded a great Part of his Poetic Taste and Judgment on the Models of Espinel. Grateful and well requited will have been our present humble Labours, if we now for the first Time\* introduce to the Acquaintance of our Country-

\* Our learned Boyle, however, in the List he gives of the Au-

men, a Writer of such Eminence, and unrivalled Master of the softer Passions. There has been a great deal of Caprice in the World with regard to Literary Merits; respecting them, Opinions have frequently been divided: but we could bring forward too many great Authorities, besides numberless Testimonies out of his own Works, for the Character here given of Espinel, to be for a Moment held as dubious, or taxed as the Offspring of Party Prejudice. That he has been so long unknown to us, whilst the Translations of inferiour Italian Writers encumber our Shelves, under costly Forms and expensive Versions, is only to be attributed to our long Want of Intercourse and Ignorance of the Language in which he wrote; nor is it a Fact by any means hidden to the World, that the Labours of Milton were long robbed of their merited Applause, and that for a considerable Time Shakespeare himself was only known by the mutilated Editions of ignorant Comedians. It is only of late Years, that Poets and Writers have obtained their genuine Honours, that many distinguished Talents have been rescued from Neglect and Oblivion; and now that political Events have introduced us into the Peninsula, and caused us to divide a Spirit of Research, till now absorbed by the Italian, it is to be hoped we shall be more familiar with the Works of Espinel, as well as of several other Spanish Writers, among

thors, quoted in his Annotations on Don Quixote, mentions this Work of Espinel, and his using the Madrid Edition of 1657. 12mo.

whose Compositions are to be found the richest Beauties that ever graced or gave Dignity to a Language.

The Decimas of Espinel were so well received by the Public, that they literally created a Revolution in the Poetry of Spain, and caused that Species of Metre which had hitherto been used, to be entirely exploded. From that Time, this became the usual Measure for all Kinds of Amatory and Festive Compositions, and particularly for Impromptus, of which the Spaniards are extremely fond, and compose with an admirable Facility, adapted to the Vivacity and Promptitude of their Imaginations. The Dramatic Poets antierior to Moratin and Yriarte, made great use of these Decimas, in order to express the most important and striking Passages. Lope de la Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and Solis frequently, nay, even constantly, employ them in their most famous Comedies. Not having Espinel's Works at hand, in order to copy a a Decima of his own Composition, as a Specimen, we give the following from Calderon.\*

“ Negar-te que yo he querido,  
 Laura, a Nise fuera error :  
 Mas pensar tú que este amor  
 Es como el que te he tenido,  
 Mayor error, Laura, ha sido ;

\* Comedy of “ Casa de dos puertas, mala de guardar.” (A House with two Doors is difficult to be kept.) Or, Love laughs at Locksmiths.

Pues si a Nise un tiempo amé,  
 No fué amor, ensayo fué  
 De amar tu luz singular ;  
 Que para saber amar  
 A Laura, en Nise estudié."

'Twere vain, oh Laura, to deny  
 That once I courted Nisé fair,  
 But from my heart I can reply,  
 It was not love like thee I bear.

If Nisé once my thoughts controll'd,  
 And held an empire o'er my breast,  
 It was not love's keen powerful hold  
 That all my phrenzied soul possess :

'Twas but an essay how to love,  
 And prize thy dearer charms the more;  
 She taught my bosom first to move,  
 And next my Laura to adore.

Lope de la Vega, in his *Dorotea*, makes particular mention of these two Musical and Metrical Inventions of the Poet of Ronda, by putting the following Words into the Mouth of the Old Woman Gerarda.

*"A peso de oro habiades vos de comprar un hombron de hecho y de vello en pecho, que desapasionase a Dorotea de estas DECIMAS ó ESPINELAS que ahora se usan: perdone-se-lo Dios a Vicente Espinel que nos traxo esa novedad y las cinco cuerdas de la Guitarra,*

*con que ya se van olvidando los instrumentos nobles."*

This is an antiquated Old Woman, declaiming against the Innovations of Espinel, in the Introduction of new Decimas or Espinelas, for such they were called in Compliment to the Inventor, and who, attached to old Things, cannot bear the Idea that he should have improved the Guitar so far as to make the more noble Instruments forgotten.

As a Compliment due to Espinel, this Metre was not only called by his Name, but immediately became general throughout the Country, and used on almost all Occasions. It served the Purpose, as before remarked, of pourtraying any Thing soft, tender, and striking in Comedies; it was used for Elegies, Complimentary and Amatory Epistles, Impromptus, Lyrics, Sonnets, and even for Hymns and Praises of Saints. At a Spanish Banquet, it seldom happens that a Poet is wanting, to give a Decima as a Compliment to the Master and Mistress of the Feast; to applaud the Symmetry and Delicacy of the Dishes, or something else that has occurred during the Repast. Decimas were found penned in the secluded Bower, or spoken in Praise of the sprightly Dance. One of the most agreeable Presents the Author of these Pages ever received in Spain, was from a jovial Friar, and consisted of twenty Decimas in Praise of Drinking, filled with sporting Inuendos and lively Sallies of Wit; and to his great Astonishment, in crossing a mountainous Part of Andalusia, he met with a poor illiterate Shepherd's Boy, unable to write a Line, but who for half a

Dollar would compose ten extempore Decimas on any given Subject, without stopping, in which not a single Fault of Measure or Jingle could be discovered. The natural Ease with which they are composed, is truly astonishing.

Already more diffuse than we had intended to have been, we must still subjoin a few Remarks on the Poet of Ronda, before we come to the concluding Particulars respecting the Work, of which this Biographical Sketch stands as a Prelude. Our Pages have imperceptibly swelled; but the Mind feels a secret Complacency in contemplating Characters eminent for Learning, and few can consider the genuine Praises of departed Merit, as tedious. Espinel was distinguished for a strong natural Genius, softened and expanded by the musical Impressions of the Heart, and exquisitely alive to all the Influence of harmonious Numbers. He was gifted with a transcendent Power of Intellect, with that Rapidity of Intuition which pervades and illumines the darkest Subject at a single Glance; and glowing with those high Feelings of the Mind by which Right is impressed on the Heart as a Sentiment, at the same Instant that it is received into the Understanding as a Truth; had he experienced the Advantages of modern Schools, and lived in a Country where Taste was more refined, and intellectual Food more select and abundant, his Pursuits would have been more fixed, he would have become the Pindar of his age and taken Rank among the Worthies of old, of whom Pope says,

“ Their names inscrib’d unnumber’d ages past,  
 From Time’s first birth, with time itself shall last ;  
 These, ever new, nor subject to decays,  
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.”

The first Efforts of Genius have usually been Poetry. Unrestrained by the Frigidity of Argument and the Confinement of Rules, the young Mind easily indulges in the Flights of Imagination, and the soothing Melody of Verse. Cicero, as well as many other distinguished Ancients, sacrificed to the Muses in their earlier Productions. This was particularly the Case with Espinel, as well from the Causes already explained, as the genial Influence of Climate. Extremely choice and select in his Models, unlike some of the Cotemporaries of his own Country, he sought rather to compose well, than much ; and hence are his Works divested of those Redundancies, forced Metaphors, and Improbabilities, which mark many of his Countrymen’s poetic Productions. His may be said to unite classical Language, beautiful Sentiment, and harmonious Measure. Besides a clear and natural Style, he is particularly distinguished by the Ease and unaffected Structure of his Sentences ; his Images are always found just and appropriate, and his Diction pure and impressive. In him every thing seemed to flow from a Genius and Classical Education ; and his collective Works are certainly such as would not have disgraced a Roman in the Age of an Augustus.

Lope de la Vega, who from the Frequency and re-

spectful Manner in which he speaks of our Author, must have been influenced by no common Attachment, seems particularly desirous that the Decima should always retain the Name of Espinel; a Monument which, even during his Life-time, other envious Rivals sought to destroy. On this Subject he inscribed the following Lines, in his Laurel de Apolo.

“ Pero la Sierra que en la verde orilla  
Del claro mar de España  
El pie de mármol baña,  
A donde yace Ronda,  
Querrá tambien que Apolo corresponda  
A lo que debe al inventor suäve  
De la cuerda que fué de las bigüelas  
Silencio ménos grave,  
Y las dulces sonoras ESPINELAS,  
Nó Décimas del número de versos  
Que impropriamente puso  
El vulgo vil, y califica el uso,  
(O’ los que fuéron a su fama adversos ;)  
Pues de ESPINEL es justo que se llamen,  
Y que su nombre eternamente aclamen.”

The Transition from an Author’s Writings to a Portrait of his Life, is too frequently disadvantageous to his Character. This, indeed, has often been the Case with regard to Poets, but does not happen to the Bard of Ronda. In the early Part of his Life, though he was marked by a roving Spirit, yet no Blemish is found on

his Name, and the Friendship and Intercourse he enjoyed with many great Characters prove the Fact. Though a Tedium of worldly Pleasures and a Love of Letters, at length made him choose the Vale of sequestered Life, yet his Merit was so conspicuous that he thereby lost no Friend he had previously gained, but carried with him to the Seclusion of Ronda, the Respect and Veneration of all the distinguished Worthies of Spain. His Admirers were not so numerous as those of Lope de la Vega, but they were more select. He wrote less, was actuated by a more disinterested Principle, and appeared to be more ambitious of the Name of a good Poet, than a great one. That he was a better, and more agreeable Ornament to Society, cannot be denied; for besides being possessed of all the soft Fluency of Verse, he united the powerful Charms of Musick, which in Spain have a double Empire, where he must have reminded his Friends of the Times which Collins describes—

“ When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng’d around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possest beyond the Muse’s painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb’d, delighted, rais’d, refin’d.”

Musick seems almost to have been born with Man,

and to have been bestowed on him by a beneficent Providence, in order to accompany him in his painful Career, sweeten the Labours of Human Life, and charm away its Cares. When united with its near Ally Poetry, it must have a two-fold Effect; and it is more than presumable, that in these two enchanting Acquirements, Espinel found great Comfort during a Life so greatly checquered by Misfortune and Disappointment.

Maestro Espinel not being satisfied with the Applauses he had acquired by his Proficiency in Poetry and Musick, in the latter Par of his Life, seems to have been actuated by a Wish to try his Hand in Prose-writing, and for this Purpose he wrote his Account of the Life of Squire Marcos de Obregon. "My Intention," (says he in the Prologue) "was to see whether I should succeed in writing any Thing, in Prose, that might be serviceable to my Country, by affording Delight and Improvement;" and most assuredly he attained his Object. Not that we consider this Novel as by any means comparable to his Poetic Works; but still, particularly in the Original, it possesses a great Degree of Merit. The Style and moral Sentiments are particularly admired.

The favourable Reception Marcos de Obregon met with from the Spanish Public, may be deemed a good Criterion of its Merit. It was first printed in Madrid, in 1618, by Juan de la Cuesta, the same who printed the first Edition of Don Quixote, and whose Name is to be found to nearly every Thing respectable, that was published in the Capital at that

time. In the same Year a second Edition was brought out in Barcelona, by Gerónimo Margaret. Espinel, however, too modestly dubious of the Merits of his Squire, before he ushered him into the wide World, consulted several Friends on whose Opinion he could rely, and to whose Authority considerable Weight was attached.

The Persons he consulted on this Occasion, were the learned Mantuano, celebrated for his Commentaries on Mariana's History of Spain; the Jesuit La Cerda, equally esteemed for his Art of the Latin Language, still used in all the Spanish Schools; Tribaldos, Bishop of Toledo; the eloquent Master of Arts, Paravecin, &c.; and, as Espinel assures us, he appealed to the Judgment of "the divine Talents of Lope de la Vega, who" our Author says, "as he yielded to subject his Verses to my Correction in his Youth, so I, in my old Age, consented to abide by his Censure and Opinion."

The Approbation of these great Talents, was naturally to be expected. Of the Friends consulted by Espinel, the Opinion only of Paravecin remains, and in it are these Words: "The Book of the Squire, &c. among those of Entertainment is one that for most Reasons ought to be printed, because combining Advantage with Delight, it teaches and amuses without Injury. The Style, Invention, and Taste of the Contents, as well as the Morality deducible therefrom, argue well of the Pen which wrote them, so justly celebrated among all Nations."

To the discreet Paravecin, the Quality most promi-

ment in, and characteristic of, the present Work, could not be hidden; viz. its Morality. In this Particular, we discover a Zeal on the part of the Author, which does Honour to the Rectitude of his Principles. There is not an Adventure, Trait, or Circumstance, however trivial, from which some moral Precept is not deduced, applicable to general Instruction, and tending to point out the Duties of Life. Considering the Work in this Point of View, and as an Historical Novel, in which Espinel relates the Events of his own Life, it will not be denied, that Squire Obregon is one of the best Productions in its Kind, that has been written.

Some who have considered this as a mere Novel, in which the Adventures of an ideal Person are related at Will, making a Parallel between the Adventures of Squire Marcos de Obregon, and those of Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, discover, that although the first teaches by an easy and admonishing Style, it nevertheless does not strike or suspend by the Force of Invention. This is a classical Error, for there is no Point of Comparison between one and the other Work. Cervantes wrote a Fable, for the express Purpose of correcting a false Taste and Spirit, that had seized on his Countrymen. Espinel penned a History of real Facts, in order to point out the Delusions of the World, and serve as a Beacon to the Unwary. The first had a Right to invent a Plot, and corresponding Events, and season them according to the Palate of his Readers; but the other was subjected to Truth, and to a Narrative founded on Reality, in order that his moral Pre-

cepts might be more impressive, and accompanied with greater Effect. The one painted from Fancy, the other drew a Portrait; and the best Portrait is not that which is most beautiful, but the one which most resembles.

This little Parallel between Quixote and Obregon, is naturally suggested by the Authors of both being esteemed and patronized by the same Mæcenas, to whom also both dedicated their Works. This was Cardinal Bernardo de Sandoval y Roxas, Archbishop of Toledo, whom Espinel, in his Dedication of Squire Obregon, calls the Father of the Poor and Refuge of the Virtuous. The Dedication is not inserted at full length in the Edition now offered to the British Public, from its chiefly being composed of those fulsome and antiquated Praises, then usually addressed to great Men; but from it we extract the following Passage, which stands at the Beginning, and fully proves the Coincidence just alluded to.

“ Marcos de Obregon will not be the first prattling Squire your Lordship has seen, nor the first who with Humility has knelt to kiss the Feet of him who so well knows how to give his Hand to raise up those who have fallen; but he will be the first Squire who has acknowledged himself ignorant,” &c.

By alluding to the prattling Squire, our Author would indicate, that Sancho Panza had already been laid at the Archbishop's Feet, or, in other Words, dedicated to him, and the rest alludes to the Traits of Benevolence by which his Lordship's Actions were distinguished, particularly towards needy Authors.

According to Salas Barbadillo\*, both Cervantes and Espinel enjoyed a Pension from their mutual Patron, the Archbishop, who was a Person of exquisite Taste in Belles-Lettres, Uncle to the celebrated Count de Lemos of whom mention has already been made, and like him a generous and decided Patron of Literary Talent. So much was he esteemed for this amiable Trait in his Character, that it forms the leading Part of his Epitaph :

“ Bonis et litteratis erudita virtute studiosus fautor.”

Cervantes has immortalized the Names of both Uncle and Nephew, in his Preface and Dedication of the Second Part of Don Quixote ; and it is grateful to the Memory of these two Characters to reflect, that it was possibly owing to their Encouragement, that the Second Part of Cervantes' Novel was published, and Marcos de Obregon made his second Excursion through the World. But the Circumstance of Cervantes and Espinel being favoured and patronized by the same Archbishop Sandoval, ought to do away any Idea that might be entertained, of there having been any Thing contentious or savouring of Competition in the Publication of these two Works. Cervantes enjoyed his Reputation as a Prose-writer, and Espinel his as a Poet and Musician; and between these two Men, there

\* Estafeta del Dios Momo, a Work dedicated to the above-mentioned Paraveciu.

must have existed a Degree of Sympathy, arising from a Similarity of Circumstances, which made them real Friends. Thus do we find, that both were Men of distinguished Genius, both Soldiers, both Captives in Algiers, both unlucky in their worldly Hopes, and both deserving of better Fortune than that which befel them during their Life-times. But since such was their mutual Infelicity of Genius, let our humble Pen rejoice at being able to dedicate to them this feeble Tribute of posthumous Praise, due to their Talents and Virtue.

Espinel, in some remarkable Traits, also resembled Lope de la Vega. Both were Favourites of the Muses; both were marked by an early Propensity to Versification; both were actuated by the same Spirit of Enterprize that pervaded all Ranks in Spain at that Time; and both were impelled by a restless Desire to see the World. Espinel embarked in a large Expedition, fitting out for the New World, which was destroyed by Events foreign to the ordinary Course of Nature; and La Vega, a few Years afterwards, embarked in the Invincible Armada, destined against England, and whose Fate is well known. The latter also entered into Holy Orders in his latter Days, the same as did the Bard of Ronda.

Respecting Espinel and his present Work, we have little more to say, except that the following Translation is made from the first Madrid Edition, and that we have added a Version of the original Preface, though some of its Allusions are, at this remote Period, extremely obscure, to Persons unacquainted with Spanish

History and Literature ; but we are induced to insert it from a Wish to present the Work in as perfect a State as possible ; and more particularly, in order to retain a little moral Story told of two Students of Salamanca, exactly resembling the one Gil Blas tells his Readers before they enter on his Life, and which we particularly beg ours carefully to compare, as this will strongly confirm the Surmises we have ventured to utter in the Outset of this Memoir, respecting an Affinity between these two Productions.

We have already informed our Readers of the Name and Shape of the Poetic Works of Espinel, but in Spain they are extremely scarce, though his Obregon is nearly found in the Hands of every one, and has passed through many Editions.\* There must have been many fugitive Pieces written by him and never printed, and many anonymous ones must be also inserted in other Collections. Had our narrow Limits permitted it, we should have still added many interesting Particulars, both respecting his Works, and his Connexions with other cotemporary Writers ; but we hope sufficient has been said by way of Introduction. We shall, therefore, conclude our Remarks, by the following elegiac Strophe found in Lope de la Vega's Laurel de Apolo, from which we have already made copious Extracts. It may be viewed in the Light of a well-penned Epitaph.

\* Most of Espinel's large Poems are to be found in the Parnaso Español ; but his Sonnets so much like those of Petrarch, are not found there.

“Tu pues, eternamente en paz reposes,  
 Oh, Padre de las Musas, docto Orfeo!  
 De Mosicos y Cisnes Corifeú,  
 Que con las cuerdas nuevas  
 Hoy pudieras haber fundado a Tébas.  
 Honraste a Manzanáres,  
 Que venera en humilde sepultura  
 Lo que el Tajo envidió, Tórmes y Henáres;  
 Mas tu memoria eternamente dura.  
 Noventa años viviste;  
 Nadie te dió favor; poco escribiste,  
 Sea la tierra leve  
 A quien Apolo tantas glorias debe.”

May thou repose in endless peace,  
 The Muses' father, and the friend  
 Of Orpheus, whose genius great  
 To Poetry and Musick gave  
 Melodious powers they ne'er had known,  
 Such as inspir'd the Theban bard:  
 To Manzanares thou gav'st fame,  
 Whose banks inclose that humble tomb  
 Tagus, Tormes, and Henares,  
 Would fain have boasted as their own.  
 Yet shall thy name for ever live!  
 Thy mortal span was ninety years;  
 No boastful honours graced thy life;  
 Thy writings few, but pure and good.  
 Let earth rest o'er thy ashes, light,  
 To whom Apollo owes renown.

HISTORY  
OF THE  
SQUIRE MARCOS DE OBREGON.

---

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Object of the History.*



**T**HIS long History of my Life, but short Account of my Adventures, I design to publish for the Instruction of Youth:—not merely to gain the Applause of the World in my Old Age; its principal Object, indeed, is to lessen agreeably and satisfactorily, during the short Time you are perusing it, the heavy Charge so honourably borne by your Excellency.\* There is, however, another Object of some Import-

\* The Cardinal Archbishop to whom the Work is dedicated.

ance, namely, the Wish I have ever felt to inculcate, by the Example of my Misfortunes, of how much Consequence it is for poor Squires and Persons of low Degree, to learn to overcome the Difficulties of Life, by opposing themselves manfully to the Perils of Time and Fortune ; to preserve with Honour and Reputation that most precious Gift of Life which the Divine Majesty has granted us ; to render Thanks to Him, and to contemplate with Admiration and Awe the wonderful Arrangement of the Heavens and Elements, the undeviating and inviolable Course of the celestial Bodies, and the Generation and Production of all earthly Things ; with a View to attain a correct Judgment of the great Founder of the Universe: And although I am about to put this Design in execution in the latter End of my Life, (as a weary old Man on whom God has been pleased to bestow so honourable a Situation as that of a Lay

Brother of St. Catherine's in this royal City of Madrid), I shall continue my History, in the Intervals which the Gout allows me, always keeping in view Brevity and Truth: the first according with my natural Disposition; the second with the Obligation I am under as one initiated in the holy Ceremony of Baptism, and the Rites of a Religion which has professed, does and will profess to the very End of Time, the greatest Purity and Truth. With God's Favour, therefore, I shall endeavour to accommodate my Style to all Tastes, so that my Book may not by some be thrown aside as dull, nor condemned by others as contemptible. I shall proceed, as far as my limited Powers permit me, to delight the Reader at the same Time that I instruct him; imitating in this respect, the Operations of Nature, which, before it produces Fruit for our Nourishment, exhibits a refreshing Green to the Eye, then a Flower which regales the Sense

of Smelling, and lastly, the Fruit, to which she gives both Colour, Smell, and Savour, to gratify the Taste, and afford us Sustenance, that invigorates and refreshes us for the Perpetuation of our Species. Or, I shall act like the skilful Physicians, who never torment their Patients by pouring nauseous Draughts down their Throats ; till they first dissipate the bad Humour by assuaging Palliatives. Should this Comparison of Physicians and Medicines appear too trite, it will at least be found simple and intelligible, especially from *my Pen* ; seeing that I am held in high Estimation by all the City for my great Success in performing Cures by means of certain Charms ; on which account all the lower Class of People in Madrid, and the neighbouring Places, resort to me :—Creatures afflicted with sore Eyes, Wounds of the Head, and other Parts of the Body, and a thousand Infirmities of which they are desirous to be rid. I cure them with so much

Facility and Success, that out of all those who come to me for Advice, *not above half the Number die*; and this confirms their good Opinion of me: for those that die tell no Tales, while those that are cured trumpet forth my Praises, though they always prepare for a Relapse into which they all fall without remedy. But the People who are loudest in my praise, are those I cure of Defects in the Sight: for the whole, or the greatest part of them, being poor and necessitous, by means of a certain Preparation compounded of Verdigrease, Tutty, and other Drugs, after five or six Visits they find themselves restored, and enabled to gain an honest Livelihood; giving Thanks to God and their Saints, with many devout Prayers which they learn by heart, without knowing how to read a single Word.

## CHAP. II.

*Preliminary to the Author's Description of his  
Vicissitudes.*

A FEW Days ago, as I was standing with my Eyes raised humbly towards Heaven, my Countenance full of Gravity, and my Hands extended over a white Handkerchief, which covered the Ears of a sick Man, over whom I was pronouncing, with great solemnity, the Words of my Charm ; a certain Courtier passing by exclaimed, “ I cannot endure the Tricks of these cheating Scoundrels !” I remained silent, and with my usual Composure finished my mystical Oration. As soon as I had completed it, my Companion said to me, “ Did not you hear that Gentleman call you Cheat ?” “ He did not speak to me,” said I ; “ and that which is not directly addressed to me, I do not feel myself compelled to notice ;” a Maxim I am anxious to teach those who, from Want of Experience, or

Impatience of Disposition, take offence at the ignorant Liberties of Persons who have not the Courage to speak their Minds openly. There is no just Ground of Offence against People who act so timidly. But it is a Sort of Ignorance in vogue amongst a Set of Gentry, who, may be said always to carry their Honour and Lives in their own Hands. For my part, I cannot persuade myself that they mean wilfully to offend by speaking so slightingly, although they wish me to see it in that Light; since in my Opinion the Shots they indirectly let fly, are like Discharges from a Fowling-piece loaded merely with Powder, which only frighten the Birds without doing them any Injury. In short, we ought not to take offence at Affronts that are not aimed directly at us: we are rather bound as much as possible to avoid noticing them, reflecting impartially whether they ought or ought not to be construed into serious Injuries; like

Don Gabriel Zapata, a great Cavalier and Courtier, and a Man of the most refined Taste, when a Challenge was sent him at Six in the Morning by a Gentleman with whom he had had a Difference the preceding Night. His Servants, considering it a Matter of Importance, roused him from his Sleep; he read the Challenge, and said to him that brought it: "Tell your Master that I am not induced to leave my Bed till Twelve o'Clock by Things that *really* interest me, and I am surprised at his wishing me to rise at Six for the sake of being shot at." Then, turning round, he renewed his Slumbers.\* And although he afterwards conducted himself like a valiant Gentleman, yet this Reply of his was always considered singularly excellent. Again, Don Fernando de Toledo, nick-named the Rogue, for his uncommon Drollery, coming from Flanders, (where he

\* This Anecdote is copied into Gil Blas. Tr.

had been serving like a valiant Soldier, with the Rank of Colonel), landed at Barcelona with several other Officers, when one of the blackguard Boys on the Beach cried out: “ There goes Don Fernando the Rogue !” Don Fernando, immediately recollecting himself, said to the Boy: “ How does it appear that I merit that Epithet ?” The Boy replied: “ I have always heard that Character given of you ; and now I see you deserve it, as you do not run away from it.” “ You have done me ample Honour,” said Don Fernando, dying with laughter ; in placing me at the Head of so honourable a Fraternity as yours.” Thus ought we to endeavour, even when Insults are obviously intended for us, to turn the Weapons of the Insulters against themselves, extracting Sweet from Bitter, Pleasure from Disgust, Wit from Stupidity, and Mirth from what is offensive. Since a Man makes himself perfectly Master of his Sword, studies

the Attack and Defence, and practises it, with the utmost Perseverance, till he becomes dexterous in the Management of it, to save himself from Wounds and Death; why should he not exercise himself with as much Assiduity in the Practice of that noble Quality Patience, which would effectually prevent the Necessity of using his Sword at all? Why should we reduce ourselves to such a Strait, that we must either submit to be wounded, or *run away from our Adversaries*, (an Act that has always been considered infamous by all the Nations of the World), when with much less Trouble and Perseverance, one may make one-self dexterous in the Practice of Patience; which has the Power of repressing the brutal Violence of Anger, the Overbearing of the Great and Powerful, the affected Valour of Braggadocios, and the Insolence of conceited Puppies; while it prevents a thousand Inconveniences that originate in our Intercourse

with the World? In Italy they say: “*Patience* is the Food of Cowards.” But by this they mean the servile Patience that submits to the greatest Indignities, for the sake of guttling at other Men’s Tables. The Patience, however, which we treat of, polishes and refines the other Virtues, and renders Life more stable. It produces Quiet of Mind and Body, and teaches us to discriminate between the Nature of Affronts. By the Use of this divine Virtue, we learn to avoid indirect Attacks, and such as are obvious, and properly to estimate the ill-natured Stories told behind our Backs. For that, indeed, is another great Error into which People fall, of considering a malignant Tale that comes to their Ears through a circuitous Channel of half a dozen Persons, in the same Light as a Blow in the Face. There is not a single human Being in the World, however just and excellent, who is not at some time or other calumniated in his Ab-

sence. As Self is but a heavy Subject to write upon, I must apologize for relating what happened to *me* while I was in the Service of the most determined passionate Fellow I ever met with. After a numerous Train of Misfortunes, I found myself without Employment in my old Age. To avoid passing for a mere Vagabond, I spoke to a Friend of mine, a Singer in the Bishop's Chapel, to look out for a suitable Place for me (these people are acquainted with every Body *but themselves*); and he procured me the Situation of Squire to a Physician and his Wife, whose mutual Vanity, and Esteem for their own supposed Accomplishments and Beauty, were so great, that they had scarcely any good Opinion left for their Neighbours. While I was with these People, several Adventures befell me, well worth relating.

## CHAP. III.

*The Squire's Situation with the Physician—Description of his Master and Mistress—The Advice he gives to his Mistress on important Points.*

THE Physician's Name was Sagredo;\* a young Man of good Disposition, somewhat loquacious, (not to say childish,) but chole-ric, and as easily provoked as a Baker's Dog; vain and very proud of his Person; and, lest his House should go to decay, he married a Woman of his own Rank in Life, young and very handsome, tall and well made, of an elegant figure, but not too thin; with much Grace in her Actions, her Eyes black and large, her Eye-lashes long, and her Hair auburn. She was lively, and not a little proud, vain, and assuming. The good Doctor carried me to his House; and the

\* The Account of Dr. Sangredo's Practice in Gil Blas, differs so materially from the Adventures recorded here, that Le Sage may be said to have borrowed little more than the Name of the Physician; and even that is not precisely the same. *Tr.*

first Object my Eyes encountered was a poor lean Mule squeezed into so small a Stable, that if he had been furnished with Wings, he would not have had room to stand there. We mounted by a Ladder to the Room where my Mistress Doña Mergelina de Aybar was sitting. I observed her with much Attention; for though my old Age does not incline me to take the same Degree of Interest in Beauty as I did formerly, yet a beautiful Woman is always an agreeable Sight to all Eyes. “ You see here,” said the Doctor, “ the Lady you are to serve;—my Wife.” “ Without doubt,” I replied, “ so accomplished a Lady merits such a Partner.” “ I do not like,” said Doña Mergelina, “ that any one should resort to Flattery in addressing me.” “ She is the Honour of the World,” said the Doctor; “ serve her well, take great Care of her, and I will reward you handsomely.” I made my Observations on the House deliberately, (though one might have seen the whole of it in

a few Seconds,) and all I could discover in the way of Furniture, was a very large Looking-glass, with a Parcel of small Bottles round it, and a very small Trunk : but in a Corner of the Room, I observed a Broad-Sword, several Foils, Daggers, and small Swords, a Buckler and Target. “ Well,” said the Doctor, “ what do you think of my Collection? Observe that famous Sword ; it was held in great Dread at Alcalá.” “ I was looking about me,” said I, “ to see where the Books are placed, as I am very fond of reading.” “ These,” replied he, pointing to the Swords, “ are my Salens and Abicenas.\* Nobody in Alcalá equalled me in these Things ; nor did a Man stir a Finger against me there, without being punished for it.” “ It appears to me then,” said I, “ that you took more Pains to learn to kill than to cure.” “ I have learned,”

\* Avicenna, an Arabian Physician, born 980.

said he, “ all that other Physicians are taught ; but as only a short Period has elapsed since I finished my Studies, I have not yet provided myself with Books. But we will talk no longer on this Subject ; it is already late, and Time to accompany your Mistress to Mass.” The Lady put on her Cloak, and I walked with her to the Church of St. Andrew, from the Moreria Vieja, the Street where they lived ; and as we passed along, several Persons who met us, as commonly happens, said something in praise of her fine Figure and handsome Face. But she always answered them so tartly, that they turned away with disgust. I observed to her, if she did not choose to speak agreeably, that she might at least remain silent ; as the Silence of a Woman of her Rank would be nothing remarkable. “ Pray,” said she, “ ought not my Person to be universally respected ?” If any one observed that she was pretty ;

“ Yes,” she would reply ; “ and you are a pretty Scoundrel.” I used to blame her frequently on this account, and once took occasion to tell her my Mind freely ; for although she thought so highly of herself, I conceived that she might be improved by hearing my Opinion of her. “ Madam,” said I, “ you make the worst Use possible of your Beauty ; for, having it in your Power to be liked and praised by every one that sees you, you seem to desire that every one should despise you. When we talk of Beauty, we comprehend in that Expression, Affability, Mildness, and Gentleness of Disposition and Behaviour ; but when, on the Contrary, Pride and Moroseness are associated with it, we convert *that* into Hatred which ought to excite Love : it is but reasonable, that the excellent Gift of Beauty, bestowed by the Bounty of Heaven, should hold some Correspondence with the Mind ; and if *one* bears no Resemblance to

the other, it argues a poor Understanding in the *Possessor*, and little Gratitude to *God* for the Gift. Beauty with a bad Disposition is like a clear and beautiful Spring guarded by a Serpent; or, it may be said to resemble a Letter of Introduction, which being opened, is found to contain the Character of a Dæmon. Is there a Being in the World that would wish to be detested? Are there any that choose to be despised? Certainly not. Who then, having those Qualities in himself, sufficient to make him loved and esteemed, would wish to meet with Contempt? Must Beauty be attended by Vanity, blemished by Ignorance, and upheld by Folly? When you look in the Glass, do you not wish that your Mind should resemble your Body? Remember too, that Time (or rather God himself) chastizes these earthly Vanities so decidedly, that Mountains become Plains, and Towers fall to the Ground. How many Beauties have we seen, and in-

deed see every day, reduced to a thousand Misfortunes and Calamities for want of Conduct and Discretion! For although Beauty (while it lasts) is loved and esteemed; no sooner does it begin to decay, than it loses all the Advantages it had gained in the Zenith of its Glory, by the Agreeableness that attended it; and the World is so selfish that it esteems no one for what he *has possessed*, but for what he actually possesses. What Beauty is there that is not destroyed by Time? what Vanity, that does not encounter a thousand Mortifications? what Self-love that does not experience a thousand Misfortunes? As we have Masters for teaching Ladies to dance and sing, it would certainly be advantageous if they had Masters also to teach them Condescension; and as they are taught to move their Bodies gracefully, so they might be instructed how to govern their Minds. I take the liberty to give you this Advice, because it seems to me,

as a Man of Experience, just and reasonable. Take care, Madam, you do not one Day suffer for your Presumption, and too high Opinion of yourself." These, and many other Arguments, I repeated every Day ; but she persisted in following the same Conduct. However, he that rejects the Advice of the experienced, will be sure, one Time or other, to have Experience forced upon him ; and this was the case with Doña Mergelina. It happened thus : There came almost every Night a young Barber\* of my Acquaintance, to visit me. He had a good Voice, and bringing with him a Guitar, he seated himself in the Porch of our House, and sang some little Airs, to which I added a bad Second, but well in tune ; and our Neighbours were so

\* The Reader will recollect this Story in Gil Blas, connected with the Names, Marcos de Obregon and Doña Mergelina. Great part of it is copied verbatim by Le Sage, and appears in the VIIth Chapter, 2nd Book of Gil Blas. Tr.

well pleased with this little Concert, that they used to assemble about the Door and listen to our Harmony. The Barber always accompanied our singing with the Guitar, not so much to shew his Skill in playing as to scratch himself by the Motions of his Hands, for he had the Itch in his Wrists. My Mistress always took post in the little Corridor, to listen to the Musick : and the Doctor, who came home tired with visiting his Patients, (though he had but few to visit) took no notice of the Musick, nor of the Attention his Wife paid to it. As the young Barber was so much in the habit of coming to sing, if he failed any Night, my Lady appeared out of Spirits, and inquired after him, expressing herself pleased with his Voice. By degrees, she came to like the Singing so much, that she so far descended from her Dignity, as to come to the Threshold of the Door to be nearer to the Sounds, whose Suavity is always increased by Distance, though the

true Judge approaches nigher to distinguish the softest Modulations of the Voice. The young Barber left off coming Five or Six Nights, making use of some Remedies during this Time to cure himself of his Disorder ; and as it always happens that one misses those Things most to which one is most accustomed, my Mistress every Evening inquired after him. I answered her more out of Politeness than with a view of satisfying her Inquiries : “ This Youth, Madam, is a Journeyman Barber, and consequently is not Master of his Time. Besides, he is now employed in curing himself of a Disease called the Itch, with which he is afflicted.” “ What !” said she, “ is it thus you undervalue and traduce him ? Barber as he is, there are some that have no Dislike to him.” “ This may be,” said I ; “ for the poor Boy is humble, and willing to do as he is bid : and certain it is, I often save a Bit of my Dinner for him, as it happens sometimes that

he gets no Supper at home." "Well," replied she, "I will assist you in so good a Work." From that Day she always took care to save something good for him, which she gave him at Night, when he came to visit me. One Evening he came in, complaining bitterly that they had thrown some Filth upon him from a Window. On hearing his Complaints, my Lady ran out to the Corridor, and descending into the Court, where he stood cleaning himself, with great Good-nature she helped to wipe him, and then perfumed him with burnt Lavender, uttering a thousand Imprecations against those that had used him so ill. The Barber went away, and Doña Mergelina appeared to feel his Misfortune with as much Anger as Pity, (though with rather more of the latter than I was willing to observe), praising the Patience of the Lad, and saying all she could in Aggravation of the Persons that had offended him. She carried her Censure, indeed, so far, that I felt myself

called upon to ask her, why she said so much about an Accident that had happened purely by Chance, and without any bad Intention? To which she replied: “ Do you not think one ought to feel vexed at an Indignity offered to such a Lamb as this? to a Dove without Gall? to a modest obliging Youth, who utters not a reproachful Word himself? For my part, I wish first to be a Man to avenge his Cause, and then a Woman to console and caress him.” “ Pray, Madam,” said I, “ allow me to ask, what has caused this new Train of Thoughts, this Change from Rudeness to Civility? How long have you been so tender-hearted, and I may add smitten?” “ Ever since you came to this House,” said she, “ and brought hither that Poison shut up in a Guitar; ever since you found Fault with me for my disdainful Behaviour; when, becoming conscious of the Harshness of my Temper, I wished to try whether I could not

hit upon some better Plan for the Guidance of my Conduct. I have passed from one extreme to another; from Rudeness and Disdain, to Docility and Love; from Hatred and Apathy, to Tenderness of Heart; from Snappishness and Pride, to Humility and Affability; from Hauteur and Arrogance, to Complaisance and Submission." "Oh! poor me," said I; "am I doomed to support so heavy a Burthen? Alas! who can regulate the Minds of others? Who can be a Prophet, in Things that appertain to the Passions and Appetites? But since I am accused of being the Origin of all this Mischief, I shall take care to do all in my power to prevent its going further, by not bringing the young Man here any more, nor going again to his House. For if this Change was brought about by Means I could not foresee, I am in hopes, by removing the Cause, that Affairs will return to their former State." The Lady replied: "My good Friend, I

by no means wish to accuse you as the Author of all this Distress. The *Fault* is my own, (if there be any Fault in the Actions of the Heart.) Do not be angry with me on account of any Inadvertencies of mine, for I am in a State of Mind likely to commit many. You should rather wonder at the few you observe. For God's Sake do not put your Threats in execution, if you value my Life, as you do my Honour. I am so distracted, that, with a little more Contradiction, I shall be guilty of some Act that will stain my Reputation, and leave it blacker than my evil Fortune. I am not in a Condition for you to forsake me, but rather to engage you to assist me. You said right when you told me that my Vanity and Presumption would fall from their Throne. I recollect all that you have said, and acknowledge its Justice; but still I entreat you to spare me, and neither to forsake, nor kill me, with the Apprehensions of your leaving the

House." With this, and the like Arguments, she wept so violently, sobbing and covering her Face with her Handkerchief, that in a short time we required somebody to console us both. If the Way in which I condemned her Pride was severe, the Comfort I gave her in her Affliction was still greater. But calling Reason to my Aid, and reverting to the Obligation I lay under to maintain the Honour of her House, I said with as much Firmness as I could collect; "Is it possible that such a Change has been wrought in so extraordinary a Disposition! that from Eyes so full of disdainful Looks, and over Cheeks so modest, such piteous Tears should have fallen, as are sufficient to incline God himself to Mercy, had they been shed in his Service! After all, if you are resolved to throw yourself away, and abuse your Character, how strange it is that you did not make choice of a Person of more Talents and Estimation!—that she, who till now has ob-

served such Distance to other Men, should give her Affections to so low an Object as this!—that Beauty should bend to Deformity, Cleanliness to Filth and Loathsomeness! What shall I say of such a Choice; of so depraved a 'Taste!" "Oh! how Men are deceived," said she, "in thinking that Women fall in Love by Choice, or that Gentility of Figure, Beauty of Countenance, a greater or less Share of Talents, Superiority of Rank and Condition, or greater Riches, have any thing to do with it. I speak of true Love, and can undeceive them by telling them that Love in Women is an Impulse of the Heart, that rises at first Sight, and increases the more the Object is seen, and that by Conversation it is nourished and preserved. From this Sort of Intercourse my Flame has sprung; by these Means it has augmented so much, that it has rendered me blind to every other Object, and closed my Ears against all Counsel. My Will, too,

is incapable of any other Impression; and the more you endeavour to remove or efface my Passion, the more does it increase. Besides, are Barbers formed of different Materials from other Men, that you wish to degrade an Occupation of so much Benefit to Mankind, that it converts old Men into young? Do you tell me he has the Itch, because he has something of a Rash upon his Wrists, which are fragrant like Rose-leaves? Do you not observe the Honesty of his Countenance? the Modesty of his Eyes? the grace of the Sounds he utters? Do not find fault with me, or condemn my Taste, for which there is no Ground." "But as you have got into such a Difficulty," replied I, "I will act with your Ladyship as I do with my Friends in general; namely, give you the best Advice I can in the Choice you ought to make; and, when, your Resolution is taken, assist you as far as I am able." I said this for fear of leaving her al

together disconsolate, and I was in hopes of inducing her to get rid of that Partiality which might lead her to offend God and her Husband ; and having said this, I left her for that Night, amazed at seeing the powerful Effects of this short Intercourse, and reflecting how negligent Parents are in choosing Dancing and Singing Masters for their Daughters, whom they never ought to leave a Moment alone with them, for fear of the Consequence. When married, it is enough for them to please their Husbands, to bring up their Children, and manage their Family; or if destined to become Nuns, they may learn their Duties in a Convent ; for what Wonder is there that the Veil should disgust those who have once mixed with the World, and lived according to the common Course of it?

## CHAP IV.

*Sequel to Doña Mergelina's Intrigue with the Young Barber.*

THE next Day the young Barber came earlier than usual, his Cravat neatly tied, as a Man would naturally do, who should find himself in favour with a handsome Woman. It happened three or four days after, that Dr. Sagredo, her Husband and my Master, was sent for to attend a foreign Gentleman who was taken ill at Caramanchel, and was offered a handsome Remuneration if he succeeded in curing him. He rejoiced greatly at his Good-fortune ; and she still more at the Thoughts of getting him out of the way. His Mule and Footman were ready, and with them and a Spaniel which always accompanied him, he set out about Four in the Afternoon for Caramanchel. The Lady, availing herself of this favourable Opportunity, bade me

prepare Supper in the best Style possible, complimenting me with Words, and promising more substantial Rewards, not dreaming that I might prevent the Execution of her bad Intentions. The Barber came, and beginning to sing as usual, she told him it was not right, nor would it appear well to the Neighbourhood, her Husband being absent, that he should remain singing at the Door: she therefore desired him to enter the House, and ordering me to put the Supper on the Table, made the Barber sit down with her. But hardly was Supper begun, when the Spaniel came in, wagging his Tail, and shewing great Satisfaction at the Sight of his Mistress. “The Doctor is coming!” said she, “what shall we do? for as the Dog is arrived, the Master cannot be far off.” I took hold of the Barber, and carrying him to a Corner of the Room, hid him behind a large Screen, in such a Manner that nobody could see him. The Doctor now entered at the Gate, crying out: “Who ever heard of such Vil-

lany as that of pretending to consult a Man of my Reputation, and at the same time sending for another Physician? If they had been acquainted with me some Years ago, they would not have presumed to make a Fool of me in this way.” “ Why,” said Doña Mergelina, “ should you vex yourself, my dear, about such a foolish Business? Is it not much better to sleep quietly in your own Bed, than weary yourself with watching by the Bed of a sick Man? What Children have you to require Bread at your Hands? You are come, too, very opportunely; for though I was *afraid* I should have passed a sad, solitary Night, yet, somehow or another, I did encourage myself with the Hopes that this would happen; and the Matter being doubtful, I thought it best to provide Supper for you.” “ Is there such another Wife in the World?” said the Doctor; “ you have already driven away my Anger. Let them go to the Devil, and take their Money with

them ; I derive more Satisfaction from seeing you contented and happy, than from any other Cause in the World." " How many poor Husbands," said I to myself, " are thus led by the Nose ; and how many Wives, by Artifice, and feigned Affection, make themselves *Heads* of the Family, when they deserve to have their own Heads chopped from their Shoulders !" The Doctor dismounted from his Mule, and the Groom, when he had shut him up in the Stable, went away with his Wife to the Inn he had been hired from, after receiving his Wages. The Doctor sat down to Supper in very good Humour, extolling his Wife highly for the Care she had taken of him. The Devil of a Spaniel in the mean Time, (from the strong Scent these Animals are endued with) did nothing but smell about the Screen, behind which lay the Barber ; scratching and barking in such a Manner, that the Doctor perceiving it, wondered what could

be the Reason. I answered immediately, that I believed there was a Quarter of Mutton placed there. The Spaniel began scratching and growling again, and barking louder than before. My Master looked towards the Place with great Attention, whilst I was aware of the Mischief likely to ensue, unless some Step was taken to prevent it; and knowing the Doctor's Temper I made use of a clever Artifice, which was to tell them that I should run and fetch some Seville Olives, of which they were both very fond. I stood listening at the Foot of the Ladder, and heard my Master say he was determined to get up to see what made the Dog so restless. Directly I heard this, I ran to the House Door, and began crying out: "Oh, Sir! they are robbing me of my Clothes; Señor, Doctor Sagredo, Thieves! They are carrying off my Cloak!" The Doctor started up with his usual Quickness, and ran towards the Door, seizing a Sword

in his Way. On his inquiring which Road the Thieves had taken, I told him, that as soon as they heard me pronounce the Name of Dr. Sagredo, they took to their Heels, and flew like Lightning up the Street. He immediately set off in pursuit of them; while the Lady dispatched the Barber without Cloak or Hat, and placed the Quarter of Mutton behind the Screen, according to the Hint I had given her. So far Matters had proceeded very well. But the young Barber was so confused, and so full of Fear and Trembling, that he could not contrive to reach the House Door soon enough to avoid meeting my Master at his Return. Here it was necessary to acquit ourselves dexterously, in order to counteract this new Evidence, which was even stronger than the former; and therefore, before he began to ask any Questions, I said to him, “ The Rogues have also run off with this poor Fellow’s Cloak, and attempted to murder

him; and he has taken shelter here, being afraid of returning alone to his own House: he has been sadly treated, Sir." As choleric Men are generally compassionate, my Master was ready enough to pity the Lad, and said to him: "Do not be afraid, you shall remain in *Dr. Sagredo's House*, where no human Being will dare to offend you!" "Offend you!" said I; "when they heard me but name Dr. Sagredo, Wings sprang from their Heels, I assure you, or they could not have escaped so nimbly." "Well," said the Doctor; "if I ever catch them, I will avenge the Lad and my Squire in such a way, that they will never take to Cloak-stealing again." My Lady, who had remained till now, terrified and trembling, in the Corridor, when she saw the Mischief so soon removed, and that which would naturally have ended in violent Rage, happily converted into Compassion, willingly aided these kind Feelings of her Husband's; say-

ing, “ what cruel Treatment! I hope, my dear, you will not let the poor Youth go Home; he has suffered enough already, without exposing him again to the Risk of being murdered by the Robbers.” “ I will not let him go,” said the Doctor, “ unless I accompany him myself. But how did this Accident happen to you, young Man?” “ I was going,” replied the Barber, “ for my Master, Juan de Vergara, to bleed a certain Lady in the Foot,\* when that unhappy Affair took place.” “ At all events,” said Doña Mergelina, “ you may comfort yourself now, as you are safe in the House of Dr. Sagredo.” “ Come up stairs with me,” added the Doctor; “ and as soon as you have had your Supper, I will see you safe home.” The Dog had gone out with his Master in pursuit of the supposed Thieves; but he returned with Perseverance to the Screen,

\* Still the common Mode of Bleeding in Spain, either in the Foot, or the Wrists. *Tr.*

and if he had scratched and made a Noise about it before, on account of the Barber being there, he did it now with greater Vehemence, in hopes of getting hold of some of the Meat. My Master observing the Obstinacy of the Animal, rose from his Seat, and removed the Mutton, well satisfied with the Goodness of the Dog's Nose. My Mistress, however, though she had escaped from all these Dangers, was still firm in her Purpose; and gave me to understand that she was determined to see the young Barber, the Thing of all others which I was anxious to prevent. They went to Supper; and he that had in the first Instance been seated at the Head of the Table, was now well enough contented to be fed like a Sparrowhawk on the Hand, not like the Lord of the Feast. So much does Inclination sometimes yield to Necessity. Supper being ended, the Doctor would have gone with him to his Home; and although I was

willing to second him, my Lady said that she could not bear the Idea of her Husband exposing himself to the Danger of encountering the Thieves, particularly as he would have to go through St. Andrew's Passage, the Resort of so many skulking Cloak-stealers. "And though this would be a Trifle to a Man of your Valour," said she, "it might be a serious Injury to me, for I suspect that I am breeding, and any sudden Alarm or Accident like this, may endanger my Life. This young Man may sleep with his Friend the Squire to-night, and return Home in the Morning." "Very well," replied the Doctor, "let it be so if you desire it: for my part, I wish to go to Bed, as I am rather weary." At this they retired to Bed together, (though in general the Lady went first); but she was far from thinking of sleeping, until she could put in execution a diabolical Scheme, which cost her much Vexation, and might have cost her her Life.

The Chamber was so small, that from my Bed to hers there were not above four Paces; so that the least Movement made in one, was perceived in the other; this therefore she thought would not answer her Purpose. Now my Master's Mule was so unmanageable that, being once unhaltered, he disturbed the whole Neighbourhood before they could catch him again. Doña Mergeлина thought therefore, if she could once untie him, and return to Bed before her Husband missed her, she might accomplish her End, whilst he was employed in securing the Beast. As Women are soon fixed in their Determinations, the Moment she found her Husband asleep, she got quietly out of Bed, and creeping down to the Stable, unfastened the Mule, thinking to get back before he began to bray, and her Husband to awake. But it would appear that the Doctor and the Mule had concerted Measures

together; for the Mule no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran out of the Stable, kicking, and making all sorts of Noises. The Doctor hearing the Disturbance, jumped out of Bed in an Instant, cursing the Mule, and the Man that sold it to him; and if Doña Mergelina had not taken shelter in the Stable, they must have run against each other. He seized hold of a Whip, and fell to belabouring the Mule, who ran into the Stable, where he scarcely found room enough to stand, the Lady having taken possession of it. The Place was in truth so small, that she could find no Shelter but under his Belly; and even there, as the Whip was pliant, her soft Flesh came in for a good Share of the Stripes designed for the Mule. The Spaniel, in the mean Time, hearing the Noise, and smelling a Stranger in my Bed, began to bark, and bite the Barber. So that the Wife in the Hands of her Hus-

band, and the Lad in the Teeth of the Dog, paid soundly for the Offence they had only attempted to commit. Seeing with concern the Effects of the Doctor's Rage, and that he was not aware of the Consequences, I said to him : " Pray, Sir, take care what you are doing ; every Blow you give the Mule, my Mistress feels in the Face : she is so fond of the poor Beast, because you ride it, that she cannot even bear the Heat of the Sun to visit him." " You may be thankful, Mr. Mule," said the Doctor, " for what is told me of your Mistress's Partiality ; otherwise I would not have desisted from beating you all Night. Is there any thing to fasten this Beast with ?" " You will find a small Rope in the Yard, Sir," said I ; " I would go down myself and look for it, but I have a bad Tooth-ache, and am fearful of the Night Air." As soon as he went to seek it, I placed myself at the Head of the Ladder, and as-

sisted my Lady to get up. She crept to her Bed without uttering a Word, though somewhat the worse for the Beating she had suffered. As I was still desirous that the Crime should not be perpetrated, I went down, and taking the Rope from the Doctor, staid to tie up the Mule while he retired to his Bed; and having completed my Task, I returned to my Nest, where I found the young Barber complaining bitterly of the Dog, and Doña Mergelina crying most piteously, her Husband trying to discover the Cause of her Grief. She told him very angrily, that she was fast asleep, when his Rage and Fury awakened her so suddenly, and frightened her so much, that she fell out of Bed, and had bruised her Face terribly. The Doctor soothed her as much as possible, and in fact she was now disposed to receive his Caresses: for Women of any Decency, if once they stumble without falling, begin

to look about them ; and as she had failed in three Attempts, she was fearful of trying the fourth. As to the poor Barber, what with the Risks he had run, and the Attacks of the Spaniel, he was completely cured of this trifling Wound of Love.

## CHAP. V.

*The Squire's Advice to the Barber, and to his Mistress.  
Hints for the Guidance of Doctors.*

AS the first part of the Night had been so disturbed, and full of Vexation and Wrangling, (the natural Effects of such mad Projects, founded in Dishonour,) that which remained of it till Morning was passed in profound Sleep; so much so, that I, who am but a very poor Sleeper, did not awake till I heard some one knocking at the Gate, and calling upon the Doctor in haste, to attend a sick Person. I raised my Head, and found that the Sun already shewed himself in the Recess in which my Bed stood; but I never beheld his Rays with less Good-will. I then awakened the Barber, who appeared rather under the Influence of Enchantment, than of Sleep; and finding him determined not to return to the Follies of the preceding Night, I said to him: " Since you have escaped

from this great Danger so happily, take care that you live in future with greater Care and Circumspection. For although it is true that you have not committed any actual Sin in this Affair, and that our Desires (though they offend the Conscience) do not destroy our Honour; nevertheless it is requisite, for the sake of the Lady's Reputation, and your own Safety, to keep it secret. I give you this Advice, because a young Man like you, without much Experience, may be inclined to boast of it as an Adventure worthy of being known; a Species of Mistake into which great Talkers are very often betrayed. Recollect that you may preserve your Life by your Silence, and on the contrary lose it by idle Talkativeness. No crime was ever committed by Silence, whilst a thousand spring every day from the Licence of the Tongue. Every Man can talk, but the Wise alone know how to keep Silence. I am of opinion that half the Assassinations that happen

without the Authors being discovered, spring from Offences of the Tongue. To keep Secrets, is praiseworthy ; and he who does not keep them from worthy Motives, may be forced to do so from the Dread of dangerous Consequences. Silence observed at a proper Season, deserves much Commendation, and the contrary merits Abhorrence. A Secret never burst any one, neither are we choaked by swallowing what we were about to utter. The Bees sting wherever they please, but leave their Sting and their Life behind them : it happens the same to those who reveal Secrets which they are bound to keep. Not to trouble you with more Advice, let me persuade your Reason to consider the Danger, in a Case where the Honour of a Man like the Doctor is concerned. With these and more Arguments of the same Kind, I sent him home with more Fear than Love. The Doctor dressed himself in such a Hurry,

that he had not Time to observe the disfigured Face of his Wife; and the first Thing she did, even before she put on her Clothes, was to look at herself in the Glass; when seeing her beautiful Face so disfigured, she took it greatly to Heart, and for several Days after muffled up her Face in a Handkerchief, which was, however, so smart and becoming, that it appeared worn more for Ornament than from Necessity. As soon as I could, I went to her while she was dressing her unfortunate Face, and compassionating her, I said with all the Mildness possible: “ Well, Madam, what do you think of your good Fortune? for such it has been, in spite of the many Attempts you have made to put your Schemes in execution. Your Honour has remained safe in the midst of so much Danger, and when you were bent so resolutely on your Destruction, numberless Impediments have stood in the Way of your Fall, each of them furnishing

a fresh Motive for Repentance. Were you to fall into a deep River, and get out again without even wetting your Clothes, would it not be an extraordinary Miracle? Were you to be driven against a thousand drawn Swords, and escape without a Wound, would it not seem to be the immediate Interposition of Providence? Be assured then, that in this Instance the Divine Mercy has as plainly manifested itself in your Favour, and that you have been delivered by its good Pleasure. The most powerful Enemy we have, is Self-will; it subdues, and makes such a Slave of our Understanding, that we lose the right Use of our Reason. But though a depraved Will converts a Freeman into a Slave, the same Will, assisted by Repentance and Reason, sets him at Liberty again. Repentance is a Proof of an upright Mind :—Experience makes us wary, as Determination emboldens us. When the Will impels us forward with Impetuosity, the

Fear which attends the first bad Fortune supplies a Remedy : depend on it, it is better to repent at once, than afterwards to lament the having delayed our Repentance. A bad Beginning, when checked in Time, improves our present Condition, and secures our future. Bear then in mind your bad Success, and let it be a Warning to you, before Mischiefs ensue. Would to Heaven that all the Wickedness which People commit could have as bad a Beginning as this : and then the Warning would lessen the Number of Offenders in future. Let me entreat you to recollect yourself, and call in Honour to guard your Beauty. I have done my Duty in checking this Business, and will still do it." All the Time I was speaking, the Tears ran trickling down her pale Cheeks, and she had so much Appearance of modest Shame and Contrition, that the most tyrannical Executioner in the World must have been softened by it. But at length, raising her timid Countenance,

after having dried away the Tears that bathed it, in a low Tone of Voice she replied :  
 “ I wish it were possible for me to pluck out my Heart, and put it into your Hands, that you might be convinced of the Effects of your just Animadversion, and I might thereby gain some Alleviation to my Sufferings. If you credit me as I have credited you, be assured I am sensible of the Justice of your Counsel, and am resolved to attend to it, and put it in execution ; for he who listens to Advice, desires to profit by it. I do not mean to say that I have altogether subdued my Feelings, as Matters of this Nature get complete Possession of the Heart, and we cannot easily eradicate them : but as neither Love nor Hatred is apt to keep within the Bounds of Moderation, (for they are engendered in the same Manner,) so I find myself pass from one Extreme to the other. When I discovered that the Beauty which has been so much admired was defaced, I was seized with mortal Hatred of him who has been the

Cause of my Misfortune. Besides which, during the short Moment in which I contrived to sleep last night, I dreamt, that being in the act of gathering a beautiful, odoriferous Apple, at the Instant that I pressed it with my Fingers, a large Quantity of Smoke proceeded from it, and a Serpent of an enormous Size, which wound himself twice round my Body near the Heart, squeezing me with so much Violence, that I thought he would have killed me; and when none of the By-standers had the Courage to deliver me from its Grasp, an old Man approached me, and killed it by only spitting upon it. The Moment he fell dead at my Feet, I awoke, and after a little Reflection on the bad Success I had had in the Outset, with the Aid of Reason, I resolved to preserve my Honour, and to detest the bad Impulses of my Heart, as much as I valued your salutary Counsel. If therefore you have till now been called my Squire, I shall henceforward

consider and treat you as a Father; and if you have seen any Thing in me which makes my Society agreeable in your Eyes, I pray and entreat you not to desert me on this Occasion, nor during the Remainder of your Life; as the Regard I bear you, is as great as that you have had for my Honour.”—She was going to add more, when her Husband knocked at the Door, and prevented her. The Doctor entered; and she pretended to be vexed with herself, covering her bruized Face, and affecting Coyness, that he might shew her the greater Kindness; which he was easily induced to do from the Affection he bore her. He looked at her Face, and lamented the Accident more than she did herself, adding: “My dear, you had better lose a little Blood.” “Why should you bleed her, Sir?” said I. “On account of her Fall,” replied the Doctor. “What!” said I, “did she fall from the Top of St. Salvador’s Tower, that you should take Blood from

her?" "You know very little of the Matter," said the Doctor; "from that Contusion, the hypochondriacal Parts have been injured, and a determined Profluvium Sanguinis may ensue, and leave livid Marks in her Face, as the Consequence of the Cicatrices." "And then," said I, "the Southern Artery will come to the metaphysical Circumference of the vegetative Body, and the Blood will flow out from the Liver." "What is all this?" said the Doctor: "I do not comprehend the Meaning of one Word you have uttered." "Don't you understand *me*?" said I: "then how should your Wife understand *you*, when you make use of so much Pedantry, merely to tell her that an Effusion of Blood may leave Marks in her Face? If you will only put some Balsam, or a little Juice of Radish Leaves to her Face, she may laugh at the Consequence of this Accident. But don't you think it would be better, Sir, for young

Physicians to explain themselves in Language that one might understand?" "What!" retorted the Doctor; "do you mean that learned Men such as I am, should converse like the ignorant Part of Mankind?" "With respect to that Matter, I see no Reason against it," said I; "for my part, I think it desirable that Physicians should explain themselves in a Language that Persons in general may comprehend, for the sake of the poor Patient, who might otherwise be apprehensive as to the Subject of their Conversation. Neither would it at all derogate from their Character, to be mild and affable, and always to speak cheerfully; and it would be a good Thing if they had a few short pleasant Stories to amuse and encourage their Patients with; and if they are good-natured and agreeable in their Manners, the Patients will be inclined to think that their Society alone is sufficient to cure them. They should observe too, whether

their Patients Beds are neat and clean, &c. Were I to cite an Example of this Sort of Conduct, I should name Doctor Luis del Valle, for even when the Sacrament is administered to his Patients, he entreats the Priest to give them Hopes of Recovery. Some are so wilfully wrong in the Treatment of sick People, that merely to gain a greater Share of Reputation, they tell their Patients they are in much greater Danger than they really are, which is the Way, of all others, to make them so:—and it would be well that, as they are supposed to be the Ministers of Nature, they should consider themselves so in all Cases.” “It was well enough,” said the Doctor, “for Physicians of old to go to work deliberately in the Way you mention: but now-a-days we proceed in another Manner; for, whatever the Disease is, we have a sure Remedy at Hand; by Physick, Bleeding, and making use of certain Nostrums, that we know the

Value of.” “ And yet for all this,” said I, “ I shall avoid putting myself under the Care of raw Physicians ; for a young Friend of mine, who was in truth a very pretty Scholar, having got Credit with me by certain Aphorisms of Hippocrates, that he knew by Heart, and quoted at favourable Moments with an Air of Pedantry, led me to put myself into his Hands the first Time I was attacked by the Gout. He altogether mistook my Case, and would have done me a serious Injury, if I had not discovered his wrong Treatment, and myself observed that I had an intermitting Pulse. Then telling me that *We* had mistaken the Case, (as if *I* had any thing to say to it), he left me in Haste and Confusion. But having become convalescent, in consequence of my strong Constitution, and the Care I took of myself, I met him one Day afterwards in the Plaza del Angel Face to Face, when he looked very foolish ; and I assailed him so vociferously, that he

escaped from my Tongue worse than I had from his Hands. Good Physicians, when they first visit the Sick, endeavour to ascertain the Origin of the Disease, and the predominant Humours of the Patient; prescribing differently for the Cholerick and the Phlegmatick, not for a high-spirited as for a melancholy Man." " I never in my Life," said the Doctor, " met with a Squire who was so much of a Licentiate." " What do you know of Intermissions of the Pulse? What Signs have you of the Gout?" " As to Intermissions," replied I, " I have suffered from them before now, but they never disheartened me. On the contrary, I had once Occasion to encourage a sprightly young Physician who attended me in Malaga, who was alarmed at finding my Pulse in that State; (in this Case it would seem that *I* was the Physician, and *he* the Patient); and although they tell me that this is no natural State of my Pulse, it still has its regular In-

termissions. Having escaped from that violent Fever by drinking heartily of cold Water, there still remained a good deal of Wind in my Stomach, for which he gave me a Remedy ; and if I were to follow it, the very Children would make a Joke of me, as much as I did of it when I first heard of it : for to a cholerick Man, born in a warm Region, he recommended that I should never taste a Drop of Water. While, on the contrary, I have preserved myself from the Gout by the Advice of Cicero, which says that true Health consists in taking such Sustenance as does us good, and avoiding such as hurts us. I do not eat moist Food ; I never drink between Meals, nor eat Supper ; I drink Water, and no Wine ; I rub myself violently over from Head to Foot every Morning before I rise from my Bed ; and when I find my Stomach loaded, I take an Emetic. With this, and Temperance in other Respects, I keep myself free from Gout." I trust

that your Excellency will pardon me, if I weary you with these trifling Discussions which passed between the Doctor and me. My Motive for publishing them is, that perhaps they may fall into the Hands of some Person who will derive Advantage from them. "Pray tell me," said the Doctor, "I entreat, whether you have ever studied, and where? for you converse on the Subject with such a Grace, that you have quite gained my Heart; were I a great Prince, you should never stir from my Side." "I also entreat you, good Father," said the Lady, "to give us a History of your Life (which I trust in God may be a long one), so as to furnish Food for the Doctor's Understanding, and my Amusement." "It is not well," said I, "to recount Disasters when the Recital may drive a Man to Desperation by bringing the Cause of his Sorrows frequently to his Recollection. There is this Difference between Prosperity and Adversity, that to recollect Misfortunes

while in Adversity, adds to our Grief; but the Recollection of them in Prosperity augments our Pleasure. He that has escaped the Tempest, is not contented with merely seeing himself liberated, but wishes to kiss the Soil on which he has been thrown; but he who is still suffering Shipwreck, only thinks how he may best provide for the present Exigencies. Now though I am in the Condition of a poor Man, I have the Spirit of a rich one; and if I am not disheartened on the one hand by being low in the World, I am not on the other elevated by past Prosperity."

## CHAP VI.

*Doña Mergelina's Gratitude, and the Proposition which was the Result of it.—Marcos's Love Adventure.*

AS Denial acts powerfully on the Minds of Women, the more I objected, the more did my Mistress solicit me to relate my Story : for as she had a noble Heart, and thought herself under considerable Obligation to me, she was anxious to shew her Gratitude by interesting herself in my Concerns. For there is this Difference between an honest, open Disposition, and one of a contrary Nature :—the first is grateful for every intended Kindness ; whilst the other is not only ungrateful, but endeavours to discover bad Motives for Favours conferred. The more she tried to prove her Gratitude, the more was I concerned at her fancying that I had shewn her any extraordinary Kindness. For certainly the Knowledge of an Act of Weakness on the Part of our Neighbour, which we are all

in the Habit of committing, or are at least liable by Nature to commit, should not lead us to hold them in less Estimation. The Knowledge of another's Secret comes to us either by Accident, or is told us in Confidence. If it is accidental, Nature itself teaches us that the same Things may happen to ourselves ; and if we hear it in Confidence, we have an additional Motive for keeping it secret ; the Reputation of him that imparted it being concerned. To conceal the Faults of our Neighbour, is worthy of Angels ; to reveal them, of Dogs, who bark when they do most Mischief. A Friar of good Intentions, but not very wise, inquiring of a Person whom he was examining, if he knew of any Faults or bad Actions committed by his Companions ? the Man said, “ no, for if he had heard them from themselves, he had either not attended to them, or had forgotten them ; if others attempted to tell him of them, he had either not listened to, or had disbelieved them.” And another having revealed the Faults of his Com-

panions, in order to gain Credit for himself, came from the Examination more censured than they. I have brought forward this Store of Words for the Purpose of explaining the Fears my Mistress felt, lest I should reveal her Secrets; or at least she probably apprehended that I should be inclined, as the Saying is, to keep her under my Thumb. Thus, proceeding in her Intention, she told me that on account of my good Behaviour and Conduct, she was anxious to retain me always in the House, and to consider me in the Light of a Father. And to this End she wished me to marry a Relation of hers, a very fine young Girl; extolling the amiable Qualities and Modesty of the young Lady, and dwelling upon the Comfort I should experience in my old Age from such a Marriage. I said to her: "Believe me, Madam, I would not marry this Girl for all the Riches in the World." She laughed at this, and I proceeded to say: "Young Girls are joyous of Heart, and

merry in Society; they run about frisking like Hinds, while their old Husbands are creeping along with their gouty Feet. A Hare is not so much persecuted by Greyhounds, as the young Wife of an old Man by other Men. Neither is there a young Man in the Place, but what calls her *Cousin*, nor an old Tale-bearing Woman that is not of her Acquaintance. She goes to all the Churches round about, either to get away from her Husband, or, as a Pretence for visiting one or other of her Gossips. If the Husband is poor, she complains of his Stinginess; if rich, she soon takes care to leave him nothing but what grows upon his Forehead.\* God preserve my Understanding! I am very well as a single Man, and know how to manage myself in a State of Solitude. I do not wish therefore to disturb the Remainder of my Life with new Cares or vain Counsels." The

\*A true Picture of Spanish Society in the present Day. *Tr.*

Doctor was ready to burst with Laughter at all this, while his Wife was thinking of the Reply she had to make. At last she said with great Ingenuity and Good-humour: “ One learns something new every Day ; it is a good Thing to live, in order to study different Characters. You are the first old Man I ever saw or heard of, that refused to marry a young Girl. They are fond of new Blood to warm their old. We make old Trees young by grafting them. That Plants may not be frost-bitten, we cover them up. The Palm Tree will not bear Fruit unless her Companion grows near her. Melancholy and Desperation are the Friends of Solitude. All rational Animals, and even Brutes, are Friends to Society. I hope you are not like that brutal Philosopher, who, on being asked what was the proper Age to marry, answered : ‘ When a man is young, it is too early ; when old, too late.’ Let me tell you that, besides the Satisfaction it would afford me, it would

be a great Advantage for you to have a Wife to comfort you." " I confess," replied I, " that so much Grace of Reasoning would be sufficient to persuade any Body not so well acquainted with the Ways of the World, and so formed for Solitude as I am ; but obvious Truths are not to be frittered away by rhetorical Persuasions. An old Man that marries a young Girl, must leave his Children fatherless and destitute. If she is of a mercenary Disposition, she keeps her Eyes fixed on what she is to possess after his Death, and on his last Will. How well I should look with my white Locks by the Side of a fine rosy-cheeked, handsome, well-made Lass, who, on casting up her Eyes to look at my Head of Hair, would discover a Pate as bald as the Palm of one's Hand—Temples like Saffron, and a Beard more curly and grey than the Cid's!" " Don't let that give you any Uneasiness," said my Mistress ; " for Juan de Vergara has a Die of so black and fine a Quality,

that of all the Men and Women who enter his House with grey Hair, he changes their Appearance so completely, that on going out nobody can know them." "Nor do they know themselves either," said I, "when so disfigured; for this Weakness must certainly arise from not understanding the natural sort of Correspondence that there is between the several Parts of our Body. I do not see what Purpose all this trifling with our grey Hairs can answer, except for the Employment of the Dyers, who care not for making their Hands as black as Portuguese Ebony. If to die the Hair would remove Weakness in the Eyes, supply the Want of Teeth, and give back Strength to the Limbs, there would be some Use in it; but after all, we can neither cheat Time nor *Death*, who is no more to be frightened away, than the Fox by the Lion's Skin, when the Ass put it on. Seeing him creep about so slowly, he looked at his Hoofs, and said, 'You are

an Ass! In like manner, Death looks at those thus disfigured, and says to them, ‘ You are old.’” “ Poh!” said Doña Mergelina, “ by this means we may pass for a few Years younger; otherwise we cannot deny our Age.” “ Well,” said I, “ Men of Honour ought never to tell Lies, under any Circumstance. The Truth will come out at last. But to return to our Subject: as Marriage is a most holy State, let a Man marry a Woman of similar Age and Disposition; for Nature herself requires this Equality; that is, when both Parties are not Children, nor both old; nor he old, and she young; nor he young, and she old. Upon which Subject Philosophers say, the Man should be ten or twelve Years older than the Woman: but I that am fifty, to have a Wife of fifteen or sixteen, is like wishing a Bass and Tenor of one Tone, when there must be an Octave between them.” “ Have you never been in Love, then?” said my

Mistress. “ So much in Love,” said I, “ that I have composed Verses, and got into quarrels for my Mistress; to such Folly does Youth betray us! It turns Man into an Owl, makes him haunt Church-yards, endure the cold Dews of the Night, and expose himself to Adventures, and even Things whereof he had better be silent. He that goes rambling about at Night, observes the Evils that befall others, but never thinks of those that may happen to himself. I recollect having a certain Love Affair in the Parish of St. Gines, with a young Lady of about as much Knowledge of the World as I then had. Upon the Evening of Shrove Tuesday, she sent to beg that I would take her something to beguile the Fast of the following Day, for at that Time it was customary to *ask* this Sort of Favour, *and as common to deny it*. However, as it was the first Opportunity I had of shewing her a Kindness, I sold certain Trifles which I could not well

spare ; and as soon as the Sport of throwing  
 Orange Peel was over, together with the  
 Persecution of the poor Dogs by running  
 after them till they were ready to die, I  
 went to an Eating-house, and filled a Nap-  
 kin with a Pie, a Brace of Partridges, a  
 Rabbit, and some Pancakes ; and tying them  
 up, I went away, with the Intention of giv-  
 ing them to her at her Window at past eleven  
 o'Clock at Night. The following Day, as I  
 said, was to be Ash Wednesday, a Day of  
 strict Devotion, (as this had been of Sport  
 for the Boys, and Trouble for the poor Dogs).  
 Universal Silence prevailed ; and, though  
 I went loaded, no one saw me. On arriving  
 at St. Gines Square, however, I perceived  
 the Patrole coming, and retired under a  
 Shed where they are accustomed on these  
 Anniversaries to place a Tomb ; and, before  
 the Patrole could come up, I hid the Nap-  
 kin in a large Hole in the Tomb, and taking  
 out my Rosary, I began to go through my

Prayers. The Patrole arrived, and thinking that I was some Criminal that had fled thither for Refuge, they laid hold of me, and asked what I was doing there? But the Alcaide coming up, and observing my Rosary, and the little Confusion I was in, (for it is always prudent on these Occasions not to shew the least Signs of Fear,) desired them to release me, and they told me to go home. I pretended to go away; and, as soon as they were out of sight, returned for my Napkin where I had left it. With some Fear, on account of the Hour and Solitude, I stretched out my Hand and Arm as far as I could reach; but could neither feel the Napkin nor its Contents, which set me trembling strangely. Indeed, you may well imagine what a horrible Fright I was in at this terrific Accident; in a Church-yard, under a Tomb, at Midnight, and in the midst of so dead a Silence, that it appeared as if the World were at an End.

But, to add to my Alarm, I heard within the Tomb, a great Rattling of Iron, that seemed to me like a thousand Chains, and the Cries of as many Souls suffering in Purgatory. My Terror was so great, that I quite lost the Thoughts of Love, and the Supper I had provided, and wished myself a thousand Leagues off. The best Thing I could think of, was, to return the Way I had come ; and, getting hold of the Wall, I crept along, fancying a whole Army of Ghosts was at my Heels. To augment my Terror, I felt something pull me by the Cloak ; which alarmed me so exceedingly, that I immediately fell flat on the Ground, with my Mouth on the Hilt of my Sword. At last I ventured to look up, to see whether a Ghost was near me and I found my Cloak hanging to a Nail that projected from a Crucifix in the Wall. This Discovery enabled me to breathe again, and I began to despise the Fright that the Nail and

Cloak had occasioned, but not that produced by the Adventure of the Tomb. I sat down, and looked all about to see whether there was any Thing near me ; glad indeed to rest myself, feeling as much fatigued as if I had traversed all the Mountains of the Sierra Morena. I reflected on what had happened, considering likewise what Sort of Account I should give of my Adventures the next Day, when I should relate to my Lady what had happened, without my having in reality seen any Thing to alarm me. To tell a Tale so full of Terror, without sifting it to the Bottom, would, I thought, be so little creditable, that I should gain the Reputation of a Coward, or a Liar, by it ; while not to recount it, would expose me to Ridicule ; as she might imagine I was too niggardly to give her what she requested. On the other hand, I considered that if there was a dead Man in the Tomb, he could not have eaten my Supper ; if a living one, he could not

have squeezed himself into so small a Compass as not to have come in contact with my Hand, when I stretched it out. At length I fell arguing in this Manner: ‘ If it be the Devil, he certainly will take to his Heels on my making the Sign of the Cross; if it be a Soul in Purgatory, I will find out how many Prayers he wants to have said for him; if, finally, a living Man, I have as good Hands, and as good a Sword as he!’ With these Resolutions I approached the Tomb valiantly, and, drawing my Sword, I wound my Cloak round my left Arm, and advanced with bold Determination. ‘ I conjure and command thee on the part of the Rector of this Church,’ said I, ‘ if thou art a bad Spirit, to fly from this sacred Place; if a Soul in Purgatory, to reveal what thou requirest or hast need of.’ (Whilst I was speaking, the Noise of the Chains grew louder.) ‘ Once—twice—thrice—I charge thee, answer me.’ But the more

I said, the more did the hideous Noise of the Iron sound within the Tomb, making me tremble furiously. Seeing my Exorcism of no Effect; had I allowed my Valour to cool, my old Fears would have returned, and incapacitated me for all further Efforts: I clapped my Sword, therefore, between my Teeth, and seizing hold of the Tomb with both Hands, I raised it up, and immediately a large black Dog ran out between my Legs with a great Bell tied to his Tail. The poor Beast had taken Refuge here, when he was pursued by the Boys; and smelling the Meat, had taken the Liberty to eat it. But my Fear was so great at the extraordinary and unexpected Noise he made in escaping, that when he flew off in one Direction, I should have gone off with as much Speed in another, but for a violent Blow I received on the Shins, from the Bell as he rushed out. But the Fit of Laughter that succeeded, after I had got rid of the Pain, was so

great, that even to this Day, whenever I recollect the Adventure, though I happen to be alone, or in the middle of the Street, I cannot refrain from indulging in a hearty Laugh.” And here likewise the Doctor and his Wife laughed so much, that I was obliged to stop till their fit was over; at length I proceeded: “ You cannot imagine how much I was pleased to discover the Cause of my Alarm, which would have otherwise caused me no little Shame; besides, by relating what had passed, I should have been the Means of giving a bad Name to the Place, as has been frequently done by Persons who, not ascertaining the Cause of their Fears, have got certain Places into Disrepute, and themselves the Discredit of being easily frightened without any apparent Cause. One Man on this Occasion said he had seen a Horse covered with Chains, and without a Head, and that the Beast came from the Meadow to his House with Iron

Fetters on. The Number of these Stories is so great, that there is scarce a Town or Village but has a haunted House in it; and every one has his Story to tell. In Ronda, there is a Lane that has been considered haunted ever since a Monkey happened to get up to the Roof of an empty House in it, rattling his Chain, and throwing down Tiles on the Passengers. If you sift them to the Bottom, you will find all these Stories alike."

## CHAP. VII.

*The Squire about finding a new Master.—Reflections on Castle-building.*

JUST at this Time, when I found myself so agreeably situated with Dr. Sagredo, and my Mistress, Doña Mergelina de Aybar, the Doctor was summoned to a Town in Old Castile, where he was appointed Physician, with a large Salary, of which he stood too much in need to refuse it. He was anxious likewise to put his Knowledge in Practice, for neither the greatest Talents nor continued Study render a Man expert, if he want actual Experience, which seasons the Learning of the Schools, and checks Garrulity. In truth, we are not perfectly acquainted with a Science until we know the Effects of Causes, which Experience alone can teach us. Having determined on

their Removal, they made use of all the Arguments possible, to induce me to accompany them ; which I would have done, had I not been fearful of the cold Climate of Old Castile ; for being now advanced in Years, it would not do to take the same Liberties with my Constitution as I could have done in my Youth. Cold is so great an Enemy of Nature, that although a Man die of a raging Fever, at the last he remains cold. The Action of the Heart in an old Man is slow, for want of Heat ; as Youth is warm and moist, so Old Age is cold and dry. For this Reason old Men ought to fly from cold Countries, as I did, preferring a Place where I should be worse accommodated, to removing to a Climate where the Cold would probably shorten my Life. They set out, and left me alone, without any kind Friend to protect me. Those who allow the green Spring of Youth to glide by, without thinking on the Old Age that is to succeed it,

will have to endure Mortifications such as these, and probably greater. Every Day passed in Idleness takes *one* from Life, but adds many to the Habit which it creates. The Licenciate Alonzo Rodriguez Navarro, a Man of singular Prudence and Wit, being a Student at Salamanca, I found him one Night sleeping over a Book, and told him that he had better mind what he was about, or he would burn his Eye-lashes. He answered that he would trust to Time, who would give him others; but if he should lose his Time, he would have nothing to trust to but Repentance. I remained, as I said, alone and poor, and was therefore willing to try my Fortune in the Family of a Gentleman, who had retired to live in a Village, and had come to seek a Master for his two young Sons. On his enquiring if I was willing to look after them, I told him that I thought *looking after Children* was more fit for Nurses, than for Squires. He laughed at my Plea-

santry, and said : “ By my Faith, Friend, I like your Humour ; you shall go with me, and I have no Doubt but you will find yourself comfortable enough in my House.” “ At first,” replied I, “ probably I shall ; but I do not know how it may be for a Continuance.” “ How so ?” said the Gentleman. “ Because,” rejoined I, “ until one has tried a Thing, one cannot give a decisive Opinion respecting it. It won’t do to ask a Servant whether he *likes*, but whether he *knows how* to serve.” “ It appears to me,” said the Gentleman, “ that he who talks so well, must know how to serve well in whatever is required of him ; and as a further Inducement to you, my eldest Son will be able some Time or other to reward you ; for he holds a Share of a Property in right of his Mother, which he will one Day possess. At present, indeed, his Grandfather possesses it ; and at his Death it goes to his eldest Son, who has two Sons also. So that,

when it shall please God to take them and their Father, my Son succeeds to the Property” “ This reminds me,” said I, “ of a Man, who, being remarkably fond of Dates, went over to Barbary to buy a Piece of Land which he planted with Palm Trees, and he has been waiting for them to yield Fruit ever since. Thus I am to outlive three other Persons (myself with one Foot in the Grave) for the trifling Reward I am to expect. Whoever relies on such Hopes as these, must esteem *himself* strong as an Oak, but others weak as Reeds.” “ This,” said the Gentleman, “ is the Language of desponding People; who, by never leaving Room for Hope, remain all their Lives in Poverty.” “ And what greater Poverty,” replied I, “ than to go about building Castles; curtailing Life without tasting Pleasure, with an insatiable Hunger and Thirst after Riches and Honours, which either must come by seeking diligently after them, or by

Inheritance? If they come by Diligence, this truly ennobles us; if by Inheritance, they are often accompanied by Vices, and the Envy of our Relatives; if by the mere Caprice of Fortune, they are apt to make us forgetful of what we formerly were. In short, in whatever Way they come to us, the Possessor reluctantly parts with them till Death summons him away. The chief Difference I observe between the Death of the Rich and of the Poor is, that the rich Man leaves all behind him full of Complaints, while the poor Man leaves us full of *Pity* for his Loss."

## CHAP. VIII.

*Thoughts on the Education of Youth, and the Choice of Tutors.*

“IT appears to me,” said the Gentleman, “that we have wandered from the Object of our Discourse, the Breeding and Education of my Sons. It is surely necessary to train them up in Virtue, Valour, and Urbanity of Manners; for these are Qualities that should be found in Men of noble and illustrious Families.” “With respect to bringing up Children,” said I, “there are so many Things to be thought of, so much to be observed, that one cannot, in many Instances, leave their Instruction even to their own Parents. Ill Habits corrupt them, and good ones not thoroughly rooted in their Minds, are apt to destroy the Descendants of noble Families. If the Son knows that

his Father was a Sportsman, he naturally wishes to become so too: if he is valiant, the Sons are probably valiant too; if he gives himself up to any particular Vice, and his Son knows it, he naturally follows the same Course. Hence it is that some fall to the lowest Pitch of Weakness and human Misery, degenerating from hereditary Virtue, either in Imitation of such as have Ascendancy over them, or by the depraved Education pursued in their tender Years; the Effect of which is so powerful, that a poor small Herb like Succory, rises by *Culture* to an excellent Plant; and the tall and noble Cypress, planted in a Flower-pot, is reduced to a miserable Shrub. If we rear Animals fierce by Nature, and accustomed to rove amidst rude Mountains and Wildernesses, (such as wild Boars, Bears and Wolves,) among Human Beings they become tame and social. But if we allow domestic Animals to run wild in the Woods,

without Intercourse with Mankind, they soon become as ferocious as those which we call wild. In the Time of the most potent King Philip the Third, there was a Lioness, that used to range about the Courts of the Palace, and allowed the Pages to play with her. If any of them hurt her, she would fly for Refuge to some of the Men. I have seen her run to the domestic Animals; and if they seemed terrified, she would crouch at their Feet. Again, in the Days of Philip II. in Gibraltar, a young Boar escaped to the Mountain above the Town, and became so savage in four or five Years, that he roved at Liberty all over the Rock, and ripped up the Dogs that were sent to kill him. The Power of Education is so great, that it makes the bad good, and the good better, and the wild and uncultivated, gentle and courteous; on the other hand, the Neglect of it renders the tractable and docile, untractable and ferocious." "I am well aware," said the Gen-

tleman, “ that it is of the utmost Importance to educate Children well; both as it affects their own Lives, and the Honour and Happiness of their Parents, who love them in proportion as their Conduct is regulated by the noble Actions of their Ancestors. We know what was said by Philip of Macedon — that he considered it a great Favour of Heaven, that his Son was born in the Time of Aristotle, who should be his Master, and render him fit to succeed his Father as a King.” “ Masters,” said I, “ ought to be of such a Description as to teach their Pupils by Example, rather than by Precepts full of idle Vanities, that are more frequently inculcated by the Masters, to gain Credit to themselves for their noble Sentiments, and for the sake of boasting, than of instilling Virtue, Firmness, Goodness, and Humility, into the Mind of their Pupil, A Fox once set up a School to teach other Animals to hunt Game: and as the Wolf

found himself old, and without Fangs, he begged him to be so good as to instruct his Son, who would then be able to maintain himself and his Mother in their Old Age. The Fox thinking this a good Opportunity to revenge himself of certain Injuries which the old Wolf had done him, consented with great Readiness and Good-will to receive the Pupil. The first Thing he did was, to divert him from his natural bold Disposition of attacking large Herds of Cattle, and to teach him the crafty Tricks he was accustomed to, of his own natural Instinct. In a short Time, the young Wolf became very dexterous, and at the End of the Twelve-month, was an expert *Fowl-Stealer*. He then sent him back to his Father, with the Character of a complete Master of his Profession. The Parents were delighted to hear this, thinking that their Son would plunder all the Country round of its Cattle; and they presently sent him out to seek for

Prey, to appease their Hunger. After a Day and a half, he returned with one Hen, that he had secured at the Expence of a great many Blows, and much ill Treatment. The old Wolf now discovering his Son's bad Education, exclaimed : ' I see plainly it is impossible for another to teach what he does not know himself. I allowed that vile Fox to deceive me, to avoid the Trouble of teaching him myself, and thus I am rewarded. Come hither, my Son; do you see yonder Calves, grazing near yon Farm-house? That is the Sort of Game you are to hunt.' He had scarcely pronounced these Words, when the young Wolf instantly flew to the Attack; for the Mothers had observed the Wolves, and placed their young ones in the Midst, making a Circle round them, and stood ready prepared for him. The poor young Wolf, thinking to bear off a Prize, remained a Prisoner; for they received him on the Points of their Horns, and threw

him up so high, that having fallen, he could rise no more. The Father Wolf unable on account of his old Age to avenge his Son's Death, returned to his Den, saying: 'There is no Cure for a bad Education. The Habits of a bad Master produce a worse Pupil.' Since that Time the Hatred between the Fox and the Wolf has been so thoroughly confirmed, that the Fox never seeks her Prey, but in the Vicinity of Human Habitations, where she is sure not to meet the Wolf." "I should be well pleased now," said the Gentleman, "as you have introduced this Story, which is so much to the Point, if we were to pursue this Subject a little further, to enable us to decide what kind of a Master we should choose as a Standard of Excellence, for the Guide of another Person's Son, whom he is to instruct, even with more Care than his own; that he may attain the Character of a Christian Gentleman, for we are already agreed

on the Mode of making a Gentleman of him in the general Estimation of the World."

"As to making a Christian Gentleman of him," replied I, "it is an Undertaking replete with Difficulties, on account of its great Importance. We may talk of it hereafter, when Time permits; for the Subject cannot be dismissed with Brevity, nor can we now enlarge upon it. If the Tutor is a *young Man*, he should be such a one as the *old* would commend for his Knowledge and good Qualities; not one inclined to act as I once saw the pedantick Tutor of a young Nobleman. He was Son to a great Prince, and of a sprightly Understanding; and was amusing himself with some Boys of his own Age, at killing Cocks on Shrove Tuesday. This Barbarian of a Tutor went out too in his Cassock; and, with more Beard than Esculapius, cried out to the Boys, 'Destrorsum heus sinistrorsum!' and drawing a Scimitar, made of the Hoop of a Sieve, with his Face

glowing with different Colours, rushed on the poor Cock with as much Fury as if it had been against the Moor Abindarraez, crying with a loud Voice, ‘ Non te peto, Piscem peto ; cur me fugis, Galle ? ’ with which Pedantry he remained proud and contented, whilst those that heard him were full of Laughter and Contempt. I went towards him, and said : ‘ Mr. Licentiate, as Cocks have but short Memories, probably he has forgotten his Latin.’ The Tutor immediately replied, ‘ Nunquam didicerunt, nisi roncantes excitare.’ This Man, whose Mind was so stored with Grammatical Ignorance and impertinent Gibberish, left the young Gentleman, after vitiating his natural good Disposition. They gave him another Tutor, a reasonable Man, a little Talker, and of great Modesty and Decency ; who, in a few Days, corrected the Faults his Predecessor had taught him. Now these Men were like two Brothers, who maintained themselves by

driving a loaded Ass; one of them passionate, and the other mild and gentle. The passionate Man would give him a Volley of Words and Blows, which would not induce the Animal to go at all faster, whilst the other would merely say, ‘ Get on, Beast!’ and pricking him gently with a Goad in the Buttocks, would contrive to make him fly forward. The Modesty and other good Qualities of a Master will always make an Impression. The Education of Gentlemen should in short be like that of Falcons: for the Falcon that is confined whilst he is rearing, does not grow up with the same Strength and Courage which he would have possessed if he had been brought up in the open Air by the Parent Birds. The Falcon ought to be reared in a lofty Situation, where, enjoying the Air in all its Purity, he may see the Birds which are afterwards to be his Prey. But one that is kept shut up while young, (besides being more backward

in learning his Business) does not grow up with such Courage and Determination as the other, which is always exposed to the Air. As the Falcon should be early taught, so should the young Gentleman, to emulate the Glory of his Ancestors."

## CHAP. VII.

*The Squire's Definition of Courage and Rashness, exemplified by Events—His Adventure in the Hall of a great Man.*

THIS Conversation passed between us, while the Gentleman and I were standing together, leaning against the Rails of the Bridge of Segovia looking towards La Casa del Campo ; when, on a sudden, we observed a large Drove of Oxen advancing towards us, which interrupted our Conversation. On seeing them, I remarked : “ Those Oxen will pass this Bridge in a more compact Body, and in greater Haste, than they move in at present ; I think, therefore, we had better get out of the Way.” “ Never fear,” replied the Gentleman ; “ I will defend you and myself too from their Assaults.” “ Pro-

tect yourself," said I, "if you please, Sir ; but I will run down to the Water, for I don't understand treating with Gentry that have not the Gift of Speech, nor do I choose to contend with those that are doubly armed in their Foreheads. Besides, there is a Proverb that says, ' God deliver me from Knaves that go about in Gangs.' To quarrel with a brute Animal, is to afford Mirth to the By-standers ; and if one gets well out of the Scrape, one has done nothing after all. A Man should not expose himself to Danger, unless he has some worthy Object in View by it. To defend one-self from Danger, is becoming in a *Man* ; but to expose himself unnecessarily, is the part of a Brute. Fear is the Preserver of Life, but Rashness is the Fore-runner of Death. What Honour or Profit could one derive from killing a Bullock, (even if one had the good Fortune to succeed), but that of paying his Owner the Price of him? If I can

secure myself, why should I endanger my Safety?" Notwithstanding all I urged, the Gentleman would still remain standing on the same Spot, whilst I made what Haste I could, to get behind the Corner of the Wall. A Mule was traversing the Bridge, laden with two Skins of Saint Martin Wine, and a Negro lay stretched out between them. The Mule moved on pretty briskly but the People who were driving the Oxen, hurried them on with so much Rapidity, that they came up with the Mule, before he had got over the Bridge, and he finding himself surrounded, and beset by so many horned Animals, took to kicking and plunging, till he managed to get rid of the Negro, and throw the two Skins of Wine, which being caught on the Horns of a frolicksome young Bullock, in his Efforts to shake them off, he tossed one of them over the Bridge, where it fell among some Women who were washing below. My Friend, intending to extricate

the Negro, and defend himself, drew his Sword, and making a Thrust at the young Bullock, made two Openings in the remaining Skin, which caused no little Delight to a Parcel of Lackies who were looking on. But this was not done altogether with Impunity ; for the Bullock taking him up by the Slashes in his Breeches ; ran forward with him, until the Breeches, which were completely worn out, were no longer able to resist the Violence of the Horns, and he was left leaning against the Rails of the Bridge, with some Bumps on his Head, and crying out, “ If I had had on my New ones, a pretty Scrape I should have been in.” As soon as the Herd had passed, which was in a Moment of Time, the Lackies collecting together, applied their Mouths to the Body that had no Breath in it, and soon left it without a single Drop of Blood. The Women, too, gathered about the Skin that fell into the River, some sucking in the Wine with their Mouths,

and others filling their Hands, and drinking out of them, till they left the poor Skin quite exhausted ; and the Negro, with his Back half broken, was helped upon the Mule again, and rode away. I hastened to my Companion, not to reproach him for having refused to follow my Advice, but to assist in cleaning and comforting him, telling him that he had acted like a valiant Gentleman. For it is foolish to blame a Man in Trouble, for that which cannot be remedied, and to exclaim : “ Did not I tell you so, or so ? ” He seemed gratified at the Consolation I gave him ; but I could not help observing a Degree of Confusion, which he tried to conceal : he thanked me, however, for what I said ; and in order to amuse him, I pointed out the noble Work the Fellows had made with the Skin, and likewise the Joy of the Washerwomen, who were calling for a thousand Blessings upon the young Bullock, and praying God that such another

Chance might happen every Day. Both Parties having completely cleared the Skins, they returned to their former Occupations; the Servants to abusing their Masters and the Government, and the Washerwomen to scandalizing Nuns and Friars. But let us leave these Lackies, at present, to govern the World after their Fashion, and the Washerwomen to traduce and caluminiate the best People one finds in it. My Gentleman, rather mortified at the unfortunate Issue of his Adventure, began to persuade me earnestly to accompany him Home, and I to consider whether it would be advisable for me so to do. In the first place, it was obvious that ranging about like a Vagabond, was by no means creditable to my Character. Besides, Idleness certainly wearies the Mind, if Labour fatigues the Body; and he that works, thinks on the Good he has done, while the idle Man is meditating on the Mischief he has committed. I have heard

Doctor Cetina, the great Judge say, that he hated the Duties of his Office, because he was unwilling to be acquainted with the Failings of his Neighbours; but on the other hand, he was glad to have their Causes come before him, as they kept him from Idleness. In the second place, I was loth to leave Madrid, where every Comfort abounded, to retire to a small Village, where all Comfort would be wanting; for in great Cities, a Person who is known, although he go to Bed without a Farthing in his Pocket, feels assured that he need not die of Hunger the next Day; whereas in small Places, when a Man has spent his all, he has little Hopes of Assistance from others. The Rabbit that has two Entrances to his Burrow, has a good Chance of saving himself, but with one only he is taken presently. The Man that cannot swim, may be drowned in a Puddle; but he that can boldly leap into the Sea, will not lose his

Life in a Pond. In the third place, the good Gentleman was so much inclined to have me with him, and I am so grateful to People who are fond of my Society, that I did not know how to refuse him; for Love, Gratitude, and generous Actions, spring from noble Breasts, but Ingratitude from low Minds. The ungrateful do not deserve Friends. Men have nothing but what they have received, and therefore, from their very Birth, they ought to be grateful. But on the other hand, I began to consider my own Situation, and the natural Duty I owed to myself. The good Gentleman was not rich, and his Actions discovered Narrowness of Heart, and that he was not over-liberal. Poverty and Misery in the same Person may accord together; but they do not suit *me*. I would have nothing to say to them, being naturally an Enemy to Niggardliness; for, indeed, I believe Nature herself abhors it, seeing that she is prodigal in bestowing;

and it was evident that this Gentleman was not saving from Poverty, but from Inclination. However, in spite of all this, I resolved not to deny him. I attended him, therefore, to the House of a certain Nobleman, with whom he claimed Relationship, (for he stood in need of some Refreshment after his Buffet-  
ing with the young Bullock,) and, on entering the House, he desired the Butler to take care of me. It was already late, and the Butler shewed me into the Room where the principal Servants of the House, Grooms of the Chamber, and Pages, were accustomed to eat. The Supper Hour arrived, and the Servants Hall was darker than the lowest Hole in a Ship. A gay Gentleman came in, not very tall, but of a reasonable Height, with a Straw-coloured Face, arched Eyebrows, pretty much of the Form of a Silkworm when converted into a Moth, a Volubility of Tongue, with apparently few Ideas, but many Words, and fuller of Hunger than

of Gentility. When he found how dark the Room was, he cried out, “ Ho there ! bring some Lights ! ” A Scullion, with more Rags about him than one finds in a Paper Mill, brought in a little Bit of a Portuguese Candle, which he stuck into a Hole in the Table at which we were seated ; and if the Table had not been uncovered, he would have stuck it into the Wall. They gave us some coarse Napkins, that appeared like Curriers’ Aprons. The gay Gentleman took out of his Pocket a Napkin, not a whit cleaner than the rest, and as full of Holes as the Cover of a Sand-box, and with an Air of Consequence exclaimed : “ I have had this Napkin more than twenty Years, and one Reason for my keeping it is, lest I should soil myself with these Cloths ; another, that it was given me by a *certain Lady*—I do not choose to say more.” They put down a Radish to each Person, the green Part serving for Sallad, and the Root as a Whet for the

Stomach. Besides these, they had nothing for Supper but some fried Lights, seasoned with Soot, that had fallen into the Pan, and Pepper. The gay Gentleman spoke in favour of Temperance, saying: “ In my Father’s House, I have always heard this Virtue extolled ; and as I have been brought up with it, I am temperate in all I do.” “ Except it be in talking,” said one of the others. The gay Man proceeded : “ Gentlemen that are well born and educated like me, should not make Gluttons of themselves ; for they never know what is to become of them either in Peace or War.—My Father never ate above once a Day, and then with the greatest Moderation ; except when he was invited to dine with the Duke of Alva, who was a great Friend of his, and then he would eat more than all the rest of the Guests at the Table.—He was a great Courtier, and so discreet and elegant a Talker, that he alone could entertain a whole Room full of People. However, after all, he

✓ left us very poor." " I am not amazed at  
 that," said I; " for if his Possessions con-  
 ✓ sisted of *Words*, he could not have left much  
 more than *Air* behind him ; for when talking  
 is not accompanied by doing, it is like Blos-  
 soms without Fruit. Volubility of Tongue  
 flatters too often Self-Vanity, while it de-  
 tracts from the Merit of others : and as the  
 Tongue is the surest Signal of the Interior  
 of the Heart, so he that is very loquacious  
 leaves nothing unsaid, but brings out every  
 Thing that occurs to him, right or wrong."—  
 All this Time I was looking for my Supper,  
 and considering the Length of Time they  
 had kept me waiting, I began to fancy I was  
 already serving in a Palace. My Friend the  
 Butler, at last, brought me a small Plate of  
 Hogs Puddings, colder than the Graces of  
 Maria Angola. I took it, and having no-  
 thing to cut it with, was obliged to tear it to  
 ✓ Pieces with my Fingers. On smelling the  
 badly washed Tripe, which contained the

other Ingredients, the talking Gentleman exclaimed : “ Whenever I fall in with this Kind of Food, I perceive an Odour of Amber, which comforts my Heart ; for we always used to eat it in our Village, made by the Hands of a Sister of mine ; and so excellent it was, that a Saint would have delighted to eat of it.” To me it smelt so disagreeable, that I desired the Scullion to take it from before me, desiring him to offer it to the Gentleman who had praised it so, and telling him that I had supped before. He tried and approved of it very much ; and, praising the Flavour which the Seasoning had given it, the Onions, and the Cleanliness of the Hands that had made it, he put the finishing Stroke to it, just as the Candle-End gave its last Glimmer. He then cried out, “ Scullion ! more Lights here.” “ What Lights ? ” said the Boy ; “ go take a Walk, and leave the Candles to themselves.” “ Upon the Faith of a Gentleman,” retorted

the other, " I will deprive you of your Wages." " This might well be," said the Scullion, " if you had ever paid them to me : but, what you have not given, you cannot take away. Besides, you know very well, that no Wages have been paid in this House for these last four Months." " Oh Villain!" replied the other, " what dost thou mean by thus speaking dishonourably of honourable People? Low Fellows, such as this, are always defaming the Families of their Masters, because they have not Patience to suffer Inconvenience for a single Day, but immediately proclaim any Thing which goes wrong in the very Street, not contented with the Respect they draw from serving those with whom they live. Thou wouldst have found it very difficult to have been silent where I have been silent ; to have suffered what I have suffered, and to have done all that I have done ; supplying what they wanted, and expending all my Property, and

even lending them all my Money; besides telling many Lies to excuse their Negligence. We, who are well born, have a great deal of Consideration for the many Demands our Lords have upon their Purses. If they happen to be without Money to-day, perhaps they will have more than they want to-morrow, and pay all at once what they have failed to pay in detail." "Sir," said the Scullion, "I have not the Skill that you have, who are in the habit of frequenting the Gaming-table." The other stopped him short, saying, "It is true that I do play sometimes; and only this Evening, I won some Money and Jewels, and a Gold Chain." "How then," replied the Scullion, "happens it that you have nothing to buy Candles with?" "Because," replied he, "I gave all the Money that I won to the By-standers."\* "There

\* It appears to have been a Custom in Spain, though I am not aware that it exists in the present Day, for him

is no great Thing in that," said the Scullion, " if you only give *once* out of the *many Times* you receive." " Rogue !" said the Gentleman. " I a Rogue ?" replied the Scullion : " as much a Rogue as your Father was." " My Father !" replied the Gallant ; " he received, because it was given him, and he deserved what he received." " And you," said the Scullion, " ask without any Desert at all."

While this Dispute lasted, and another between two Pages, respecting the Antiquity of their Office, the dismal Room became quite dark. I was alarmed, and said to the Scullion that he had better hold his Tongue, and be respectful; since it was not proper to treat the chief Domesticks in their Master's House in that Way. " Let him alone, pray, Sir," said one of the other Valets ; " what the Boy says for himself, he says for

who gained at Play, to distribute some small Portion of his Winnings among the By-standers. *Tr.*

us all. We must be entirely of this Prater's Opinion, or every Thing goes wrong. Besides, it is he that sets our Master against us ; he is a general Flatterer, praising every Thing that his Master says, a Pimp, a Tale-bearer, and a Fellow who runs about the World, picking up Stories of Events that never happened. If he says any Thing, he praises it himself, and expects every Body else to do the same. If another says or does any Thing good, he tries to undervalue it ; if indifferent, he plagues him with his Sneers ; and if he thinks any one is getting into Favour with our Master, he tries a thousand Schemes for setting them at variance. These and much more have I told him to his Face before, not unaccompanied with a few Blows of my Sword." While I was waiting in expectation of a grand Hubbub, the talkative Gentleman burst out into a violent Fit of Laughter, which enraged the other so much, that he said : " Pray, is not all this

true?" The Talker replied with a forced Laugh: "All this, and a great deal more; and you must be little versed in the Ways of a Palace, or you would know that all this Duplicity and Fiction are here in their proper Place; there is nothing here but Flattery and Lying; and he that cannot make up his Mind to this Sort of Conduct, will never do for a Palace. I have been brought up in it from my Birth; and although my Father warned me against it, I never knew him happy, but when he was speaking ill of the absent; for when Detraction is attended with Pleasantry, (as he used to manage it,) it rejoices the Heart, pleases the Ear, gains Good-will, and excites even the melancholy to Laughter." "And may the Devil," said I, "fly away with *him* who talks so scandalously, with him who listens to Scandal, him who promotes, and him who maintains such Opinions. Aye, with him too who acquiesces in it, when he has it in his Power to

prevent its being uttered. In Palaces,\* what is there for Matter of Envy, but the Disposal of an old Suit of Clothes, which the Master is leaving off? or the making a Secretary, which is a publick Affair, known to all the World? But I would have these Gabblers and Defamers of Palaces know, that although they may deceive their Master by Means of their false Tinsel of Flattery, having been led astray when young by Flatterers; still, as they are the Descendants of noble and generous Blood, they are likely sooner or later to know the good from the bad, and to reward it accordingly." "But," replied the Babbler, "should not a Prince have Servants who, for the Sake of his Reputation, understand how to keep his Tradesmen in good Humour, and put off his Creditors with fair Promises?" "This," said I, "is

\* Palace here means no more than the House of a Man of Rank.

of very little Consequence to their Masters ; for this sort of Servants do not lie for their Masters, but to delay the Payment of *their own Debts.*” “ But,” said he, “ must a Man, because he is a Servant, be idle and vicious all his Life? Is he to be stuck up against the Wall all Day, like the Figure of a Giant at a Tavern Door?” “ I know very well,” said I, “ that all cannot be Soldiers, nor all Students, Priests, or Officers ; that some are to be served by others, and Princes by Men, who should be really Men, not servile Flatterers for what they can get ; let them study and learn something of Virtue. To ingratiate themselves with their Masters, is not the only Duty they have to do, much less is it their Duty to vilify the Character of one, discredit another, threaten some, and disgust all, about Things that are of no more Importance than Eating and Drinking, and telling Stories of what they have never seen, or read, or probably heard of,

for Necessity is the Mother of Invention." I was running on in this Manner, with a loose Rein, attacking the Lives that People lead in Palaces, (for as my Stomach was empty, the Organs of Speech were more pliant,) when some lighted Torches entered, which illuminated all the House, and the Light coming into the Servants-Hall through a Chink in the Wall, announced a Party of Visitors ; and as all the Domesticks flew to their Posts, I remained alone in the dark Room, from whence I slipped away as softly as possible, without speaking a Word, or taking Leave of any Body, but turning back my Head frequently to see whether any Person was following me for Payment of the *Hogs Puddings* which I had not eaten ; and on finding myself free of that Charnel House of clean Bones, I felt as if I had escaped from some Dungeon at Algiers. I returned to my Inn, in which, though small, I found a dozen good Friends,

(in as many Books,) who restored me to Liberty; for Books make him free who delights in them. With these Friends I consoled myself for the Imprisonment prepared for me, and satisfied my Hunger with a Crust of Bread, and with a Chapter which I happened to meet with in praise of Fasting. Oh, Books! faithful Counsellors, Friends void of Adulation, Enliveners of the Understanding, Masters of the Soul, Governors of the Body, Standards for living well, and Centinels for dying well! how many Men have you raised from the lowest Obscurity to the highest Stations? How many have you lifted up to Thrones in Heaven? Oh, Books! Comforters of my Soul, Alleviators of my Afflictions, to your holy Doctrine I commend myself. I slept very little that Night; for as Sleep, which was bestowed for the Repose of the Body, is created by warm and humid Vapours, which arise from the Stomach and ascend

to the Brain ; so I, who had done little more than fast, was so ill disposed to sleep, that I found myself dressed by Six o'Clock in the Morning, invoking my Saint, and recommending myself to the Author of Life. I set out for a little Chapel of the blessed Angel de la Guarda, by the Bridge of Segovia.—The Day broke clear, the Sun looked large and of a yellow Hue ; I observed also a Flock of Sheep, and that the Rams were butting each other ; and that from Time to Time they raised their Faces up towards the Clouds : being sure that a Storm was at hand, I made haste to get back, but went first to say my Prayers, and when I had finished, the Hermit (who was a Man of good Address) came towards me, and said : “ This will not be so fine a Day as that of the Blessed Saint Isidor was, if you were here at that Time.” “ Yes I was,” replied I ; “ and I have observed Signs of bad Weather, by which I know

that this will not be like common Days.” “To be sure,” said the Hermit, “I looked from this elevated Spot, and the great Number of Coaches and Carriages that I saw, appeared to me like a beautiful Fleet of large Vessels, which brought to my Recollection, Sights that I have seen in Spain, and other Parts.” “I was of the same Opinion,” said I, “that Day; for I had a Touch of the Gout, and came with that Leisure and Care which such a Complaint requires; and it brought to my Mind the Armada of Santander, which was so beautiful in Appearance, but had so bad a Result. On arriving at the Middle of the Bridge, two Gentlemen in Clerical Habits called to me from a Coach, and offered me a Seat in it; they were both Men of fine Understandings, accompanied with Prudence and Kindness. I had hardly seated myself in the Coach, when the Horses took Fright at a Trick which was played on a Gentleman on Foot,

of good Appearance, by a Man on Horseback, who splashed him over with Mud, because he had prevented him from talking with a huge Party of Women in a borrowed Carriage, (for there are certain People who, being indulged with the use of a Friend's Carriage, are not contented with crowding their own Family into it, but would squeeze in the whole Village if it were possible.) One of the Gentlemen with whom I was, Bernardo de Oviedo, said to him: "If it were lawful for Men to do all they have *the Power* of doing, you would not have the Laugh on your Side, for the Piece of Malice you have just committed." The other replied, "You, Sir, have no Business to know what it is to be in Love." "At least, I know," retorted Bernardo, "that Love does not teach a Man to do ill-natured Actions." At this Moment Master Franco happened to pass by on his Mule, and said to the Caitiff: "Do not be down-hearted; at all Events, you have gained the Good-

will of a dozen Women; and what with such an Exploit as this, and your treating each of them with some Tarts, they will call you a Scipio, or an Alexander.”

“I am glad that they are so well pleased with me,” said the other; “and if these were not Clergymen, the Matter should go further.” “It is much better as it is,” replied Master Franco; “for you have afforded us sufficient Occasion for Merriment, without getting yourself excommunicated.”

A certain Gentleman who was passing by likewise, was very angry at all these Observations; and said, “Is it possible that *that* Gentleman has had the Patience not to avenge himself for this Affront, even at the Risk of being torn to pieces for it?” “Of what Affront?” said Bernardo. “He was quite right in not taking notice of it, as he could have gained nothing by doing so; and Affronts which do not relate to the Character, affect not the Honour, nor even injure one’s Clothes, though they may vex

one a little. Those who lose at Play, are apt to say a thousand foolish Things, such as : ‘ Whoever says that he is pleased at my Losses lies, and is a Cuckold.’ This makes People laugh, because no one has given Room for the Challenge. But it is another Affair when any Thing personal is said. So when we strike a Horse, and happen at the same Time to strike a Man, he will pass it over for a mere Apology, though he feels himself hurt by it, the same as he will by the unintentional Blow of a Ball from a Racket; and Patience on these Occasions argues Firmness of Mind.” “ Poh !” said the other, “ he who shews Patience under these notorious Injuries, has but little Courage.” “ A Man may be remarkable for Patience,” said Luis de Oviedo, “ on three Accounts : either through not well understanding the Ways of the World ; through natural Mildness of Temper ; or through Virtue, acquired by Experience. And he who bears Injuries

that he cannot remedy, without these three Things is apt to shew an invincible Spirit of Revenge, and of Animosity against the Author of them." By the Time we had finished this Conversation, I saw that the Heavens had assumed a lowering Appearance, and was taking Leave of the Hermit ; but he stopped me, observing that before I could reach the Bridge, the Storm would certainly overtake me : and truly, in a very short Time, the Tempest, accompanied by Thunder and Lightning, became so violent, that in less than Half an Hour, the Water rose above the Arches of the Bridge, and it became necessary to close the Doors of the Hermitage, which, with some Difficulty from the Violence of the Wind, we effected. " You are much better off here," said the Hermit, " than on the Road." " Surely," said I, " to be in the House of the Defender of our Souls and Bodies, is the best Protection we can desire ;—a Protection venerable from

its Antiquity, which even Nations without the Light of Faith held in Veneration, dedicating Temples and erecting Altars to God, under the Name of the Genius; for thus the Ancients styled the most blessed guardian Angel. But, good God! what continued Claps of Thunder! what large Hail! how the Tempest still continues! Since I came to Castile I never heard that it was subject to such violent Storms, as I have frequently seen in my own Country, which abounds with large and lofty Mountains, and is exposed to the Force of the Winds. It is therefore not astonishing, that one finds there such furious Gusts of Wind and Hail.”

“To what part of the Country do you belong?” said the Hermit. “To Ronda, Sir,” replied I: “a City situated on craggy perpendicular Rocks, very subject to furious East and West Winds, that would carry all the Houses away with them, if they were built like these.” “I never knew till now,”

said the Hermit, “to what part of the World you belonged, although I was acquainted with you in Seville, and conversed with you in Flanders and Italy.” I observed him attentively, and, after a little Reflection, recollected having known him as a Soldier in the Countries he mentioned. I was much pleased to see him; and after a mutual Embrace, he told me that he had retired some Years ago to the Solitude of these Mountains, for the purpose of serving God; and having been in bad Health, he found himself inclined to pass the Remainder of his Life as a Hermit, and in Devotion. Though the Fury of the Storm did not last above an Hour, the Rain which succeeded it continued without ceasing until the Day following, with violent Gusts of Wind. The good Hermit, having some Charcoal, lighted a Fire, and insisted on my stopping to dine with him, on what God had sent him by the Hands of the devout, of whom there are many in Madrid.

CHAP. VIII.

*The Squire's first Adventure upon setting out in Life.*

THE Doors of the Hermitage being closed, as a Defence against the Wind, and the Charcoal lighted to prevent the Cold, we found the Place snug and comfortable, being entertained at the same Time by the Whistling of the Wind through the Crevices, which produces an agreeable Sound to the Ear, when one is safe from its Blustering. We dined; and, being shut up all Day, it seemed like one continued Night. The Hermit repeated his first Question; and as we were idle, and could not stir out, we were glad to converse on such Subjects as offered. He asked me where I had studied, and how it happened that I had employed

myself so much in travelling, seeing that I belonged to a City little frequented by Strangers, but affording sufficient, and more than sufficient Entertainment in an humble, quiet Way, for the short Period of Human Life. In answer to his Inquiries, I said : “ Although our high Rocks and craggy Steeps are little known, (from Want of Interchange with the World, which is the great Preventive of Idleness, and Promoter of Friendships), yet in spite of this Disadvantage, they have produced some fine high-spirited young Men, who were naturally desirous of visiting great Cities and Universities, to purify their Wit, and finish themselves with Learning. There are now some living in it, of whose Existence it has reason to boast, and who obtain the Approbation of so many learned Men, that they have no Necessity of mine to add to the Stock. We had a Master of Grammar, called Juan Cansino, not merely a Modern, but one whom the Ancients truly styl-

ed Grammarians, who |were Masters in general of all the Sciences. He was very well read in Human Learning, virtuous in his Habits and so exemplary, that he obliged those he instructed to imitate him. He taught the Latin Language, in which he wrote elegant Verses. He was by Nature lame of both Hands, but respected and revered by all, for his good Qualities, and particularly for inculcating the Value of Silence: for he used often to say, that Talking was for extraordinary Occasions, Silence for a Constancy. In this, and in Latin, if I was not the best of his Scholars, neither was I the worst. Being pretty well versed in it, so that I could understand an Epigram, and compose one myself, and having also a little Skill in Musick (for these two Sciences have always had some Connexion); from natural Restlessness of Disposition, I was anxious to visit some Place where I could learn something to improve and perfect the natural Talent which

God had given me. My Father perceiving my Inclinations, made no Objection; but spoke to me in his Way with the Simplicity used in that Part of the World, saying: " Son, my Means will not enable me to assist you beyond what I have already done. Go and seek your Fortune; God bless you, and make you an honest Man! And with his Blessing, he gave me what Money he could spare, and a good Bilbao Sword, which weighed more than myself, and served rather as an Impediment in my Journey than otherwise. I soon arrived safely at Cordova, a Town frequented by the Carriers of Salamanca, whither all the Students of the Neighbourhood repair, who wish to go to the University. I went to the Colt Inn, where Carriers put up; and was as delighted to find myself at Cordova, as any young Man inclined to wander the World over could be. I went directly to see the principal Church, to hear the Musick and to make myself known

to some one as well for Company, as for Conversation, from which I might derive some Information, for my Experience being little enough, having so lately left my Parents and Family, (a Ceremony apt to depress the best Spirits) yet, as I knew the Separation to be necessary, and that Fortune only attends the Brave, I encouraged myself as much as I could, saying to myself: "Poverty has driven me from my Father's House, and what Account shall I give, if I return to it without going further? The Poor must take Courage, in order to conquer Difficulties. If the Rich conquer them, why should not the Poor do so too? I feel some Regret for my Brothers and Sisters, whom I have left behind. But this Feeling ought to be lost, in the Desire of rendering them Service; and if I succeed not in the Attempt, at least I shall have done every Thing possible on my part. Nothing is acquired without Labour. If I exert not myself more than my Neigh-

bours, I shall continue as ignorant as they are." With these Sentiments, I returned to my Hotel, the Colt Inn, and sat me down to dine on what I could get, (for it was a Fast Day); when a certain Adventurer\* came in (for there are notable ones in Cordova), a Vagabond Sort of Fellow, who had either heard me talking in the Great Church, or else the Devil must have spoken in him; for he said to me: "Mr. Soldier, you may perhaps think that you are not known in this City; but I can assure you, that your Fame has been spread here for several Days past." Now I, who am somewhat vain, believed what he told me, and said to him: "Do you say that you know me?" "Your Name and Character," replied he, "I have known for some Time past;" and having said this, he sat down by me, and added, "Your Name

\* The Reader will recollect this Story at the Beginning of Gil Blas, though it concludes differently. *Tr.*

is so and so, and you are a great Latin Scholar, a Poet, and Musician." This Compliment made me giddy, and I asked him if he chose to take some Dinner with me. He did not wait to be asked a second Time; but seizing a couple of Eggs and some small Fish, that were on the Table, soon dispatched them. I called for more; and he said to the Landlady: "Mistress Hostess, you do not know whom you have in your Inn. Know then that this is the cleverest young Man in all Andalucia!" This added to my Vanity. I helped him, in return, to more Dinner, and said: "As there are so many ingenious People educated in this City, they receive Notice, I suppose, of all Persons of their own Stamp in the Neighbourhood." "You drink no Wine," said he. "No," I replied. "There," rejoined he, "you are wrong, now that you are become a Man, and in Roads and Inns, where the Water is frequently bad, it is much better to drink

Wine ; besides, you are going to Salamanca, a cold Climate, where a single Glass of Water is sufficient to ruin a Man's Health. Wine diluted with Water, gives Strength to the Heart, Colour to the Face, drives away Melancholy, comforts one on the Road, gives Courage to the greatest Coward, tempers the Resolution, and makes us forget all our Care. He said so much in Praise of Wine, that he induced me to call for a Bottle for him to drink, as I did not choose to venture on it myself. The good Man began to fill his Glass, and then returned to my Praises, which I heard with very good Will, and so much Relish, that I was induced to call for more Dinner. He went on drinking, and invited some other Men of his own Sort to join him, telling them that I was another Alexander. Then looking at me, he said : " I cannot think of keeping you to myself. There is a Gentleman in this Place, so great an Admirer of Men of Talent, that

he would give two hundred Ducats to see you in his House. I should like to bring you together." Having finished my Dinner, I asked him who the Gentleman was? He replied : "Let us go to his House, for I wish to present you to him." We set out ; and these Friends of his, and of the Wine, followed us ; when, passing through the Parish of Saint Peter, we saw a blind Man in one of the principal Houses, who appeared a Person of Consequence ; and the Rascal stopping, and pointing towards him ;—" There," said he, " is the Man who would give two hundred Ducats to see you." I then understood the Joke, and said to him : " And I would give the same Sum, with great Pleasure, to see you on the Gallows." They all went off laughing, leaving me behind, very angry, and more than half affronted at the Joke, though in truth it was true what he said,—that the blind Man would have given

all he was worth to see me. This was the Beginning of my being undeceived, as I now began to learn, that one cannot trust to Flatterers, whose Words are succeeded by Punishment. How could I have been dazzled in this Way, having no Acquirements to found Vanity upon? But Youth is liable to a thousand Errors and Deceits, and easily led astray by Adulation ; and there is nothing extraordinary, that an unexperienced young Man should be deceived by a crafty old Fellow, though he would deserve Punishment in allowing himself to be deceived a second Time. There was no Use in fretting at what was past, but great Use in learning not to place such Confidence in sublunary Attainments. After all, the Joke displeased me ; and though I had no Friend to avenge my Cause, I was resolved to try my Hand at some Scheme, to repay the Fellow for his Effrontery. There

were two other Students waiting, like me, for the same Carrier, and I joined their Society. I took off my travelling Dress, and put on a Gown and Cassock of fine black Segovia Velveteen, displaying it in such a Manner, that the two Students might know it well. I then resumed my former Dress. The Rogue of a Jester came in the Evening, full of Glee ; and I laughed as much as he did. To prevent his recollecting having seen me before,\* I said to him that I should be glad to make acquaintance with one of so merry a Disposition ; and he and I, and his Companions, laughed heartily at the Trick he had played, and the Dinner he had got by it. He was well acquainted in a House where one might dine very reasonably ; and he expressed a Wish that I would take my Meals there, as I should be very well treated. I replied I

\* It does not appear that he disguised himself in any Way. *Tr.*

had no Objection, if he chose to make one of the Party ; but added : “ I am waiting here for a Tradesman who attends the Fairs at Ronda, on whom I have an Order for a hundred Ducats, and until he comes, I cannot get on very well.” “ Do not let that give you Uneasiness,” said he, thinking that he had made the Fish bite ; “ I will take care that they trust you as much as you like.” “ No, no,” said I ; “ that won’t do at all ; I dread the Thoughts of trusting, or being trusted ; in that Way my Father was ruined.\* But, if you please, I will give you a very good Pledge, upon which they will trust us, until the Tradesman arrives.” “ With all my Heart,” replied the Fellow. I went to my House, and folding up the Gown of Velveteen very neatly, I took him aside, (at which he seemed to chuckle,) tell-

\* ‘ *Que par ahí se perdió mi padre,*’ is a general Mode of Expression in Spauish now in use. Tr.

ing him that he must offer *that* as a Pledge, and that I would accompany him. When we got to the Eating-House, I saw him give it to the People ; and we, together with the two Students, began taking our Meals there on the Strength of the Pledge. I remained constantly on the alert, lest he should go to the House without me, to plan some Mischief, which I have no Doubt he intended to do ; having no Suspicion of my Trick. The Salamanca Carrier came, and we began to talk of going away. The crafty Gentleman, who could not succeed in taking me in, then asked the Landlady to give him a dozen Reals on the Gown, as he was obliged to go out. But he could not say this without my hearing him, and I therefore said : “ If you are going away, be so good as to desire the Landlady to let me have the Gown, if I bring her the Money for it.” He did so ; though his Intention was to have hid himself till the Carrier should have left the

Place, and then to return for the Pledge. He went away, and I went to an Alcaide, and told him with much Grief and many Words which were likely to move him, (and as I had been a Student, this was not difficult,) complaining thus: “ I am a Student, and have been on my Road to Salamanca these last fifteen Days ; and waiting here the Arrival of a Carrier, they have robbed me of a Gown, which cost me twenty Ducats. I have Intelligence of its being in a certain House ; and I entreat that I may not be prevented from going with the Carrier, but that you will order them, in Justice, to restore my Gown ; for he that stole it, waited for a favourable Moment, when he thought the Time would not serve me to recover it, and he would thus enjoy the Fruits of his Knavery.” “ He shall not profit by it,” said the Judge ; “ for I know how to act on such Occasions with Justice and Diligence. What an infamous Affair ! that they should

endeavour to detain a poor Student on his Way, and rob him of his Gown, when perhaps he had nothing else wherewith to make a creditable Appearance at Salamanca." He gave Orders presently, to an Alguacil and a Scrivener, that they should take the necessary Steps in the Business. I divided eight Reals between them, which made them more active in executing the Commands of the Judge, and went with the two Students to the Landlady; (God forgive me!) and, leaving the Alguacil and Scrivener at the Door, desired her to give me the Gown. She took it out, and the Students saw and knew that it was mine. The Alguacil and Scrivener then came in, and having taken the Evidence of the Students, the Woman said, that she did not choose to give up the Gown, except to the Person who had pledged it, for he was an Acquaintance of hers, and a very honest Man. The Scrivener wrote down her Deposition, and having returned

to the Judge with the Information he had obtained, *he* ordered the Gown to be given to me, and issued a Mandate of Imprisonment against the crafty Gentleman, who, if he had not appeared before, on account of what he wanted to do, did not appear afterwards, from the Dread of what they wished to do to him. We set out with the Carrier; and, having dined at his Expence, left him in this Difficulty; which furnished us with Merriment during the whole Journey. I do not praise myself for playing this deep Trick, as it proceeded from *Revenge*; a Feeling unworthy of a generous Breast. And truly, at this Time of Life, I would not have done it. But he that treats another ill, who does not merit it, can expect only a similar Return. These idle Vagabonds, who nourish themselves with the Blood of others, deserve that every Body should act against them. An idle Man is always thinking of Mischief, or of defending himself against the

Consequences of his own bad Deeds. How elated is one of this Description, when he has accomplished some roguish Action! The idle Man drawls out his Life miserably; and I regard the Life of a Person of this Description, as less happy, even than a sick Man: for the latter entertains Hopes of his Recovery, which he endeavours to procure by all the Means in his Power; but the idle Vagabond never wishes to quit his present Mode of Life. What a disgusting Scene when he loses at Play! What Desperation he feels, when he sees the Virtuous successful! What infernal Vexation of Mind attacks him, when he finds himself incapable of meriting that which another attains! God deliver us from such an abominable Vice! Idleness is the Origin and Foundation of Poverty, of Want of Esteem, of Failure of Honour, and Offence against the Majesty of God.

## CHAP. IX.

*The Trick of the Carrier towards the Squire and Fellow Student—A mighty curious Adventure.*

WE went on travelling with the Carrier ; Half the Way on Foot, the other Half slung across the Mules, like Baskets of Fish. As to the Carrier himself, it was plain enough to see that he was an ill-bred, illiterate Fellow, who had no Respect for young Students ; and he therefore tried to play us a Trick in a small Town, through which we were passing, and in some measure succeeded. Part of his Scheme was to take his Mules on without fatiguing them ; and he was in hopes further, that when he should be left alone with a pretty young Woman who was of our Party, he would be able to overcome her Scruples, as she would then be without the Support and Protection of a certain Officer to whom

she was going to be married, and who accompanied her.\* He pretended that he had been robbed of a Bag of Money, and that the Ministers of Justice were coming to take us up and put us to Torture, till we should confess who had taken it. He swore, moreover, that he would leave us in Prison, and make the best of his Way on with his Mules. For Youths without Experience, either of these Threats was sufficient. We believed it all as Gospel Truth ; and our Terrors were so great, that we ran off, and continued travelling all Night (in addition to what we had gone during the Day), a Distance of five or six Leagues, not walking, but rather flying through Fields and over Mountains away from the Road, and without a Guide : while the Carrier remained behind, laughing at our Fears, and sometimes importuning the poor defenceless Woman with Caresses, at others

\* This Story is likewise in *Gil Blas*, preceding the Adventure of the Robber's Cave. *Tr.*

intimidating her with Threats. But he did not succeed as he expected; for the Bustle he had created, had been in part effected by the Assistance of a Friend of his, who was an Alguazil: but the Woman, who was not deficient in Spirit, having defended herself against the Violence he attempted to use towards her, found Means to slip away from him; and going before an Alcalde, acquainted him in strong Language with the Plot laid by the Carrier, and the vile Stratagem he had practised to possess her. The Alcalde knowing the bad Character of the Man, gave Credit to the Story, and resolved to prevent the Mischief which might happen to the poor Woman, by making him give Surety for his good Behaviour, and for his Inhumanity towards the Students; ordering him to proceed peaceably on his Journey, and telling him that he would have punished him more severely, but that he was anxious not to detain the Students on their Journey.

He ordered him to set out very early in the Morning, that he might take up the fatigued and hungry Students. Oh! Carriers, vile uncharitable Race! Enemies to human Nature itself! They neither know nor care any thing for any one, but when they are receiving their Money. And thus God punishes them, by giving them *many Inns*, but *few Friends*. All Kinds of People are Friends to Pity, but them. The Day they do not play a Traveller some Trick, they do not feel themselves happy. They associate with Beasts, and their Manners come by degrees to assimilate. One never sees them when going along the Road, with their Mules unloaded, alleviating the Fatigue of any poor weary Man, with whom they chance to fall in. It seems as if they were deficient in natural Compassion, as in this Instance of our Carrier. For what Conduct could be more unfeeling, than making us fly in the middle of the Night, after being

already weary with our Day's Journey, without any Motive, but the Opportunity of committing two great Enormities? When we ran away from the Town, every one took the Road which appeared to him the best, separating from each other, for the Purpose of concealing ourselves more easily. I followed an irregular sort of Path, well covered with Trees, and exerted myself as much as possible not to be left behind the others. But my Fatigue was so great, that in a little Time I saw nothing of my Companions, and putting my Ear to the Ground to listen to distant Sounds, I heard no one to keep me Company. Having rested a little While, I began walking again very fast; returning backward, however, when I thought I was advancing forward; so that the more I walked and hastened on, the less Chance I had of coming up with my Companions. I thought I heard some Dogs bark at some Distance behind me, (which I suppose my Companions had

disturbed as they were running along). Not being accustomed to travel, I had now had a long fatiguing Day of it. - Sleep (the general Restorer of Repose to one's whole Body) began to solicit the Hours appropriated to its Use, and as I could not get on any further, I resigned myself to Sleep and Repose; and finding a Cork Tree with a very large Trunk, with one Part from which the Bark had been stripped, a Projection somewhat in the Form of a Cupboard, against which I could recline, and repose my weary Back, I fell fast asleep: but as one does not sleep well in a sitting Posture, I soon fell on my Side like a dead Man; and awaking soon after, it appeared to me that Ants were creeping over my Face. I brushed them off with my Hand, and turned on the other Side, but soon awoke again from the same Cause; but as I was so thoroughly tired, and my Sleep so profound, (although somewhat alarmed at the Solitude in which I

found myself), I fell asleep the third Time in the same Spot. Not long after (though it is difficult to ascertain exactly how Time goes while one sleeps) I was awakened by the Sound of a most sorrowful, plaintive Voice, which seemed to proceed from the Bowels of the Earth, and produced such an Effect on me, that my Courage and even my Life were in danger of failing me; but I held my Breath, as well through Fear, as from a Desire to listen with Attention to the piteous Voice. I heard it again very near me; but as there were some high Shrubs, I could not discover from what it proceeded. I was now almost ready to expire, when the Voice sounded a third Time, so near me, that I was able to distinguish that something was there. “Oh!” it exclaimed; “unhappy solitary Being that I am! more wretched than those suffering Captivity and Slavery in the Dungeons of the cruel and merciless Moors! more unfortunate than those who

have seen their Children cut to pieces before their Eyes! more wretched than those who have been condemned by the implacable Judges! Oh! accursed Spot! Oh! excommunicated Tree, which have been witnesses of Two Deaths, for which, if I had them, I would willingly give a thousand Lives! What Funeral Obseques can be made for him who desired to die without them, destroying himself with his own Hand? What Weeping and Anguish will suffice to deliver me over into the Hands of Death, when he continually flies from me? How many Days and Nights have I come hither in the Hopes of accompanying him who possessed this mutilated Body?" I rose up, and saw a Woman stand by me motionless; I stood trembling, when seeing me she said: "Art thou perchance a Shade which has been dispatched from the Regions of Death, to transport me to the Society of my Husband and my Friend? If thou comest from thence,

thou knowest that on this same Spot, where we are standing, my Lover killed my Husband without my Consent, that he might possess me without a Rival; and that on this Tree the Lover who was left to console me, suffered the Penalty of his Crime. Dost thou not see him hanging there, a Prey to Beasts and Birds?" Shocked at the Idea, I raised my Head, and saw (for the Day now began to break) a Man, the Worms from whose Body had crawled about my Face, when I fancied I felt the Ants. And I believe, what with the horrid Sight of the distracted Woman, and the loathsome Object on the Tree, I should have fallen down dead, if the Day-light had not appeared, and I had not been enlivened with hearing the Bells of the Carrier's Mules, which were now coming out of the Town; for, as I said before, when I thought I was going forward, I was in fact returning towards the Town. The unhappy Woman proceeded: "If thou

art a Being of this World, fly from this execrable Place, and leave me to my accustomed Lamentations: a desperate Food on which I break my Fast every Morning." And well might the poor Woman doubt whether I was a Phantasm, or horrible Vision of the dreary Grave. For Fear had blanched my Cheeks, and lengthened my Visage; and Want of Sleep had so sunk my Eyes into their Sockets, whilst Hunger stretched my Neck a Yard and a Half long, and Fatigue had benumbed my Arms and Legs. Besides all this, I had twisted the Gown about my Head in the form of a Turban. I could not answer her a Word, nor give her any Consolation: for I had need of it myself; as little had I the Power to leave this more than horrible Woman; with Eyes red and hollow, a long Nose, a Face wrinkled and ghastly, yellow Teeth, black Lips, sharp Chin, a Neck like a Cow's Tongue, and her Hands twisted into so strange a Form, that

they appeared like two Handfuls of Snakes. All the rest of her Appearance coincided with this. Fear had completely shackled my Understanding, and my Understanding had acted in the same Way on my Limbs, so as to prevent my removing from her. But, taking Courage as well as I could, (which was very little,) I went off dragging my Legs after me like a houghed Bull, cursing Solitude, and those who like travelling about without Company, considering how little Good is likely to befall them, but such Adventures as these, and perhaps worse. What Fears does it not carry with it? What strange Fancies does it not create? What Evils does it not cause? What Desperation does it not occasion? He who flies Society, cannot desire to remedy his Misfortunes. How many Robberies, how many Murders happen every Day by travelling without Company? No one can assist a solitary Man in his Distress; for he is alone, and is aban-

doned to his Mischances. If he falls, there is none to raise him up. Let *him* travel alone, that likes it. Solitude is fit only for Saints and Poets : for the first converse with God, who is ever present with them ; the last commune with their Fancies, which makes them forget themselves.

## CHAP. X.

*The Squire's Arrival at Salamanca—His Delight thereat—Taken ill, and cured by Water, against the Doctor's Prescription.*

IN the midst of these solitary Reflections I reached the Road ; and the Carrier seeing me, with kinder Words than he was accustomed to use, stopped the Mules, and with much Civility and Courtesy desired me to mount, regretting much that we should have passed so bad a Night. “ And yet you must have been aware of it,” said I, “ when you left us.” And asking the Woman what had happened, she told me what I have related in the last Chapter. We found the other Passengers, including the intended Husband of the poor Woman, already satiated with Sleep and Food. Though they inquired of me why I had remained behind, all the Explanation I gave, was, that I had missed

my Way. I did not say a Word of the extraordinary Adventure which had befallen me; partly, because I thought that the whole might have been an Illusion, effected by the great Enemy of Human Kind; and partly, because wonderful Tales have different Effects on those who hear them; even the most probable is Laughter and Contempt for him who relates them. Things of which one has any Doubt, should only be told to very particular Friends, or to Persons of Reflection, who will hear them as they ought. Truths which may shock and disturb the Mind, should not be communicated without Necessity. I was almost bursting, however, to tell my Story; but I considered that I should probably not be believed. It is best to be silent, rather than give an Opportunity for Incredulity and Slander. Astonishment gives one Occasion to practise Silence; and for once I was resolved to try whether I could restrain my Tongue. We

travelled on without any Thing extraordinary  
 occurring: I remaining silent, and the others  
 inquiring the Cause, I replied, that it was  
 only my natural Inclination. But in all the  
 Journey, the Woman, the Tree, and its  
 Fruit, and the Bed full of Worms, never  
 separated themselves from my Imagination,  
 until we arrived at Salamanca, when the  
 Grandeur of the University made me forget  
 them. My Mind rejoiced to find, that my  
 Eyes could now enjoy, what my Ears had  
 often heard, when entertained with the Fame  
 of those Academies, which have put to si-  
 lence all others that the World has ever  
 produced! I saw those four Columns, which  
 support the universal Government of all Eu-  
 rope; the Bases which defend the Catholick  
 Faith. I saw Father Mancio, whose Fame  
 was, and is diffused over the whole disco-  
 vered Globe; and other most excellent Men,  
 by whose Learning, the Sciences maintain  
 their Force and Vigour. I saw too the

✓ Abbot Salinas, the blind, but most learned  
 ✓ Man in Speculative Musick that Antiquity  
 has known, not only in the Diatonick and  
Chromatick Kind ; but also in the Harmo-  
nick, of which they have so little Knowledge  
 ✓ in these Days. Bernardo Clavijo afterwards  
 succeeded him in the same Place ; a most  
 learned Man in the Theory and Practice of  
Musick. He is now Organist to Philip the  
Third. When I began to drink the icy  
 Water of the Tormes, and to eat of that fine  
 delicate Bread, I was affected by a Surfeit,  
 a Misfortune which commonly happens at  
 Salamanca to all new Comers ; for as the  
 ✓ Bread is particularly white, and made of the  
 finest Wheat, and well seasoned, and the  
 ✓ Water hard and cold, they eat and drink  
 of them without Consideration, till some of  
 them get a Surfeit, and others become cor-  
 pulent. It therefore behoves People, when  
 they first arrive at Salamanca, to be very  
 careful in this Point ; because it happens

frequently also, that this Sort of Indulgence produces a Dysentery. And although in all Places where there is a Change in the Water and Diet, one ought to begin the Use of them with great Caution, it is more particularly desirable in Salamanca, both on account of the Coldness and Fineness of the Water, and because the Students go thither after having been indulged at Home, and at their early Age, so that they are more liable to Injuries of this Nature. Besides which, by commencing with Care, the Health is preserved, and the Genius enlightened. Those who eat and drink to Repletion, are incapable of applying to Subjects of deep Understanding; and, indeed, Temperance gives the best Spur to the Wit and Invention of young Men. But I ate and drank so intemperately, that, before Christmas, it threw me into a bad Fever. I called in Doctor Medina, a learned Practitioner of that University; and the first Thing

he did was, to order that I should drink no more Water. I told him he must know that I was very passionate and high-blooded. “And,” he replied, as if boasting of some great Exploit, “it is well known that Doctor Medina removes Water from Sick People!” The Fever increased—but not the good Effect of the Remedy. He began to give me Barley Water, which did me no Good; for the Health of Cholerick People, suffering from Fever, is only to be restored by giving them cold Water, and bleeding them moderately at the proper Times; and though the Restoration of my Health depended on not denying me Water, they left me constantly without a Drop in my Room. They gave me some Baths, and twenty different Sorts of nasty Compounds, leaving the Tub in the Room, in which they had bathed me: I became so impatient, and tormented with Thirst, that I got up as well as I could to seek for Water; but not finding it, I got to

the Bathing-tub, the Water in which was become as cold as Ice; and with two Gulps which I took, I made my Stomach appear like a latine Sail, with the Wind right aft. But it remained there only a short Time: for within the eighth part of an Hour, the Stomach began to shew a Disposition to reject it; and, at last, threw up such Quantities, that it now remained like an empty Sack, with the two Sides doubled together. Next Morning, when the Doctor came, he observed the Bathing-tub fuller than when he left it, for I had discharged the whole Contents of my Stomach into it. He asked me how I felt myself: I replied, that I was dying with Hunger. He felt my Pulse, and found it free from Fever. Quite astonished at the Change, he exclaimed: "Oh! most marvellous Bath! in all the World they have never invented such another Remedy; I never in my Life prescribed it for a Patient, that it was not attended with complete Suc-

cess.” “ Have they always taken it in the same Way that I have?” said I. “ This Bath,” said the Doctor, “ enlivens, refreshes, and comforts the interior and exterior Parts.” “ And how did you give it,” said I, “ to your other Patients?” “ Lukewarm,” said he, “ bathing all the Body outwardly.” “ Well then,” said I, “ you may give it them another Time cold, and inwardly ; for so I have taken it, and, you may depend on it, that is the most efficacious Way :” And telling him what had happened, he exclaimed : “ Rectum ab Errore !” which he repeated several Times ; and crossing himself very devoutly, he took his Departure, leaving me in very good Health. “ Oh ! cruel Physicians ! to leave a poor, sick, feverish Man to burn up his Liver, and dry up his Bones ! It appears to them, that by denying him Water, they can more easily get rid of the Disease, by destroying the Patient. The Proverb that says, “For

every Thing breathing, Water is Medicine," must be thus understood—that without Water, there is no living at all; and this being the Case, who can be so justly entitled to Water as a Man burning with a Fever?

I knew a Tiler in Ronda, who attained Forty-four Years of Age, without having tasted a Drop of Water; and they used to say of him, by way of a Joke, that he did not choose to drink of a Liquid which had been dirtied by Frogs. He came Home once so thirsty and tired, that he drank off a Jar of cold Water; and, in the Course of twenty-four Hours, he was found as inanimate as the Clay he had worked with. For this Man, Water was improper: in the first place, because he was not accustomed to drink it; and in the next, because he had not the Stomach of a Man of Cholerick Habit. But to him with whom Water agrees, it proves a real Medicine.

## CHAP. XI.

*The Squire's Poverty involves him in Difficulties, from which he is partly extricated by his prudent Conduct.*

IF the Students at the University had not Youth to support them, they would not be able to endure the Labour and Difficulties, the Miseries and Distresses which they commonly have to encounter. But as they are at the Age of Childhood or Youth, a Season void of Cares and Sorrows, they extract Pleasure from Pain, and Laughter and Mirth from Difficulties; and in this Way they struggle through a Period in which their Minds are enlightened and expanded by Learning, and which is rendered supportable by the Hopes of future Reward. There are few who do not promise themselves great Things at their Outset in Life; but when they begin to be disgusted by the

bad Correspondence of Events with their Wishes, and by pecuniary Distresses, owing to the Delay of Letters, and Neglect of Parents or Guardians, they become, for the most part, abashed and disheartened; especially those who, being poor, do not find any Body willing to assist them with what is necessary for their decent Appearance in Life. For, certainly, narrow Circumstances prove a terrible Drawback to him who begins his Studies with an ardent Desire of Improvement. The Want of a suitable Maintenance, a Paucity of Books and of Clothes, and the low Estimation in which one is consequently held, have the Effect of discouraging many a brilliant Wit, driving him to Obscurity, and even to Distraction, by the Failure of his best Hopes and Prospects.

I confess, for my own part, that my natural Impatience, joined to the trifling Assistance afforded me, broke the Force of my Desire to study as much as I was in reason

bound to do. And as, even at that Period of Life, the Attention of Youth is so much directed towards the Means of Living, so one never finds a Man contented.

I recollect that once, after eating the common College Allowance of Galvez, I devoured six Pies at an excellent Pastry-cook's that there was at that Time in the Place, called 'The Desafiadero.' A pretty Appetite this for the short Commons of Salamanca! Some Time after this, three Comrades of us were living together in the Parish of St. Vincent, so very necessitous, that they were all less burthened with the *Royal Arms* than myself; who, by certain Lessons in Singing that I gave, (and indeed truly *gave*, being so badly recompensed that they were rather given than paid for), occasionally raised myself above a State of abject Poverty.

We consoled ourselves with the Equality of our Condition; and though they may appear Trifles unworthy a Place here, and

even of being remembered and spoken of, I shall relate some of them, in order that young Men of Talent, and desirous of acquiring Knowledge, who find themselves in a State of Poverty, may not be disheartened, but may make a Pleasure of Necessity, and endure that Penury which is the common Attendant of their Studies. By observing the heavier Distresses of others, we diminish the Force of our own. What Distress can a Student experience, which might not be greater? Being borne by many, it becomes more tolerable to all; for the bare Thought that it might be heavier, lessens its Weight. He that sets about an Undertaking with Alacrity and Spirit, has already completed Half his Task, and ultimately succeeds in subduing the Difficulties that assail him. Those, for Instance, which I and my Companions suffered, were of such a Nature, that they may serve to comfort the most miserable Students existing. Among others,

I will relate one, which may perhaps be productive of Mirth, as well as Consolation. We found ourselves one Night with our Stock of Money and of Patience so entirely exhausted, that we sallied out from our Lodging in a half-desperate State; without Supper; without a Candle to light, or a Fire to warm us; and this at a Time that the Cold was so severe, that Water froze on being thrown out into the Street. I went to the House of a Pupil of mine, and he gave me a Couple of Eggs and a small Loaf. Returning Home, I found my Comrades shivering with Cold and *dying with Hunger*, (as the Children say), not daring to stir up the few hot Ashes that were left; but reserving them till they should be required for cooking. I told them what I had brought; and they went out to pick up some dried Leaves, with which to kindle a Fire. They soon returned, very well satisfied at having found a large Log of Wood. We

placed it on the Embers, and all three of us puffed away at it with all the Breath we could muster ; but the Wood seemed determined not to kindle. We returned to the Charge a second and a third Time, and the Log still remained without lighting ; but, sending forth a most unpleasant Odour, soon filled the Room with Smoke. I threw a Piece of Paper on the Ashes ; and, when it had taken fire, we discovered by the Blaze, that the Log was neither more nor less than a large Bone of a Mule, just stripped of its Flesh, the Sight of which made us sick : and if we had not supped before for want of something to eat, we were not inclined now, on account of the Nausea it created in our Stomachs, which set us a vomiting, till we fairly cursed the unlucky Fellow who had made the Mistake.

Perhaps it may be thought that one ought not to relate such Stories as these : but they may prove consolatory to the Unhappy ; and and

my principal Aim is to teach People how to  
endure Troubles and Misfortunes patiently.

Every Thing that is written, is written for Instruction; and let it concern Subjects ever so humble, still it should be well received, for the sake of the Effect intended to be produced by it. And we ought to consider that Examples of trifling Events may be serviceable to us, as well as Affairs of greater Moment. The Fables of Æsop are as well received as the excellent Histories of Cornelius Tacitus. There is more Taste in a Fig than in a Pumpkin.

The bad Adventures of that Night did not stop here; for as we were standing at the Street-door to escape the pestilential Vapour of the Mule Log, the Corregidor, (Don Henriques de Bolaños, a fine polite Gentleman, and a Man of good Taste) going his Rounds, passed by, and said to us in the usual Way: "What People?"\* I took off my Hat, showed

\* Still the Mode of Challenge in Spain, "Que Gente?" Tr.

my Face, and making a low Bow, replied :  
 “ We are Students ; and our own House itself has driven us into the Street.” My Comrades remained with their Hats on their Heads, without paying any Respect to the Rounds. At which the Corregidor, growing angry, said : “ Take these ill-bred Fellows Prisoners.” They foolishly replied : “ If they take us Prisoners, they will make us free as French Galley Slaves !” However, they were seized, and carried off through Lower St. Anne’s Street. I said to the Corregidor with the utmost Humility : “ I entreat your Worship that you will be pleased not to send these unhappy Fellows to Prison ; for, if you knew the State they are in, you would not blame them.” “ I want to see,” said the Corregidor, “ whether I cannot teach good Manners to these Students.” “ As to that,” “ replied I, “ by giving them a good Supper, and driving the Cold from them by a good Fire, you will

render them more courteous than a Mexican Indian;" and (seeing that he listened to me with Good-humour), I related to him the Adventure of the Eggs and the Smoke that proceeded from the Log Sacrifice. He laughed at the Story, (for he was remarkably good-natured); and, at the Expence of some Swords which he had taken away from certain vagabond Scholars, he filled our Bellies with Pies and fresh Pork, and whatever else was to be found at the Tavern: and ever after he treated me with great Kindness. I said to my Companions: "My Friends, you have behaved very ill to the Corregidor." "Why?" said they: "is he our Judge?"—"Though he is not," I replied, "it is our Duty to treat all lawful Authorities with Respect and Politeness, whether they happen to be our Superiors or not; and not only them, but Persons of higher Rank, whether of Office, Nobility, or Fortune. For, if we are well-bred and affable,

we put ourselves in a certain Degree on an Equality with them; whereas if we act differently, we make those our Enemies who can very easily do us an Injury without Danger to themselves. God created the World with these Distinctions of Rank so strongly marked, that in Heaven itself some of the Angels are superior to others. And though perhaps we are incapable of knowing ourselves thoroughly, at least we may know who has more Power, more Worth, and greater Riches than ourselves. Humility and Courtesy are necessary for the Quiet and Security of Life. Nothing can be more absurd than to attempt to regulate our Strength by that of Persons more powerful than ourselves; since, by contending with them, we are sure to lose instead of gaining. Humility towards the Great is the Foundation of Peace, and Pride the Destruction of Repose; for, in the End, they will always succeed in their Views.

In this Manner I passed three or four Years, at the Expiration of which they gave me a Place in the College of St. Pelayo, Don Juan de Llanos de Valdes being then of that Society. At the Time of my writing this, he is one of the Supreme Council of the Inquisition in concert with his Brothers, as great Scholars as they are polished Gentlemen. We had also Señor Vigil de Quiñones, who, on account of his Virtue and Merit, is now Bishop of Valladolid.

We had Theses every Saturday, by which I should have profited highly, if the Necessities of my Parents, and the Desire I felt to serve them, had not called me away to take Possession of a Chaplaincy, with which a Relation of mine wished to present me.

## CHAP. XII.

*Sharpers outwitted.*

I LEFT Salamanca without Money sufficient to save me from walking ; and as it was necessary for me to use my Feet, I called to mind the small Proportion of Population to be found in the Sierra Morena, by the Way of Hinojosa, where one may go fifteen Leagues without meeting a Soul ; and wishing besides to visit Madrid and Toledo, I went trudging on, and passed through Toledo and Ciudad Real, where a worthy and principal Nun, called Doña Ana Carrillo, entertained me, and assisted me also in my Journey.

On leaving Ciudad Real I met a young Man of good Figure, who seemed to be a Foreigner.\* We travelled on together to-

\* Estrangero, in Spanish, signifies a Foreigner, or one

wards Almodovar del Campo, and presently fell in with two Gentlemen on the Road, who had with them a very fine Mule, on which they rode by turns. We entered into Conversation with them, and it appeared that they had no Wish to leave us behind. I collected from what they said, that they were Merchants, going, pretty well provided with Money, to the Fair at Ronda; which gave me Pleasure, as I was proceeding thither too. I did not like their Looks, however, and observed them with great Attention from Head to Foot.

We went to the same Inn; and as I had Suspicions of them, I resolved to act prudently, and feigned myself asleep, that I might over-hear their Conversation. One of them did nothing but run in and out of the House, in hopes of falling in with some of the Merchants going to the Fair. At Day-

not an Inhabitant of a particular Province in which the Conversation is held; or generally, a Stranger. *Tr.*

break one of them took a Beast of Burthen and went forward on his Journey, carrying with him, for a certain Purpose, a very handsome Ring, (for they could not concert their Plan without my hearing them). He that set out first was to pass for the Servant, the other was to remain behind, as his Master. Very early in the Morning he began to prepare his Mule for the Journey, and looked out with great Attention till he should see some of the Merchants passing by. When a Party of them arrived, he addressed them, asking them very politely which Way they were going; and when they replied, to Ronda Fair, he shewed great Demonstrations of Joy, saying: "I am more fortunate than I expected, in having met with such excellent Company; for I am going to the same Fair, to purchase a Drove of about two or three hundred Oxen; and not having gone this Road before, at least not beyond Ventas Nuevas, I felt a thousand

Fears of the Dangers which so often happen to those who carry Money about them. But the having met with you, gives me great Satisfaction, both for the sake of your good Company, and because I trust that you will have the Goodness (as you know the Place better than I do) to be my Guides, on my Arrival at Ronda, where to find the best Cattle." They promised him their friendly Assistance at the Fair, as they were well known in that City. I learned afterwards that these two Rogues, who assumed the Title of Merchants, were a Description of Impostors, who are called among themselves *Sharpers*. They travelled along very merrily, (for the Sharper was a great Talker,) and he told them a great many good Stories, with much Pleasantry and Humour. In order to see the End of the Adventure, I got on as fast as I could, occasionally getting up behind one of my Companions; and as I told them that I was going to the Fair at

Ronda, and was a Native of that Place, the Merchants encouraged me to proceed, and stopped for me from Time to Time. On arriving pretty near a certain Inn, which is deserted during half the Year, situated on the Fall of a Hill, on the Right-hand Side, as we ascended towards it, the Sharper took from his Pocket some small dry Cakes, which, from the Quantity of Spice they contain, are called *thirsty Companions*, and gave one to each Merchant. As we were now in the Month of May, by the Time we came up with the Venta, which was in a falling State, and without Inhabitants, they became parched with Thirst, and the Sharper said: "There is an excellent Fountain of cool Water here, let us go to it and quench the Thirst which these Cakes have caused; and, if you choose, we will do Honour to our Calling with some excellent Wine, which I have here in this Skin." They alighted, and the Sharper entering first,

went towards the Fountain; the Merchants following him. He stooped to drink, and then cried out with Astonishment: "Ah! what is this that I have found here?" taking up the Ring, which his Rogue of a Comrade had left in the Fountain. "Oh! what a beautiful Ring!" said the Merchants; "without doubt some Man of Rank has taken it off to wash his Hands here, and has forgotten it." They all rejoiced at having fallen in with the Prize. "We have all three found it," said the Sharper, "and to all three it must belong." "What then shall we do with it?" said one of the Merchants. "We will play a Game at Cards for it," said the Sharper, "as soon as we arrive at our Inn: and Saint Peter bless him on whom God bestows it!" "Well said," replied the Merchants; and whichever of us gets it, "I warrant we shall know very well what to do with it." The Ring excited much Avidity, for it was surrounded with twelve Diamonds,

which, though small, were very fine; and in place of a common Stone, it had a Ruby in the Form of a Heart, excellently set.

The Merchants could talk of nothing all the Way they went, but of the Carelessness of him that left it behind, and the Sharper extolling him for it, playing a thousand Anticks with it, and shewing it off, to make them more desirous of it. We reached Ventas Nuevas, and stopped at the second of the two Houses, on account of its being nearer the Pass. They alighted, and the Sharper pulled out his Skin of Wine, of the Growth of Ciudad Real; of which they drank with hearty Good-will. After getting something to eat, which they swallowed in great Haste, from their Wish to gain the Ring, (devouring it all the Time with their Eyes), they asked the Landlord if he had any Cards, as they wished to decide a Match. He answered in the Negative, and then the Fellow who had played the Part of a Ser-

vant, assuming a clownish Air, said : " I have here I do not know how many Packs of them, which were given me by the Folks of the Town, to sell for them ; and as they are a great Quantity, and not very light, I have no great Pleasure in carrying them. If you will pay me for them, you shall have a Pack." " Bring them hither," said the Sharper, " these Gentlemen and I will pay you very well for them." He gave them a Pack, prepared after his own Way ; and as the Wine of Ciudad Real raises the Spirits, and the Fumes soon ascend to the Brain, they were in high Glee, and with great Satisfaction began to play, setting the Ring at Four Quinolas. The Sharper let each of them get as high as three, without having got any himself ; but in the next two Deals, one of which he dealt himself and his Comrade the other, he drew four, and immediately seized the Ring, shouting for Victory. The others were vexed at this, and told him

that they would play him for Money. The Sharper opposed their Wishes at first very craftily, saying that he did not choose to risk his Money, nor the Oxen which he was to buy with it; but at length they persuaded him to play. He continued to win, provoking them as they went on, with Words which he purposely used. He proposed that they should drink again of the delicious Wine, which had been put in a cool Place; and heating their Senses in this Manner, he egged them on till they continued playing all the Evening; at one Time the Sharper winning, at another allowing them to win, in order the better to conceal his Knavery, and crying out every now and then: "I believe you will win four or five thousand Crowns of me this Evening, I am in so bad a Humour." When the young Man and I first went into the Inn, they told us that they never gave Lodgings to People who did not bring Horses with them. We heard this

Decree with Humility, and sat down to rest awhile. My Companion was perplexed, and asked me how we could manage to see the End of this great Adventure? I replied, "Leave it all to me, and I will take care to use such Conjunction with the Hostess as shall prevail on her not to turn us out at Night." "How will you manage that?" said he. "You shall see presently," replied I. I then went up to the Hostess, who was a lame, ill-made Woman. Her Nose was so flat that when she laughed, one could not discover it; her Eyes resembled the Hood of a Penitent under Discipline, and she sent forth an Odour of Garlick through her nasty discoloured Teeth, enough to frighten away all the Adders of the Sierra Morena. Her Hands were like Lumps of Potatoes.\* Notwithstanding all this, I approached her,

\* Probably alluding to the long sweet Potatoes, called Malaga Potatoes, which, when raw, bear some resemblance to the Fingers of coarse purple Hands. *Tr.*

and said: "What unfortunate Accident must it have been that conducted a Woman of such Accomplishments to this solitary Place?" "How flattering," said she, "this Gentleman Student is!" "I assure you," replied I, "that ever since I entered this House, I have been happy in keeping my Eyes fixed on your Face, as some Consolation for the Fatigues of my Journey." "Don't make a Joke of the Poor," said she. "I do no such Thing," replied I; "but assure you I think you very handsome." "Aye," said she, "about as handsome as a blear-eyed Cat." It appeared to me that she began to relish these Compliments, and I therefore added: "Only observe with how much Wit and Pleasantry she answers. Surely her Beauty equals her Conversation, and both are excellent in their Way." "Thank God," said she, "for it! if they did but know a Sister of mine who keeps an Inn at the Ventas de Alcolea, they *might* say all

this with great Truth ; for every Body that passes that Way, makes a Point of calling in for something to drink, that they may have the Pleasure of hearing her Jokes.” “ And how is it,” said I, “ that you do not live nearer to Cordova ? ” “ Because,” replied she, “ some have good Fortune, and others bad.” “ But is it possible,” continued I, “ that no one has offered himself to remove you from an Employment so unfit for you as this ? ” “ The Flesh remains on the Hook for want of a Cat,” replied she. “ Truly then,” said I, “ if you approve of me, I will do it myself, for it grieves me to see a Woman of such rare Accomplishments shut up among these Rocks and Mountains.” “ Well then, hold your Tongue,” said she ; “ for my Husband and I have to receive their Reckoning from those Persons who are sitting with him ; and to-morrow we will do as you think proper : and if it should happen that my Husband says any Thing again to-night

about your leaving the House, you may go to the Door at the Back of the Yard, and I will take care to leave it open." She then left us, and my Companion said to me: "Do you call this Conjuraton?" "I do not know," replied I, "what better Mode of Conjuraton one could adopt, than to call such a Beast as this handsome; a Brute like the Paunch of a Cow with a long Udder."

By the Time our Conversation was ended, the Night had closed, and the Desperation of the Merchants had attained its Height: for, by means of the Tricks the Sharper had been playing, and with the Assistance of the Ciudad Real Wine, of which they took huge Draughts every now and then, he had contrived to make himself Master of all their Gold and Silver, and even of the Bags in which they carried it. The Merchants were quite beside themselves; and, cursing the Inn and him that had brought them to it, they went back to

the other House, which we had passed in the Morning, with the Intention of returning to Toledo. The Landlord, who was no Fool, understood the Cheat very well. For my part, I was almost bursting to tell what I had over-heard the preceding Night, as well as that which I had now seen. I had nearly determined to discover their Villany ; because by the Return of the Merchants, I should lose the Advantage of their promised Assistance on the Road. But then I considered that to give a decided Opinion about a Subject which still remained doubtful, was to discredit the Sharpers by putting myself in Danger. For, the Fact not being known, we are bound to be silent about it, as a natural Secret. Security consists in Silence ; and in these and similar Cases, one ought to weigh the Danger that attends both Sides. I was silent against my Will ; and the Landlord, who was a cunning Rogue, dissembled and was silent like me and my

Companion. The Gentlemen Sharpers remained highly satisfied with their good Fortune; but they were so stingy that they gave nobody any Part of their Winnings; which increased the Landlord's Desire to rob them of it all, and mine to restore it to the rightful Owners. The Host gave them to understand, (though in fact he regretted it,) that he was greatly pleased to see the Merchants pigeoned; and treating them with great Respect, he shewed them into a Room, which he had put in order for the Merchants, and in which was a large Chest with three Keys, and these he made over to them, that they might lock up their Money and Clothes. The Chest was of very solid Wood, and one Side of it formed Part of the Wall of the Stable. This I noticed particularly, thinking to myself what Trick I could play to rob them of the Money shut up in a Chest with three Locks, and which no Power could move from the Place where it

stood. The Landlord spoke to his Wite apart, observing with great Attention whether they were looking. The two Sharpers supped very merrily, filling their Bellies with Partridges and their Ciudad Real Wine, and then retiring to their Room, locked themselves up so close, that a Witch would have found it difficult to get in. An Hour after Dark, or it might be a little earlier, the Landlord said: "Those who have no Horses here, may now leave the House; and, as we have no Carriers with us, we shall sleep in Safety." The young Man and I went out, and going round to the Back of the House, found the Door open, and went into the Stable, lying down amongst the Straw.

I continued thinking in what possible Way I could manage to out-manœuvre the Sharpers. I found that there was no such Thing as entering their Room, the Door being well locked, and the Chest well

guarded. To hire Housebreakers, was a dangerous Measure; while to mine the Room with Gunpowder, would be more hazardous than all.

I could not contrive what Scheme to hit upon, till between eleven and twelve o'Clock, (by which Time they were sound asleep,) when the Landlord and his Wife came into the Stable, creeping along very leisurely, and she lighting him with a little Bit of Candle.

The Husband began in perfect Silence to remove a large Quantity of Dung, which lay against the Wall of the Sharpers' Room. In a short Time, the Planks of the Chest, which served as the Wall to the Room, became visible. I observed with great Attention, and saw that they were secured above by three or four Hinges, and below by two Screws.

The Landlord drew out the Screws, and desired his Wife to go away with the Light,

lest it should be seen in the Chamber within. She retired, and I went quietly towards her Husband, just at the Moment when he had raised the Planks, and had got the Bags of Money in his Hand; and said to him, or rather muttered: "Give me the Bags, and then put the Screws in again." He gave them to me, supposing that I was his Wife; and my Companion and I immediately slipped out by the Yard Door; for we had Time enough for this, while he was occupied in replacing the Screws, and Dung-heap. We ran a short Distance very fast, each Man with his Money-bag, avoiding the High-road, and running round, along a By-path, with all possible Silence. We had now arrived almost in front of the other Venta, whither the Merchants had returned to sleep, when we sat down to rest a little; for Fear and Anxiety are apt to increase Fatigue. I said to my Companion: "What do you think we carry here? Our total

Destruction. For, to whatever Part of the Country we go, a very strict Inquiry will be made into the Circumstance of all this Money being in our Possession; and as People are covetous of that which belongs to another, we must either restore it to the Owners, or some Person, to ingratiate himself with the Officers of Justice, will give Notice of two young Men travelling on Foot, weary and hungry, but yet in possession of two Bags of Money. Torture will be the necessary Consequence of our not giving satisfactory Answers to the Questions they put. Nor will it serve any better Purpose to hide it and return for it again, as we should not be more likely to hit the right Spot than another. Besides that the going constantly backwards and forwards would create Suspicion of something being wrong; and perhaps, as the least Evil, we might fall into the Hands of Thieves, who would rob us of it. My earnest Desire therefore is, to

return this Money to the rightful Owners, in order to deserve a Share in it, and not to hazard our Lives, or wound our Consciences. For so the Proverb goes: "He that robs a Thief, is a Thief himself." I made use of these and other Arguments in hopes of eradicating a certain Degree of Covetousness which appeared to have got hold of his Mind; for, as he carried it along in his Hand, the Bag had contracted a sort of Relationship with the Blood of his Heart. However, he consented at length to what I proposed. We therefore went to the Inn; and, although it was very early in the Morning, knocked at the Door, crying out that we had most important Despatches for some Merchants of Toledo, who were in the House. The Merchants heard us, and made the Landlord open the Door. He brought a Light, and we went in, loaded with the Bags, to the Merchants Room, and, without speaking a Word, threw them down on the Table;

and surely if the leather Bags had been made of the Skins of Civet Cats, they could not have regaled the Sense of Smelling more than they did the Hearing of the Merchants. “What is all this?” exclaimed they. “Your Money,” said I; “we wished to return to Cæsar that which was Cæsar’s.” We then related the Adventure to them, and told them how we might manage to get through the Pass before they would be stirring at the other Inn. By good Luck for me, some Return Mules for Seville now arrived. The Merchants expressed their utmost Gratitude to my Companion and me, and hired two Mules for us; then we set out on our Journey, reaching the Pass before the People of the other Inn knew any Thing of our Movements. Having got through this Pass, we arrived at another smaller Inn; and, finding there pretty good Accommodations, we remained quiet the whole of the Day, the Merchants having need of Repose as much

as ourselves, by reason of the little Sleep they had had, and the Vexation they had undergone from the Loss of their Money. In the Evening we learnt, that the Landlord could not guess how it happened, or he would have murdered his Wife, who was afraid to tell him that she had admitted us ; but suspecting that the Sharpers had overreached him, he went to give Information to the Holy Brotherhood, of the Life and Habits of these Men, and that they were in possession of the two Bags of Money. The Officers went to the House ; but not finding the Money which the Landlord informed them was in the Chest, they considered him as mad or foolish, and the Sharpers as suspicious Characters for gambling at the Inn at so late an Hour ; the Wife being silent on the Subject, who would have been able to give a better Account of the Matter. They obliged them to pay the Costs amongst them, while the Secret remained undis-

covered. We were greatly delighted at the Issue of the Adventure; so much so, that the Merchants desired to hear it repeated; and, which was still better, they found more Money in the Bags than they had left in them; and one of the two observed with Pleasantry: “God forbid that I should carry the Money of others in my Purse! It will be best to spend it on the Road in Partridges and Rabbits, for I have no mind to restore it.” And he did so to the Satisfaction of us all.

I considered within myself, and even expressed to one of the Merchants, how ill I thought it generally fares with ill-acquired Gains, and how poor is the Enjoyment of Wealth gained at Games of Skill; at which we risk our Reputation, without securing our Winnings; for they generally remain but a few Hours in the Gambler’s Possession, but soon pass into other Hands. And if a small Remnant is left, it only serves to spend

at Taverns in Gluttony, Feasts of Bacchus, and Sacrifices to Venus.

If Men of simple Habits would pay Attention to the Tricks, the Snares, and Dexterity of these insinuating Wolves, they would discover that mis-timed Civility, Friendship without Foundation or previous Acquaintance, an over-acted Politeness, and a Superfluity of Ceremony, carry with them more Danger than Profit to the Person on whom they are employed. They would observe some secret Motive that influences these extravagant and extraordinary Compliments; especially if they themselves do not possess Qualities that justify their being paid.

These Sharpers have their regular Routine of Artifices; deceiving either in their own Persons, or by means of Accomplices selected for the Purpose. They have, too, their Inns and Houses, from whence they receive Notice of the Arrival of Strangers

whom they may attack with Advantage. They have also their Cash or Memorandum Book, containing a List of all that favour or assist their Manœuvres in large and small Towns; for it is a current Trade all over Spain; and they have Correspondents in all the principal Places, and pick up Intelligence from every possible Quarter, by which they suck the Blood of the innocent Lambs. And although the Stratagems of these crafty Villains, in fleecing those whom they see inclined to play, are so well laid, and there is no such Thing as fixing a Rule by which to distinguish them; yet I do maintain that we ought always to be upon our Guard when we discern any uncommon Arts to please, employed even by Friends, when Gaming is concerned; for then they will sell one another. When an Acquaintance invites you to play with him at a House which you do not know, be very careful, (whether it be publick or private); and it appears to me

that this Proverb is well suited to the sort of Case : “ If you like me well, treat me in your usual Manner.”

The Merchants and I travelled along, seeking Opportunity of Amusement by the Way. We arrived at Conquista (a small Village which they were then beginning to build) one Sunday Morning, and went into the Church to hear Mass, which a Priest was saying, who pronounced Latin like a Galician. The Service was a Requiem; for they had interred a poor Man that Morning. The Priest was assisted by a Sexton, who wore a Canvas Surplice over a loose grey Dress. After Mass was over, in saying the Responses over the Grave, the Priest concluded in these Words, “ Requiescat in pace! Hallelujah, Hallelujah!” The Sexton replied in a loud voice: “ Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!” I went up to the good Man, and said to him: “ Father, in Masses of Requiems there is no Hallelujah.” He

replied boldly : “ Get away with you, Mr. Student; don’t you know that we are now between two Easters ?” \* We then pursued our Journey, laughing heartily all the Way at this Incident.

\* In the original ‘ *entre Pascua y Pascua.*’ The Word *Pascua* signifies Christmas, Epiphany, and Advent, as well as Easter. The Meaning seems to be, that the Priest makes an awkward Excuse for his Ignorance, by reminding the Student that they were in the Period between two great Festivals of the Church, as a Reason for employing the joyful Term Hallelujah. *Tr.*

## CHAP. XIII.

*Singular Instinct of Dogs—Moorish Shepherds—  
Avarice repaid—Adventure among Thieves—The  
Mercy of one duly recompensed.*

AS Travelling always causes a Degree of Silence, however good the Road, because one commonly travels either from Necessity or on account of Business, which occupies our Mind and disturbs Enjoyment; so we endeavoured to extract Amusement from every Incident we met with. The Muleteers began, in their usual Way, one to say witty Things, another to cut Jokes on the Passengers, and a third to sing old Romances according to his Taste; we amused ourselves with whatever offered itself. We met a Shepherd conducting his Flock from one Province to another, and he and his Dogs were parched with Thirst: for in the Sierra Morena, from the Month of May

throughout all the Summer, though the Nights are cool, the Trees are burnt up with the heat of the Day-time. The good Man was so ignorant, that although dying with Thirst, he kept his Dogs tied together for fear of losing them. He inquired if we knew where there was any Water to be found. I replied, "Have you Dogs and ask that Question? Loose them, and they will soon find the Water." "Is it so?" said one of the Merchants. "It is a Thing very well known, and very often experienced," replied I; and I added, to the Shepherd: "Loose the Dogs, or at least one of them, and you may put a long Rope round his Neck, and follow him with it, and he will presently find a Fountain, a Brook, or a Lake." The Shepherd took my Advice, and let him run the Length of the Cord. He flew across to the Side of a Hill, with his Nose raised in the Air, making directly towards a thick Forest situated under a Rock, and there

discovered Water, which refreshed the Shepherd, and satisfied his Flock. “ I will relate to you,” said I, “ what was told me in Ronda by a Gentleman of brilliant Understanding, whose Name was Juan de Luzon, a Man well read in Divine and human Learning. There are (among many others) two small Places in the Sierra de Ronda, the one called Balastar, and the other, if I recollect right, Chucar. A Moorish Goat-herd, leading his Flock once to graze between these two Places, became greatly distressed by Thirst ; and, looking all about for Water, could not find the least Appearance of any. But all at once his Dog disappearing, returned in a short Time quite wet and joyful, wagging his Tail, and making great Demonstrations of Pleasure. The Goat-herd, struck with this Circumstance, gave his Dog Plenty to eat, and tied him up, waiting till the Return of his Thirst, the grand Awakener of Indolence. He then tied a long Cord to him,

and let him go, following him through Bushes, Brambles, and Rocks, scratching his Hands and Face as he went along. However, he surmounted these Obstacles till they arrived at a great Thicket; and creeping into the Mouth of a Cave which was formed naturally in high Rocks, by means of some Chinks which afforded him a little Light, he observed in the Middle of the Cave, a fine transparent Stream, which divided itself into two Parts. The Moor quenched his Thirst, and filled his leathern Bottle; and was so much struck with the Discovery, that he bethought himself of a Scheme which appeared to him good at the Time, but afterwards cost him his Life. He placed some Stones, so as to stop the Course of one of the Streams, and turn all the Water into the other, intending to return the following Day, to observe where it stopped. He went back to his Flock, and found next Day that the Water of Chucar

had failed. The Moor, who knew the Secret, went to the Town, and told the People, that if they rewarded him handsomely, he would restore the Water to them, and supply them with a great deal more if they wished for it; and then he related his Adventure. They had experienced so much Distress during the short Time they were deprived of their Water, that they agreed to give him Two hundred Ducats if he would let them have their own supply again, and add to it that of the other Town. On receiving his Money, he returned to the Cave, and turned the Course of the Water the contrary Way. The Inhabitants of Chucar finding the Quantity so much increased, and knowing the Avarice of the Goat-herd, as well as the little Dependance that could be placed in him, resolved to strangle him, before the People of Balastar should be able to corrupt him with Hopes of a greater Reward. They

put their Plan into Execution; depriving the Moor of his Life, and keeping all the Water to themselves: nor has the Secret ever been discovered to this Day; though it is evident from the Stones and Pebbles, that Water has run in the other Direction. The Scent of the Dog, that loyal Friend and faithful Companion, found out this hidden Cave! “Extraordinary Instinct!” said one of the Merchants; “Water being an Element without Smell, that a Dog should come to discover it simply by raising his Nose in the Air! How many good Qualities are possessed by Dogs! how many Excellencies worthy of Admiration! I do not allude to the Tales one hears of them, nor to what we read in ancient History; but only speak of what we see and experience every Day. What Fidelity! what Affection! what Sense!” “At least,” said I, “they have two admirable Virtues, (if I may venture to give them that Appellation,)

which, if Men possessed as deeply rooted in their Hearts as Dogs in their natural Instinct, they would live in perpetual Peace: I mean Humility and Gratitude.” “Very well observed,” said the Merchant; “and a noble Thought it is! They say of the blessed Saint Francis, (who was the Son of a Merchant,) that he bestowed great Praise on the Humility of Dogs, desiring to imitate them in this Respect; because this Virtue was possessed in so eminent a Degree by our Master and Redeemer, Jesus Christ.” “And as to Gratitude,” said I, “besides that the Law of Nature teaches it, it is inculcated by the Precepts of Him who, on sending forth his most holy Disciples to preach throughout the World, instructed them to be grateful for the Good they should receive in the Places through which they might pass, and cure all the Sickness with which they might find the People afflicted.”

“Can there exist any one, then,” said

the Merchant, “ who is ungrateful for Kindness shewn him? Who would be deficient in so admirable a Virtue?”

“ No one,” said I, “ except the Covetous and the Proud—those two Pests of Society! One, because he knows not the Influence of Charity; the other, because he always opposes himself to it: and since such excellent Matter has offered itself to our Notice, and so divine a Virtue has become the Subject of our Conversation, I will, before we reach Adamuz, relate an Adventure well worthy your Attention, which happened to the Author of this Book, in his Way from Salamanca; for there is scarcely a Being whose Life would not furnish Materials for a grand Moral History, provided a proper Use were made of them.\*

\* Though professedly describing the Adventures of Marcos de Obregon, the Spanish Author more than once alludes to Incidents in his own Life; on one Occasion introducing the Mention of his own Name. This leads

On a Dispersion of the Salamanca Students, in consequence of a Dispute which the Corregidor, Don Enrique Bolaños, had with the University, or rather with the Students, (a riotous, turbulent Set, and ripe for any Mischief,) as the City remained almost without Students; the Author went to his Home, like the Rest—the Vacation, that anxiously desired Period, being at hand.

His Necessity was so great, that he travelled along the Road in the Manner of the Apostles. Arriving one Day, towards Night-fall, at the Ventas of Murga, and not choosing to stop there, (on account of the small Gains they would derive from his Visit,) he went forward alone, singing by way of Company; for the Human Voice possesses a marvellous Property when accompanying the Traveller who has no Money of which he can be robbed. Four

one to infer, that great Part of the Adventures really happened to himself. *Tr.*

Men approached him, each armed with a Cross-bow, and asked him from whence he came? "From Salamanca," he replied. "And whom had he left behind?" "I may rather say," replied he, "that they all leave me behind, for I get on but badly." "How is it then," rejoined they, "that you did not stop at the Inn?" "Because," he replied, "as I have neither Money nor Horse, from which they could derive Profit, they called out to me to keep clear of their House; and here I go, praying to God to accompany me, and judge the Cruelty of these Landlords." To this the youngest of the Cross-bow Men said: "We put these questions to you, in order to learn whether there is any one behind who would buy our Game of us, of which we have here a great Abundance, but few Purchasers;" and, turning to his Companions, he said: "It vexes me very much to think of the bad Treatment and Cruelty which these Landlords

use towards poor People that travel on Foot, and still more of the Poverty of this poor Student. Let us take him to our Home, and God will reward us for it one Day or other.” “It would be much better,” said another, (as I afterwards learnt,) “to kill him, that he may not have it to say that he has met us, and thus frighten away the Travellers.” At last the Advice of the young Man prevailed, and they took him with them, thinking *that* the most advisable Part to act. The young Man shewed a good deal of Compassion towards him; for if it be true that bad Company perverts good Inclinations, yet Nature will sometimes recall to Mind the original good Impressions; which, though frequently lost sight of, are never totally eradicated. He went with them, or, I should rather say, they carried him through Thickets, and obscure secret Places, full of Turnings and Windings; and as it was now late at Night, what

with the Sound of the Water rushing down the surrounding Precipices, and the Wind almost rooting up the Trees with its Fury, the Terrors of the Student were so great, that his Imagination converted the Bushes into armed Men, who stood ready to hurl him down into the Abyss below. He moved on with great Devotion, looking towards the Heavens, and stumbling along on the Earth; but, with sufficient Courage to converse without discovering his Fears. They arrived at last at their Dwelling, which appeared more like a Habitation for Foxes than for Men; and raking together a large Quantity of live Embers, which seemed to consist of good Oak, they burnt by way of Lamps, some Chips of Pine Wood, which afforded them sufficient Light for the Night. Their Supper consisted of some excellent Slices of Venison, (probably stolen from some unfortunate Traveller); and after it, by way of diverting them, he told them

Tales, entertained them with Stories, and praised them for residing in those Solitudes, apart from the Bustle of the World. He remarked that Hunting was the Exercise of Gentlemen and chief Noblemen; and he had no Doubt but they were descended of good Blood, as they had so great an Inclination for it. If any of them said a silly Thing by way of Wit, he magnified it into something uncommonly clever. One he told, that he had a fine Countenance; another, that he walked well; a third, that he had a ready Wit; a fourth, that he conversed with a great deal of Discretion: for in this sort of Case, Affability will sometimes touch the most savage Hearts; rendering them gentle and friendly. When surrounded with Dangers, Necessity will derive Strength from Weakness; and, among Gentry of this Kind, Fear begets Suspicion, while Resolution argues Simplicity. To alarm one-self about an Evil before it happens, is to hasten it

forward, if it be to come ; or to occasion its happening, often, when it would not otherwise have been thought of.

He got on so well with these Hunters of Cat-skin Purses, that they made much of him, giving him his Supper, and a Couple of Sheep-skins to sleep on ; and before Day-break, that he might not see his Way to their Cave, after giving him his Breakfast, the youngest of the four Hunters led him out into the Road, acquainting him, as he went along, with the Danger he had been in, and of his having extricated him from it ; and requesting of him, in return, that he would not mention to any Body what had befallen him. Taking Leave of his Guide, he pursued his Journey, but looked back very often, not being yet quite satisfied that he was out of their Clutches. If he happened to fall in with a Traveller, he advised him not to go by the Road which *he* had left, for fear of a large *Serpent* that he had

encountered there; for he was afraid of speaking more clearly, fancying that the Robbers might be within hearing. At length, to shorten my Story, having travelled in and out of Spain for more than twenty Years, he settled in the Station which God had allotted him. He went to Ronda, his native Place, got himself ordained a Priest, doing the Duty of a Chaplain, to which he was preferred by Philip the Second, the most wise King of Spain.

Twenty-two or twenty-three Years after this Adventure of the Robbers, the Officers of Justice came to Ronda, in search of three famous Thieves, who were said to be concealed there; and who had adopted the following crafty Method of robbing:— Their Wives (for they were all married) would take their Basket of small Wares to different Houses, and, as they found Opportunity, would examine every Part of them, giving their Husbands so exact a Descrip-

tion, that they managed to rob them the next Morning. A Rumour of this Stratagem got to Ronda, and the Fellows were conveyed to Prison, by order of the Licentiate Morquecho de Miranda, who at that Time acted as Corregidor, being the principal Alcalde. He put them to Torture, and they confessed their Plan. The Author of this Book was asked to confess them; and one of the three being brought in, an extraordinary Sensation was produced in his Mind, and, on examining the Foundation of it, he found that this was the very Man who had saved his Life in the Sierra Morena. He resolved immediately to evince his Gratitude for the Mercy he had shewn him; and as it appeared that the Business was too far advanced to intercede for him after he had been convicted on his own Confession, he went to the Judge, and told him that he would lose the Opportunity of being acquainted with a Secret of consequence if

he should execute this Man. The Judge disposed of the other two, and spared the third, that he might get from him the Secret of which the Confessor had spoken; and afterwards urging him to make the Man confess, the Author replied: “ Excited, Sir, by Commiseration, and moved by Gratitude, I invented the Story which I told you. This Man having saved my Life, fell into my Hands, and I wished to repay him the Good he did me. Mercy, as well as Justice, is the Companion of a Judge; I therefore supplicate your Lordship, to have Pity on one who has shewn so much Compassion as this Man has done.” “ I am thinking,” he replied, “ how I can do Justice at the same Time to your Request and to my own Reputation; and also to the Welfare of this Man, who deserves some Return for his former good Behaviour. He is not yet condemned to Death; and by the Laws of the Country, we have a Power of commuting

the Punishment of Death to Labour at the Gallies; I am so willing to reward this Man for the Kindness he shewed you, that I will take Advantage of this Law, (as there is no other Choice,) and order him to the Gallies, where he may repent of his Sins." The Supplicant threw himself on his Knees, returning Thanks to God and the compassionate Judge. They carried this News to the half-dead Prisoner, who began to breathe again, and to return, as it were, from Death to Life: and the Author rejoiced exceedingly at having been able to shew his Gratitude on so trying an Occasion; for good Works have always a Reward laid up for them in store, either in this World or the next." "An extraordinary Adventure!" said the Merchants, "and worthy of being remembered. What a *holy* Thing it is to do well! For surely good Works are the Fruit of noble Hearts! What fine Fruit he will gather, who sows good Works! As the

Garments cover the Body, so do good Works the Soul! As the Arm feels nerved after its Owner has made a good Shot at Game, so does the Soul feel after performing a good Work." The finishing of this Conversation, and the discovering of the Town of Adamuz, happened at the same Moment. This Town is agreeably situated at the Beginning (or Ending) of the Sierra Morena, under the Jurisdiction of the Marques del Carpio; and at the same Time we had a View of the fertile Fields of Andalucia, so celebrated in Antiquity as the Elysian Fields, the Place of Repose for the Souls of the Good. We spent that Night in Adamuz.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Squire and Merchants part Company—A serious Attack by a Serpent, during which the Mule ran away.*

THE next Day, as I had occasion to go to Malaga in my Way to Ronda, I parted from the Merchants, and took the Road to Carpio. They were so well pleased with me, that they gave me some Money and one of their own Mules, which they trusted with me to restore to them in Ronda, before the Conclusion of the Fair; and they rode the Return Mules which I had made use of hitherto. The Mule they lent me was a wicked Devil, which did not allow itself to be shod, nor have its Saddle put on without great Difficulty; and every now and then he would throw off his Load. He had con-

cealed some of his wicked Pranks as long as he travelled in Company; but finding himself alone, on going out of the Town, he began to play his jadish Tricks, and at the first Spot of Ground to which he took a fancy, fell to rolling with one of my Legs under him; and if I had not thrown myself on the other Side, I should have received a severe Injury: but by means of this Caution I was able to raise myself, and, making him jump up also, very much against his Will, in a short Time the Pain was removed. I thus discovered the wicked Companion that I had in my Beast: but, to prevent similar Accidents, I furnished myself with a Cudgel, in order to apply it as a Remedy which an old Man had told me of; for, as Experience has taught them, they commonly know more than young Men, and on similar Occasions we may follow their Counsel blindfold.

I travelled on, watching with great Atten-

tion when he should appear inclined to repeat the same Games ; and observing presently that he was on the point of throwing himself on the Ground, I struck him with the Cudgel between the Eyes with so much Fury, that, in falling, I saw him turn up the Whites of his Eyes, as if repenting of what he had done ; for I really thought I had killed him. However, taking out some Bread, I dipped it in Wine, and gave it him ; and at last he came to himself, so well punished that he never fell again ; at least with me on his Back ; though at other Times he would roll in the Dirt whenever it suited his Fancy.

I continued my Journey, and arriving at a little Wood near Carpio, alighted for the sake of reposing a little ; which I had no sooner done, than my Mule taking fright at the Noise made by a Serpent and a Fox, which came together out of a Place full of Briars and Bushes, crossed the Road, and

ran off. They must have been together in the same Hole, for the Serpent makes Friends with no other Animal but the Fox. The Fox ran one Way, and the Serpent ran towards the Heels of the Mule, for I found afterwards that she attacked every Thing that passed that Way, in Revenge for the Death of her Companion. I threw a Stone at her, not thinking it would have the Effect it had ; for the Stone flying through the Air, travelled faster than the Serpent, and hit her on the Back ; on which she turned with so much Fury against me, that if I had not sprung across the Road, leaving a great deal of Sand between us, I should have fared very ill. But as she could not make use of her Scales (which served her as Feet) in the deep Sand, as on the hard and smooth Ground, she did not venture to pursue me across the Road ; but as I ran on one Side, she went in the same Direction on the other, with more than a Yard of Neck stretched

out above the Ground, moving her Tongue about, making it appear, from the Rapidity of the Motion, like five or six Tongues. I continued at this Work, without observing the Absence of the Mule, thinking of nothing but the Destruction of the Serpent, till I had lost my Breath, and was in a complete State of Perspiration with the Fatigue. The hissing she made was not distinct or sharp, but low and continued, almost as we pronounce a Z.\* I reached a Part of the Road, where I found Stones to throw at her; but she observing my Fears, attempted to pass the Sand to attack me, and this gave me Hopes of freeing myself from her altogether; for the Moment she got on the Sand, her Scales became almost useless, and she could only move very slowly. Taking Courage as much as I was able, I threw so many Stones as almost to cover

\* The Spaniards pronounce the Z. nearly as we do the *th*. Tr.

her under them, and after having spit at her towards her Head, (for this is Poison to them,) I struck her with a Stone half a Yard above the Tail, where her principal Motion lay, in such a Manner that she could not move any more, and getting several more Stones, I mashed her Head, and then sat down to rest myself. Two Men went by in their Way to Adamuz, and related to me what I have mentioned above of the Serpent. They measured her, and found that she was ten Feet in Length, and larger than an ordinary-sized Wrist. They then opened her, and discovered two fine young Rabbits in her; for these Animals are very voracious, though they can go a long Time without eating, and they are not great Drinkers. They are a long While digesting their Food; for in the little Movement she made, it was easy to see that she was encumbered with her Weight. I reflected during the Time I was resting, what a

Number of Things there are in the World which act in Opposition to the Life of Man : that even an Animal without Feet, or Wings, should pursue him, having begun to do so from the Beginning of the World, and before any other Animal whatever ; either lest Man should be apt to imagine that the Dominion and Control over the Earth were given to him without Labour or Trouble ; or that, by means of his Reason, he might know how to distinguish the Evil from the Good, and thus guard himself against that which can injure him ; by means of which same Reason, he knows how to distinguish between Food that will nourish him and that which is noxious ; to fly from fierce Animals, and make use of such as are tame. But the ferocious Animals, and those that can do us an Injury, give Notice of the Mischief they can do, either with their Horns, their Claws, their Teeth, or their Stings. But that an Animal like this, without Feet,

Sting, Claws, or Horns, should be so formidable as to frighten a Person merely by the Sight of him, was certainly a Decree of Providence to lower the Pride of Man, and confound him by the very Dregs of the Earth. Though I saw it after it was dead, it filled me with Horrour: and I confess that whenever I behold such like Creatures, they revive in me the same sort of Fear and Apprehension. But is it not enough to terrify one, to see a Thing which looks like a mere Tube or Pipe, running as fast as a Horse, only by the Movement of its Body; and by sticking its Head into the Ground, giving a Man such a Blow as to knock him down, or perhaps to kill him; attacking him in a treacherous Manner, and not Face to Face? An Animal so cunning, that he strips himself of his old Garment to clothe himself anew; which cures the Blindness of its Eyes, caused by the Dampness of Winter, by rubbing them with the Fennel of Spring.

They are so adverse to all other Animals, that they do not make Friends with any except the Fox, either because they both dwell in Holes in the Earth, or Rocks; or for the Sake of sheltering themselves in the warm Fur of the Fox.

The Hermit with whom I was conversing, had hitherto remained silent; but he was now tempted to ask, (as a Man who had passed a long Time in Solitude amidst craggy Mountains, flying the Concourse of Mankind, and conversing with Brutes,) what was the Reason that Reptiles are so formidable; such as Adders, Lizards, Toads, Asps, Vipers, and the like? “In the first place,” I replied, “because all those Things which we are not continually in the Habit of seeing, naturally excite this Kind of Astonishment. In the second place, because they have too much of the two heavy Elements, Water and Earth, and so little of the lighter, Air and Fire, that they have scarcely any Relationship or

Resemblance to Man : for he is compounded of spiritual Nature, in which he resembles Angels, and of corporeal, in which he resembles the Brute Creation ; and these, by living in a moist cold Country, resemble Reptiles, and they again are like nothing but themselves and the Bowels of the Earth. In the third and last place, because all those Animals which can be engendered from the Putrefaction of the Earth alone, cannot be for the Service or Pleasure of Man, whom God ordered them to obey ; and they themselves fly from his Presence, as from that of a Lord whom they abhor, on account of the Superiority and Dominion which he has over them, or from natural Antipathy. And this may suffice ; for the Loss of my Mule gives me Pain and Uneasiness, and I am in haste to seek him."

When I had rested myself a little, I went in search of my Mule, or rather in

search of the Merchants, all along the Banks and Neighbourhood of the Guadalquivir, without meeting with any one who could give me the least News of him. I went loaded with the Gown and Sword, the Cushion, and Saddle Bags; for the Mule had thrown off every Thing, except the Saddle, which he carried under his Belly: so that I was obliged to load myself with that of which he had unloaded himself. But the Jeers of those I met, while I thus converted the Rider into the Horse, proved more burthensome to me than the Weight I carried: however, not being able to get rid of either, I was forced to bear all. I stopped to rest a little, previously to passing the River, where I saw such Abundance of Rabbits that they were as thick about the River as Nits in a Carrier's Doublet: and during the whole Day they never left off coming to drink in Herds. I passed over to the other Side, and went into an Inn which one

reaches before entering the Town, where they could not give me any Tidings of my black Mule, though I promised a Reward to any one that would catch him.

I refreshed myself as well as I could; eating and drinking with the Temperance which my Weariness required; and sat down at the Door of the Inn, to observe whether my Mule should pass by, or any one who could give me an Account of him. I noticed the neighbouring Country with Attention, while I remained there; and think that, for Fertility, for benignant Influence of the Heavens, and Beauty of the Land and Waters, I have seen nothing preferable to it in all Europe; and to give it due Praise in few Words, it is a Country that yields the Fruits of the Earth four Times in the Year, with Sowing and Cultivation; being watered by a Water-mill with three Wheels, which irrigates it most completely. Some Years after, when I was present, a Misfortune

happened in this same Place, which is worthy of recital, to shew how much it is the Duty of Children to follow the Advice of their Parents, although it may be in direct Opposition to their own Opinions. Don Luis de Haro was then Marquess of Carpio, a Nobleman well worthy of the Name; of a handsome Person, and adorned with Virtues and Talents that entitled him to great Esteem. Certain Persons who had Charge of some thousand large Pieces of Timber, arrived from the Sierra de Segura; and the Marquess having given them Leave to pass through his Territory, they removed the Flood Gates at the Bridge of the Fishery, that all the Water might be collected in a deep hollow Way, through which it was necessary for the Timber to pass. The Conductors of the Timber were all young Men of robust Make; strong in the Arms, and nimble in the Feet and Legs; excellent Swimmers; and, in short, Fellows

who could endure Cold and Wet, and much greater Hardships.

By way of affording Amusement to the Marquess, they made a Sort of Exhibition of their Activity, fastening two Pieces of the Timber together at the Fishery Gate; and, as they precipitated themselves by the Violence of so great a Body of Water, one of the young Men, standing upon one of the Pieces, dragged it on till it slipped from his Hand, and fell into the Depth below; rising again a great Way off. All this occasioned a good deal of Fun and Laughter, though not unattended with Danger to him who caused it.

Among these People there was a stout young Man, of a fine Figure; tall, fresh-coloured, of robust Limbs, and great Activity, who was well known and respected by all the rest for his extraordinary Agility, and great Skill in manly Exercises. This Youth asked Leave of his Father, who was also one

of the Party, to let him go and slip off the Edge of the Timbers ; but his Father would not give his Consent : for Parents, either from having more Experience than their Children, or because they are of their own forming, or from knowing their Inclinations and Defects, or perhaps from the sincere Affection they bear them, are in some degree Prophets of the Good and Evil which are likely to befall them. This Father, then, would by no means consent that his Son should engage in this Amusement ; but the Son telling him that he was not willing to be considered less of a Man than the others, he at length prevailed on him, by great Importunity, to give his reluctant Consent ; and some who were present blaming him for making so much Difficulty about the Matter, he replied in my hearing, with Expressions full of Grief and Sorrow, that no one knew, who was not a Parent, what it was to risk the Life of an only

Child. The Son went to the Scene of Pleasure in the highest Glee possible, all Eyes being fixed on him. But in seizing the Cord of the Timber, which he thought to reach with great Ease, owing to the Exertion he used, he was left almost hanging by his Hands, until the Timber had reached the End; from which End or Head, his Hands slipping, he fell down the Abyss, pitching upon his Head not to rise again; to the great Terror and Regret of all the By-standers; the poor Father, who was looking on, remaining in a frantick State. All his Companions sought him by diving, but could not find the Body till the next Day. This appeared in some degree a Punishment for the Disobedience he shewed to the Will of his Father, and served as an Example to all who were Witnesses of it. This Incident happened in the same Place, in Presence of the Marquess Don Luis de Haro, and of his Son the Marquess Don Lopez

de Haro, who are now living, and younger than the Author, who also found himself present on this unhappy Occasion.

To return to my State of Vexation, caused by the Absence of my Mule ; I could learn nothing of him all that Evening, and passed the Night at the Inn without Hopes of finding him again.

## CHAP. XV.

*The Recovery of a lost Mule from a Gypsey—The  
Discovery of a petty Thief—Incidental Matter in a  
Journey in Spain.*

THE Sun rose on the following Morning, with Rays of a green and yellow Tinge, a Sign of Rain; and I without my Mule, or the Prospect of meeting him. I went into the Town about nine or ten o'Clock, and observed some Gipsies who were selling a Mule, with his Mane nicely trimmed, arrayed in a Pack Saddle, and decorated with various Ornaments; while they stood praising him for his Docility and good Paces with a thousand deceitful Words. The Gipsey said so much in favour of the Beast, that there were already several People anxious to purchase him. I went near him,

and saw that he was of the same Colour as mine ; but was doubtful whether he was the same, on seeing him so quiet and steady, and so spruce ; with his Tail and Mane so well trimmed. I observed that he allowed them to touch him in every Part of his Body, without moving ; and therefore I did not venture to suppose that he could be mine. They raised his Feet from the Ground, giving him Blows with their Hands on his Breast and Buttocks ; to which he submitted with the utmost Patience and Gentleness. I was still doubtful whether he could be my Mule ; but on going slyly behind the Gipsej, and placing myself before him, he immediately pricked up his Ears on seeing me, either as a Proof of his Friendship for, or Fear of me. I was astonished at such a sudden and unexpected Change, but was convinced of his being really my Mule. Still I could not think of any Means by which to recover him, unless I should

produce Proofs of his being my Property. I did not venture, therefore, to assert that he had been stolen, but said to myself: "Is it possible that these Gipsies can be such successful Cheats, that in less than twenty-four Hours they can have converted this Mule into a Beast of Burthen, and have disguised him so as to make me doubt whether he is mine or not; making him gentle as a Lamb, when he was fiercer than a Tiger? How hard is it that I cannot recover him, on stating my Claim to him!" However, I remained a little While at the Place, and went up to the Mule with the other People, and, praising him, asked whether he was from Galicia? The Gipsy replied: "Truly, Sir, you disparage him, for I know a great deal about Mules, and I am sure there is not a Beast with four better Feet in all Andalucia. He is not from Galicia, Sir, but from Illescas, where I took him in exchange for a Cordovese Nag, of which I

have here the Proof." "I shall recover him," said I to myself; and just then the Gipsy pulled out his written Document. A Scheme by which to regain Possession of my Mule now presented itself to my Mind. There was a Gentleman present to whom I observed they all paid Respect; he was an old Servant in the House of Angulo. I approached him, and said: "Sir, this Mule has been stolen from me by these Gipsies; and although he now carries a Pack Saddle, he is a Riding Mule; and though they assert that they can produce Testimony of his being their Property, it is false." To which the Gentleman replied: "I will tell you what, Mr. Student, we have known this Gipsy here this long Time past, and he has always served us faithfully." "This may be," returned I, "but you may depend on it that he is not acting honestly now, as I will prove to your Satisfaction, if you will take the Steps I entreat of you to

take. It appears that you are inclined to purchase him for his Gentleness, whereas he is as wild as the Devil." "Is it possible, then," said the Gentleman, "that all this Docility and Gentleness can be assumed?" "Yes, Sir," I replied; "because they have made him drunk; for there is no Beast, let him be as savage or wicked as he will, who may not be tamed, if one can only get him, by fair Means or foul, to swallow about half a Gallon of Wine. I therefore beseech you to do what I request; and then you will be undeceived, and will be convinced that the Beast is wicked, and that he is mine. And the first Thing I beg of you is, to go to the Gipsy, and propose to buy the Mule;" (whispering in his Ear all that I wished him to say). The Gentleman did as I requested, saying to the Gipsy, while he looked at the Mule: "I like this Beast very well, and would purchase him if he had a Saddle and Bridle, for I am about to take a long

Journey." The Gipsy was delighted at this, and brought the Saddle and Bridle presently ; saying that he was the best Animal to mount that could be, and that he had only put on the Pack Saddle because he thought he should sell him better in the Country by it. The Gentleman, at sight of the Saddle and Bridle, (finding that they corresponded with the Description I had given him of them, and in conformity with the Advice I had whispered in his Ear), carried him off to his own House, telling the Gipsies that he wished to try him ; and he kept him shut up in his Stable till the Fumes of the Wine should be dissipated. When a sufficient Time had elapsed, he sent for the Gipsy, and desired him to mount the Mule, and ride him about a Quarter of a League into the Country. The Gipsy, though an active Man, mounted with great Difficulty, from the Unsteadiness of the Mule ; who, now that the Effects of the Wine had passed off,

returned to his old Tricks ; and flying off like a Shot, as soon as he had left the House, threw himself and the Gipsy on the Ground with great Fury, rolling with him so violently that it required all his Dexterity to extricate himself, and prevent his Leg from being crushed. The Gentleman, now thoroughly convinced of his Knavery, approached and said to him, laughing : “ Why, Maldonado, how did this Misfortune happen ? ” “ Sir,” replied the Gipsy, “ he is in high Spirits, and badly shod ; it was *that* which made him throw off his Load.” The Gentleman, with increasing Mirth, added : “ Come then, lift up his Leg, and let us see whether he wants shoeing.” The Man attempted to raise one of them ; at which the Animal immediately gave him a Kick, that left the Print of his Shoe and Nails in his left Cheek. “ He is ill acquainted, Brother Maldonado,” said the Gentleman, “ with you, who did not rear

him. If you had known this Beast, and had had any thing to do with him, you would not have been deceived by him yourself, nor have deceived us. Possession lasts but a short Time with him who has no Right in it. To which you may add this Proverb: ‘He will buy thee, who does not know thee.’ Why do you suppose that the Owner of the Mule asked you if he was from Galicia, except that, if he *had been*, he would give you that Kick which he has given you? You wished to shoe him, but he was not deceived in you. You stole the Mule Yesterday, and you wish to sell him To-day. I am pleased also to find you are a Conjuror, for you have come from Illescas since Yesterday.” “Sir,” replied the Gipsy, “I have acted like a Gipsy, and it was for you to suffer as a Gentleman: I saw plainly that this Person knew a good deal about Mules.” The Theft being now proved by all possible Evidence, they gave me my Mule, and I

pursued my Journey to Malaga, passing by Lucena, where I arrived somewhat late; and took my Siesta, and something to eat in haste, thinking to arrive that Night at Benamexi; the Road to which Place I did not know, but ventured on with the Description they gave me of it. The Leagues were longer than I expected,\* and the Road was full of Mud, caused by heavy Rain the preceding Night. Pushing my Mule on apace, the

\* When we are told in England that one Place is so many Miles distant from another, we know how far we have to go; but in Spain, a League seems to be an imaginary Distance, from Two Miles to Five or Six. Even in France, too, there is a striking Difference between the Length of a *Lieue de Poste* in one Part of the Country, and the same *nominal Distance* in another Part. In this Country every Boy of ten Years old knows that there are 1760 Yards in a Mile; but I travelled from one End of France to the other, and though I inquired continually, I did not meet with half a dozen People who *pretended* to know the Number of Toises in a Post League, and they generally differed in their Accounts. I speak of Magistrates, and that Description of Persons from whom one would expect Information on such a Subject. *Tr.*

Night set in when I was about a League distant from a small River which there is between Lucena and Benamexi. I was in great Distress, as the Night was very dark, and I had to travel without a Guide, and without meeting any one of whom to inquire the Way; it being Sunday Evening, when all the Labouring People are in their Houses. At last, by very slow Degrees I arrived at the River, after stumbling repeatedly, and sometimes falling; and having crossed it, I could find no Road on the other Side; it being the Custom of the Farmers in that Part of the Country, to dig up the Paths, in order to prevent Travellers from going through their Corn Lands. My Mule got out of the River the best Way he could, striking off by a rising Ground to the Right-hand, where there was a great Number of Sheep or Goat Tracks. He went up as high as he could, and on arriving at the End of the Track, the Hill was so steep that he could neither

proceed nor turn back. I found myself in a dangerous Situation; for if I tried to alight with the right Leg, I should have fallen down to the Bottom of the Hill, till I came in contact with a Stream of salt Water, or, escaping from that, I should get my Head full of Bruises. I therefore supplicated the Mule, with all Humility, to do me the Favour to remain quiet while I got down on the other Side: But when I wished him to return by the Path he had ascended, he had become so tired that he fell, and in falling, as the Hill was so steep, rolled down to the salt Stream below. I followed the Path, and got down to the Stream, doing all I could to assist my unfortunate Mule in rising: but he was so bruised, that it became necessary to animate him with a Sop of Bread dipped in Wine. I then raised him up gently by means of the Bridle; considering all the While that this Misfortune had come upon me for not

having duly respected this holy Day, travelling along as if it had been any other common Day. These Days are appointed for giving Thanks to God, and not for Travelling, which leaves a Man no Leisure to converse with his Maker: and working on the Days which the Church has dedicated to God, not only does not increase our Gains, but injures us in a thousand different Ways; as it happened to me this Night, when as I was leading my Mule by the Left-hand up an Ascent, I took the lower Ground in order to encourage him; he slipped and fell over me, though without doing me much Injury, as I had the Power of extricating myself without Difficulty; and giving him the Bread and Wine again, he was able to mount the Hill, until I discovered a Farm House on the Summit of the Height; and, going to it, with all possible Humility, I knocked several Times at the Door, without being answered by any of those within. For

there was a large Party of People assembled there, it being the Evening of a Feast-day. At last I knocked so loud, that a Lad answered; and, on my acquainting him with my Distress, he replied that I was very welcome, and then went to call his Master, who came out to me; and, with all the Appearance of Goodness and Sincerity, opened the Door, and, taking every Care of us which the Fatigues of me and my Mule required, said: "I beg your Pardon, Sir, but the Fact is, that I was inquiring into the Circumstances of a Basket of Figs of which some of these Lads have robbed me, and this prevented my attending to you so soon as I ought to have done." "If that is all that troubles you, Sir," said I, "do not give yourself any Uneasiness; for I will discover who stole them." "You will be an Angel, and no Man," replied the Farmer, "if you contrive this." "Let me rest a little," said I, "and I will tell you." I reposed myself a short

Time, and my Mule supped as well as he could. My own Supper consisted of a very good Gazpacho,\* and I thought that I had never in my Life eaten of a more savoury Dish; for Food tastes well according as the Stomach is hungry and craving; besides that the Oil, the Vinegar, and the Wine of that Part of the Country, are of the very best in Europe. After I had supped, all the young Men were standing about me, and I said to the Farmer: "This wooden Bowl out of which we have eaten our Supper, shall discover him that stole the Figs." One of them muttered to himself, "Surely the Devil has brought this Student here!" I asked the good Man to give me a

\* A Dish still common in Spain, (I believe in all Parts,) prepared for the Supper of the lower Class of People, and compounded of the following Ingredients: — A large Proportion of Bread cut into a wooden or earthen Pan, with some cold Water; to these they add several Onions, and a Quantity of Garlick, Sallad, and other Vegetables of the same Kind, together with a considerable Proportion of Oil and Vinegar. T.

little Oil and Red Lead; and, without the young Men seeing me, I smeared the Bottom of the Bowl with a Mixture made of the two, and getting one of the Bells which they hang to the Neck of the Oxen, I placed it below the Bowl, and said with a loud Voice, (having placed the Bowl in a dark Corner of the Room,) “ Let all pass by, one by one, and give a Blow with their Hand at the Bottom of the Bowl, and on *his* striking it who stole the Figs, the Bell will sound.” They all went one by one, and each gave his Blow with the Hand; but the Bell did not sound as they had expected. I then called them to me, and desired them to open their Hands; when I found that they had all their Hands smeared, except one. I therefore said to them: “ This Gentleman stole the Figs; for the Bell did not sound, because he was afraid to strike the Bowl with his Hand.” He stood colouring up to the very Eyes, while the rest were in Fits of

Laughter all the Evening, never ceasing to plague him. The Farmer was very well satisfied with having found his Figs, and I with the good Reception he gave me; and for the hospitable Treatment I had experienced, I left him two Damascus Blades, with which he was half inclined to cut off the Ears of the Fig-stealer.

## CHAP. XVI.

*The Squire's Delight at beholding the Beauties of Malaga—He gives good Counsel to an old Friend.*

HAVING rested that Night, what I conceived a sufficient Length of Time for the Mule to recover from his Fatigues, I went to him, and requested him to take Courage, as much as if he could understand me. He grunted, and raised his Foot to strike me; but I gave him at the Moment a Blow with a Stick, which brought his past Troubles to his Recollection. This quieted him presently; and I put on his Saddle, continuing my Journey to Benamexi, which was not far off; and though I wished to pass through it without being seen by the Lord of the Manor, my Villain of a Mule carried me directly into his House; and it therefore

became necessary to rest there a While. At last, (to shorten my Story,) I arrived at Malaga, or rather stopped within Sight of it, on a Height which they call the Hill of Zambara. So great was the Satisfaction I received at the Sight of it, and such the Fragrance wafted to me by the Wind, from those delicious Gardens, full of all Kinds of Orange and Lemon Trees in full Blossom throughout the Year, that it appeared to me like a Part of Paradise; for there is not in all that Neighbourhood any Thing which does not delight the five Senses. The Eyes may feast themselves with the View of the Sea, and of the Land filled with so great a Variety of the most beautiful Trees and Plants; and likewise with the City, which consists of fine Edifices, as well the Houses of Individuals, as the magnificent Places of publick Worship; especially the Great Church, than which there is not a grander Temple in the known World. The Ears

are delighted with Admiration at the Abundance of Birds, which, imitating one another, cease not Day or Night their sweet Harmony; but sing on with a natural Skill, which, as it possesses neither Consonance nor Dissonance, creates a most sweet Confusion, exciting to the Contemplation of the Universal Creator of all Things. The abundant and substantial Supply of Provisions, equally grateful to the Taste and to the Health—the Behaviour of the Inhabitants, kind, affable, and courteous—in short, it is all so delightful, that I could write a large Volume on the Excellencies of Malaga, though it is not my Intention to do so.

I settled the Business which I went to arrange with the Church; from whence many excellent Persons might be selected for Bishops and Auditors, and even to govern the World.\* Among them I found a

\* Meaning probably the *Christian World*, as Popes. Tr.

Friend of mine, a Prebendary, of good Family and superior Talents, and of most estimable Character, vexing himself on account of spiteful Things said of him by Men greatly his Inferiours ; for as Envy is found and nourished only in the Breasts of those whose Education and Parts have been neglected, so it always attacks such as are of a contrary Description, and who are conspicuous for Science and Virtue: it appearing to them, that to acknowledge the Superiority and Advantages of others, is to lose their own Right of Pre-eminence.

He complained, that having conferred great Benefits on a Man who had little or nothing of his own, and having freed him from Difficulties from which he could not possibly have extricated himself otherwise, he was not only not grateful to him, but had done every Thing in his Power to lessen the Value of the Benefits conferred. I saw

that he was inclined to revenge himself for this Ingratitude; but I stopped him, by reminding him that it is unworthy of a noble Mind to repent of any good Deed. “For,” said I, “to do Evil to him for whom you have before done Well, argues but little Consistency. To revenge yourself for Self-gratification is a great Error, especially as you tell me he is a Man of no Family or Property. What Gratitude can you expect him to shew you, when he is not grateful to God for having placed him in a Situation which he must be conscious of not meriting? And I ask you, which has done wrong, you or he?” “*He* has, indubitably;” replied he. “Very well then,” said I, “let him be angry at himself, for behaving so ill as to be ungrateful. As for you, who have done nothing wrong, you have no Reason to vex yourself, but rather to be quite contented. Do not seek to lessen your Merit, in the Sight of God, for the good Work you have

done.” I eased his Mind so thoroughly by these Arguments, that if he was my Friend before, our Friendship was greatly increased by this Conversation; and, in fact, our Peace of Mind does not admit of any Sentiments of a revengeful Nature, which ill accord with internal Tranquillity. Then returning to the former Subject of Discussion, I remarked: “What is the Reason, think you, that they say commonly, ‘There is always a *Gil* to plague one?’ for they do not say a Don Francisco, or a Don Pedro, but a *Gil*. The Reason is, that none but low Fellows act in this ill-mannered way; such as Gil Manzano, Gil Perez. Nor do they ever select for Hangmen, or Boatswains of Gallies, any other than low, infamous Fellows, Strangers to Pity, savage Beasts without Remorse or Shame; always ready to persecute Merit, because they have none themselves; like this miserable Wretch, for Example, of whom you have been complain-

ing. It is by no means desirable to preserve an Intimacy with Persons of this Description; for they know not how to behave well, nor to abstain from doing ill; since it is the natural Bias of their Disposition."

"But he is in the Habit," said he, "of passing by me without taking off his Hat."

"He does this," replied I, "either from Heedlessness, or bad Manners: if from bad Manners, let him be angry at himself, as I said before; and do not you vex yourself for his Want of Breeding. Perhaps his Thoughts were absent at the Time, or occupied on some particular Business. Such Conduct may proceed from a Variety of Causes, each sufficient of itself to excuse an apparent Neglect of the Kind.

## CHAP. XVII.

*An immoderate Babblers defeated by his own Weapon.*

ON leaving Malaga, I stopped my Mule in the midst of those Orange and Lemon Trees, whose fragrant Odour charms the Heart; and turned round to admire and contemplate the many Excellencies of that City; arising as well from the happy Influence of the Climate as from its Situation, which excels every other District in Europe of the same Extent. In the middle of this Contemplation, I saw somebody coming towards me, who appeared like a Man mounted on a Mule, talking to himself, with strange Motions of his Arms, and Gesticulations, and producing a Variety of Tones, as if a dozen Travellers had been chattering

together. I turned my Mule about, and spurred him along with all possible Speed, in hopes of getting off before this Fellow could come up with me; for I saw what his Infirmary was; and to enable me to fly from such a Babbler, I wished either for the Legs of a Greyhound, or the Wings of a Dove. If these People did but know how odious they are to all who hear them, they would fly even from themselves: for Loquacity, besides being tedious and provoking, discovers the Weakness of *his* Understanding who indulges in it; while his Wit (if he has any) lies scattered and concealed among his other Words, like the Perfume of a Rose in a Bundle of Rue. These incessant Praters resemble Fern, a Plant that neither yields Flower nor Fruit; or they are like the Torrent of a Mill, which leaves its Hearers deaf, while it is continually running on. A Bull brought out to be baited, would not so easily frighten me away as

one of these Talkers; for the only Moment when they are tolerable, is when they are asleep. However, it happened to me with this Gentleman, that in spite of all my Speed, he came up with me; and clapping me on the Shoulder, as if he had been a Bailiff, began interrogating me immediately, “whether I was going, and to what Place I belonged?” I answered the first Question, but he gave me no Time to reply to the second; but went on, saying: “I ask you to what Place you belong, because I am from the Kingdom of Murcia, though my Parents were Mountaineers, of a Family named Collados.” I looked at him while he was gratifying himself with his own Talk, and observed that he was a Man of pretty good Person and Height; though he had a great Defect, being left handed, and wishing to appear right: for although it is unsightly to be left-handed, I consider the attempting to disguise this natural Defect as still worse;

because it argues a sort of Double-dealing and Artifice of Disposition. For these left-handed People, being as well known by this Defect as Eunuchs are by their Want of Beard, endeavour to persuade People they have the proper Use of their Right-hands, as the others do that they are not yet arrived at the Age for Shaving; and both one and the other, by wishing to deny or conceal it, give one to understand what a great Defect they think it. This good Man went on playing first with one Hand, then with the other, arching his Eye-brows, which were large, with a deep Furrow between them, and shutting his Eyes, that were not very small, all the while he was speaking, as if they heard what he said, his Countenance possessing a free and unembarrassed Appearance while he continued his Nonsense; to which I paid no Attention, having at once seen into his Character. He recounted some valorous Acts of his Per-

formance, to which I paid as much Attention as to the rest; so that he never gave me an Opportunity of answering his first Question, until having travelled two Leagues, by which Time he had exhausted all the Moisture in his Brain, Lips, and Tongue, he stopped at the Venta del Pilarejo, and asked for a Draught of Water. As soon as he began to drink, in reply to his first Question, I said, “To Ronda.” He took the Pitcher from his Mouth, and said, “I am delighted, as I am going thither too, to have such good Company.” He then began to drink again, whilst I observed: “On the contrary, it is the worst Company in the World, for I shall not speak a Word all the Way.” “Do you then possess the Virtue of Silence?” said he. “You must be very prudent and highly esteemed by all the World, since by their little Talking we discover the Prudence of the Wise;—it is a Virtue that secures us from a thousand

Evils, which much Talking is apt to produce; for my part, I am no great Friend to Talking. When they put a Man to Torture, if he does not talk, or confess, they consider him courageous for having been silent on that which would have done him no Service to mention. At a Banquet, silent People eat more and better than the rest of the Company; for the Sheep that bleats, loses what he has in his Mouth. In short, I am no Friend to Talkers. Sleep, so necessary to the Health, is a silent Occupation. When a Person is concealed in another's House, which sometimes happens, his only Remedy is Silence, though he may chance to sneeze. Silence is a Virtue acquired without Trouble; there is no Need of fatiguing one's Mind with reading in order to learn to be silent. The Silent Man notes down what the Talkers say, that he may afterwards cast it in their Teeth; *I am no Friend to Talking.*" With this Stuff, and

more of the same Value, he went on wearying me with his Praise of Silence; and then pursuing his Story, he said: "I am by no means an Advocate for Talking; but merely to entertain you on the Road, I say what I can think of to lessen the Fatigue of Travelling." I thought of a thousand Schemes for freeing myself from his Company, and pursuing my Journey alone; but finding it impossible to get away from him, I said at length: "I believe, Sir, that I must turn off to the Left-hand here, and pass that River, as I have something to do in Coyn." "What," said he, "do you find me so incapable of conversing, that you will not suffer me to accompany you?" He went on with me; and not having succeeded well in this my first Attempt, I amused myself as well as I could by listening to the Nightingales that gave us their Musick by the Way; observing with admiration with what Care they contrive to make the sweet Melody of their

Notes heard, sometimes raising their Song, sometimes trilling with their Throats, and still warbling sweeter and sweeter, as they find themselves in the Hearing of Man: all along the Banks of that River is a famous Haunt for these Songsters.

By this Means I contrived to conceal my Chagrin, and endure for a short Time longer the fatiguing Conversation of this impertinent Babbler, until we arrived at an Inn, where it was necessary to dine. When we had finished our Meal, I feigned myself ill, in order to be rid of his Company; but he said, “ We set out together from Malaga, and we must reach Ronda together.” For as I was silent, and he talked as much as he would, he found me a very agreeable Companion, whilst I, on the contrary, was very weary and vexed; for though I know how to exert my Patience on many Occasions, yet I confess that I am not possessed of a sufficient Stock of it, to listen to such a

prolix Talker as this ; I therefore resolved to employ an excellent Remedy against Talkers, by fairly *out-talking* him. After he had finished eating, my Companion stretching out his Arms, and yawning loud, began to say : “ The King Don Ferdinand and his People passed this Way, when, after taking Ronda, he came against Malaga, and their Supplies having failed, in consequence of the great Consumption, and having been harassed by continued Skirmishes, and the Stratagems put in execution by the People of the neighbouring Towns, the Soldiers were two or three Days without receiving their Provisions, at which they began to fear that they should be starved with Hunger.” I stopped him with great Energy, saying : “ Oh ! yes, I recollect having heard my Great-grandfather mention, that they had brought from the open Country, and from the Christian Towns in the Neighbourhood of Ronda, a large Flock of

Deer, (for there are still more of them in this, than in all the other Parts of Spain,) to supply the Royal Army. As they had consumed all the Oxen, and had a Quantity of Pigs left, His Catholic Majesty ordered that about a dozen of them should be preserved; and as they were selected from the finest, and it was intended to keep them for Breeding, the Soldiers were positively forbidden to touch them. The Soldiers, however, an impatient Set of People, found themselves in a State of Starvation, and that the expected Supply of Provisions was delayed, although they were intrenched, and surrounded with Enemies in all the Circle of Malaga, which rendered it necessary for them to be very cautious; they saw two or three of their Comrades who had contrived to drive the Swine into the thick Part of the Forest, by the Banks of the River; (for as they had their *Discharges* and *Safe-Con-*

*ducts*,\* no one took any Notice of them). One of these Comrades went forward, and from among the Branches, fired, and put two Balls into the Pigs. ‘To Arms! to Arms!’ they all exclaimed, ‘to Arms! the Enemy is approaching.’ The whole Army was now under Arms, and the Soldiers dragged the Hog into one of the Tents, and covered it up in a Trunk of Clothes. They hastened to all the Points where they thought there was Danger, for on these Occasions none but Centinels are permitted to discharge a Musket; and when they found that all was safe, a Major was ordered to inquire where, and for what Reason, the Firing had taken place; it was soon discovered by the Death of the Hog. The three Soldiers effaced the Track of the Blood with their Feet; and, rolling it up among their Clothes and Linen, buried it in the

\* Alluding, I imagine, to the Pigs. *Tr.*

Trunk, which served as its Sepulchre until the Arrival of the Major; who, making Inquiries from Tent to Tent, at last came to that of the three Soldiers, and on their denying that they had the Pig, the Major began searching about the Trunk; on moving it, the Hog, from the very Interior of his Body, gave a deep Groan, for he was not dead, and a little while after, a second and louder. The Major, who understood the Business, having suffered Hunger as long as they had, looked at them without speaking a Word. They remained with their Hair standing up on end, their Limbs trembling, and Confusion in their Faces, expecting no doubt to be hanged, or to suffer some other severe Punishment. The Major, putting his Finger to his Mouth, said, ‘Send me my Share, and we will all make merry with it.’ He then with much Composure re-commenced his Search from Tent to Tent, till at last returning to his own, he found his Part of

the Pig wrapped up in a dirty Cloth ; and it appeared to him as if it had fallen from the Clouds." The Talker now said, " Well, à-propos to this, I will tell you a Story ——" But I stopped him short, saying : " No, no, my Friend, that will not do, for I have not yet told half mine." And then I began running on at a great Rate with a whole Heap of Nonsense about the Soldiers, till he was induced to mount his Beast and gallop off by the Alora Road, without taking Leave of any Body ; while I remained at the Inn of Don Sancho, resting myself after the Fatigue of talking so much, and still more of having listened so long to the chattering of my Companion. For, the Gift of Speech being the Means by which Men communicate one with another, Excess of Talking destroys the good End for which it was granted to *us*, and not to other Animals. Intercourse by Conversation, and the Sweetness of Speech, how many Excellencies does

it possess! seeing that it is the Interpreter of the Soul; the Means of satisfying those who seek Information, an Exhorter to Good, a Consolation in Evil, a faithful Relator of Events, Mediator of Friendships, agreeable to the Ear, a Companion in Solitude, a Reasoner to persuade, and a Voice to communicate our Wishes. I omit many other Advantages, which, although not more important, are very necessary.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Reflections upon Babbling continued.*

**SOME** say that the Tongue is of the same Form as the Point of a Lance; but they are wrong, for it is neither so broad in the broad Part, nor so sharp at the Extremity. It appears to me, that it resembles in Shape the Head of an Adder; and whoever chooses to take the Trouble of examining it in a Looking-glass, will find that I am right. He will observe the quick Motion it has, swifter than that of any other Member of the Body: how of its own Movement it lengthens and shortens of itself, makes itself narrow or wide; with what Facility it moves to the Roof the Mouth, and descends again below; moves itself to one Lip and then the other; how it goes out, and returns home

again, without one's being able to discover what it is that lengthens or shrinks it up. And observing it under all these Circumstances, it appears like a Viper, at the Mouth of a Cave, ready to slip in or out; and at last when it does go out, having for its Guard and Defence two Rows of Teeth and Lips, which interfere with its Liberty of Speech. In spite of this, however, it talks when it is bid, and sometimes more than it is desired: but this is a bad Practice commonly observed in low People, such as Fish-women and Washerwomen; or, if in *Men*, they are Persons of similar Birth and Habits. If these would only reflect how important it is for a quiet Life, and a happy Death, they would prefer being mute to talking so much and so foolishly. And I said that the Tongue resembles the Head of an Adder, because it finds itself as much disposed to sting or bite, as to praise or persuade. But how sweet a Thing it is to speak well! how

many Friends does one gain by it, and how many Enemies by a contrary Proceeding! There would be Temperance and Moderation in all the Distresses of Life, if these Qualities were possessed by the Tongue: from it proceed all the Disputes which arise in Communities and Assemblies. What an easy Thing it is to assert a Truth, how difficult to contradict it! since one can have no good Reason to plead against it. All the Wounds that a Man gives with his Arm, stop where the Injury is received. But the Wound given by the Tongue, (as was said by the most learned Pedro de Valencia,) spreads and extends itself in the same Manner as the Circle which is made by throwing a Stone into a Pond of Water; or like the Voice, which being sent into the Air, flies away, spreading itself as it goes; for the Word which has once gone forth, cannot return to its Master, nor is he any longer the Owner of that which he might

have kept to himself, but chose to let it escape. They call him that has a back-biting Tongue satirical, but improperly; for the one has no Affinity to the other: for true Satire does not originate from the Poison of the Tongue, but from Zeal to censure Vice.

That Philosopher, who, on being asked what Animal had most Venom in its Bite, replied, "The Evil-speaker amongst the forward, and the Flatterer amongst the cowardly," did not explain what he considered a Flatterer. For, in fact, Flattery is a Lie told smoothly to one present; as when they call an ignorant Man wise, or an ugly Woman handsome. This is real Adulation, and open Flattery; and while it is a great Evil, it bespeaks greater Folly to listen to it. But it is not considered Flattery, to tell a Woman of tolerable Looks that she is handsome, nor a Man that has a good Person, that his Figure is remarkably fine. Nor is

Faults

62

speech

it Flattery to tell a Man who sings agreeably, that he is another Orpheus ; nor him that is a moderately good Poet, that he is a second Horace.

Though I should be accused of making a bad Use of the Precept I have been inculcating, not to talk too much ; I must add my Condemnation of a Set of People who, when they once begin to talk, run on like a Catherine Wheel, till all their Ammunition is expended.

Those Persons are very ill bred, who do not listen to what is said in Return for their own Remarks, and they make themselves odious to all the World. One ought to say what is requisite in answering, and then wait for the Reply of the Person with whom we are conversing ; and the Conversation should be well regulated, possessing, if possible, Vivacity and Spirit ; but, at all Events, Good Sense, Moderation, and Discrimination ; not imagining that we are to

keep all the Conversation to ourselves. Let me cite for an Example, Doña Ana de Zuazo, who uses her Tongue in Singing and Talking with so divine a Grace, that she appears like a Miracle on Earth; or like Doña Maria Carrion, who, if she did not possess so many Advantages of Beauty, would be abundantly esteemed by the World, for the Good Sense and Ease of her Conversation. Let me add, as Patterns of my own Sex, those great Orators, the Master Santiago Picadoro, Father Gregory of Pedrosa, Father Placido Tosantos, and the Master Hortensio, a Man of divine Understanding; and Father Salablanca, excellent alike in his Life and Conversation; and other worthy Individuals, who appear to talk more with the Tongues of Angels than of Men. But in censuring too great a Disposition to talk, I have already said too much, with the Hope of persuading him that has this Fault to amend it. I reposed that

Night in a Town near the Road, called Cazarabonela, where there is an abundant Supply of Water, of Lemon and Orange Trees, and shady Groves, although it is situated at the Foot of very high Rocks.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The Squire's Stratagem to get from a Gang of Gipsies—His Arrival at Ronda—Attempt to prove the Scite of the Munda of the Romans.*

THE next Morning I followed the Road which leads among those rugged Rocks and thick Groves, where I saw a strange Sight, not uncommon in that Part of the Country. It was a great Spout of Water, which, rising out of the Rock, flew onward with much Violence (appearing like an artificial Work) towards the East, of a Temperature more warm than cold ; and on turning round a Point of the Rock, another Pipe, corresponding with the first, except that it was cold as Ice, spouted out, taking a Westerly Direction. Near the first, the Rosemary appeared in a flourishing State ;

and two Paces further on, it was without Leaves; and so it is with the rest of the Plants in this Neighbourhood, some Brambles without Leaves, others with green Berries, and a little further on with ripe ones: all that looks towards Malaga having the Appearance of Spring; and what looks towards Ronda, that of Winter. Among these Trees the Road abounds with Springs and Fountains, which precipitate themselves from the high Craggs and Sierras, thickly covered with evergreen Oaks, Lentisks, and common Oaks. Being alone, I meditated as I went along, on the extraordinary Things which Nature produces, when unexpectedly I fell in with a wandering Party of Gipsies, at a Brook called ‘Arroyo de las Doncellas.’ I should have turned back if I had not observed that they perceived me; for the many Murders committed on the Highways, at that Time, by the Moors and Gipsies, occurred to my Mind. As the Road was

little frequented, and I found myself alone with little Hope that I should meet with any Body to accompany me; I plucked up Courage, and, on their asking me for Charity, said to them, “Willingly, my Friends.” And remarking also that they were drinking Water, I invited them to take some Wine, and presented them with a Skin of Wine of Pedro Ximenez of Malaga, and some Bread that I had with me. They were much pleased at this, and never ceased talking, continuing to ask me for more and more. I have a Custom, and every one that travels alone ought to have the same, which is, to exchange one’s Gold and Silver for as much small Money as one may require in travelling between two Towns; for it is the most dangerous Thing possible to take out Gold or Silver at an Inn, or on the Road. I had my Pocket full of this small Change, which I took out, and divided it (never with more Good-will in all my Life) to every one as I

fancied. The female Gypsies travelled two and two on some poor lean Mares\* and small Horses, and the Boys by threes and fours, on some lame Asses' Colts. The Rascals of Gypsies went on Foot, nimble as the Wind, and appearing to me very tall and athletick: for Fear is a great Magnifier of Objects. The Road is narrow and stony, and strewed very thickly with Roots of Trees, which made my Mule stumble considerably. The Gypsies gave him Blows on the Buttocks, and it appeared as if they were inclined to give them to me in the Heart. For I moved along in the narrowest and lowest Part of the Road, the Gypsies keeping upon higher Ground among the Bushes; and it seemed every Moment that they were on the Point of attacking me. In the midst of this Terror and Alarm,

\* Mares are seldom used in Spain for the Saddle, or in any other Way than to tread out the Corn, which is still their Mode of separating it from the Straw. *Tr.*

as I was riding along, looking first on this Side, then on that, with the greatest Care, moving my Eyes but not my Head, one of the Gang came up to me suddenly, and seized my Bridle, persuading me to dismount, the Rogue of a Gipsy examining his Mouth, said: "He has lost the Mark, Friend." "Ah!" muttered I to myself, "I wonder whether you expect to go to Heaven, Rascal that you are, for having terrified me in this Way." They asked me if I would like to exchange my Mule? And having revolved in my Mind what had already passed, and what might yet happen; and considering further that their Object was to steal, and that I had no Chance of diverting their Attention from me, except by throwing out to them a Prospect of greater Gain; I took out more small Change, and parting it among them, said: "Most certainly, my Friends, I would make the Exchange with the greatest Pleasure in the World; but I

have left a Friend behind on the Road, a Merchant, who has knocked up a Mule on which he is carrying Money; and I am pushing on to the next Town, to procure a Beast for him." On hearing me talk of a Merchant alone, with a Mule tired, and loaded with Money, they said: "Go on, my Friend, as fast as you please, and we will take care to spend the Money you have given us, in Ronda. I spurred my Mule, and made him travel faster over the rugged Road than he was inclined to do; whilst they remained talking together in their Gipsy Jargon, with the Intention of waiting for the Merchant, to ask Charity from him in their usual Manner. If I had not made use of this Stratagem, it would have fared ill with me. God knows how often I regretted having parted Company with the talkative Man; for all his Talking and Bother could not have placed me in the dangerous Situation in which I then found

myself. In truth, however wearisome a Companion may be, more Good than Harm accrues from his Presence on a Journey: and though he may be very despicable, one has it in one's Power only to converse with him on Matters of Indifference. And if we wish to converse on what occurs on the Road, *any* Companion is good. God, indeed, impressed this Truth on our Minds, when he made one Arm a Companion for the other, one Leg for another Leg, Eyes and Ears, and the other Members of the Human Body to correspond, except the Tongue, that Man may know he is to listen a great deal and talk but little. I went on, turning my Head frequently round, to observe whether the Gipsies were following me; for as there was a great Number of them, some might have followed me while the rest stayed behind. But the Spirit of Covetousness which influenced some, had the same Effect in detaining all, and I pursued my

Journey unmolested. I reached the Town more fatigued than I should have been, but for my Terror of the Gipsies. I afterwards saw one of these Fellows punished as a Thief in Seville; and one of the Women for Witchcraft at Madrid. But when I had escaped from this Gang, and my Fears had subsided, they brought to my Recollection the Flight of the Children of Israel out of Egypt. Some of the young Gipsies were naked, others with a few Rags on; one with his Shirt torn, his Flesh appearing through it; another practising the Game of hurling Stones. Of the Women, some were well dressed, with a great many Ornaments and Bracelets of Gold; others half-clothed, or naked. They had with them a dozen Asses' Colts, blind and lame, but light and sharp as the Wind; and they forced them to get on much faster than the poor Animals were well able to manage. God must have put this Stratagem into my Mind, for the

Gipsies were sufficiently numerous to have sacked a Village of a hundred Houses.

I rested awhile, and dined at this Town, reaching Ronda the same Night. I found my Friends the Merchants anxiously expecting my Arrival, their Business being nearly completed. What happened to me there I shall not record; for in a large Fair of this Sort, the Intricacies, Tricks, Thefts, and Rogueries which take place, are so numerous that a separate History would be required for every one of them. I went thither, neither to buy nor to sell; but about Business relating to my Studies, and to see my Family. But I served as a Guide to the Merchants, and shewed them several Things very remarkable and well worth seeing in that City: Works of Nature as well as of Art; such as the famous Edifice of the Mine, by means of which they always supply themselves with Water, when surrounded by an Enemy. This City was built

of the Ruins of Munda, now called Ronda-la-vieja; at which place Cæsar found himself so pressed by the Sons of Pompey, that he himself confessed that he had always till then fought to conquer, but that *here* he had fought to avoid being conquered. The present City of Ronda is built on a high Precipice; and I state it as a Fact, that while the Sun was shining in the Town, the Rain was falling in the deep Hollow in the midst of it, between two perpendicular Rocks; and some Men coming up into the Town from the Corn and Fulling Mills situated below, were observed to be quite wet; and on being asked how they became so, they replied that it was raining hard in the hollow Way between the two high Cliffs that separate the City from the Suburbs.\*

When this City was built, it became necessary, from the great Want of Springs above,

\* Now united by a magnificent Bridge. (See Preface.) Tr.

to make a subterraneous Passage through the hard Rock down to the very River; and the miserable captive Slaves\* were employed in bringing up the Water, by means of Steps, to the Number of about Four hundred;† of which fatiguing Work some of them died. And there is an old Tradition, that a Cross, which I have seen in the Middle of the Staircase, was made by a Christian, (who died in consequence of this Labour), with his Thumb Nail; and the Wood was dug so deep, that one would hardly imagine it could have been performed even with the Point of a Dagger. This Cross is of the same Size as one in the Old Church at Cordova, made by the Hands of another holy Captive, and in the same laborious Manner.

\* Christian Slaves, employed by the Moors, who were then Masters of the Country. *Tr.*

† I counted the Steps, and though I have no correct Memorandum of the Number, I recollect they did not amount to Two hundred. *Tr.*

Some Persons maintain that so great a Work as the building of this City, could not have been achieved by any other People than the Romans. However, as a Proof to the contrary, there is a large Stone in the Foundation of the principal Tower on which there is a Latin Inscription, with the Letters reversed; which would not have been done by People who knew how to read Latin; besides this, the Streets are all narrow, and the Houses (which are ancient) very low, which is quite opposite to the Style of Building of the Romans and Spaniards. Let this be as it may, the Building of the Mine was executed with great Labour and Care, and it is one of the most memorable Works of Antiquity in Spain; and there is no doubt but that this City was built of the Ruins of Munda, as one discovers by a great Number of the Stones and Idols. Among these there are two very fine ones, (though much injured) of Alabas-

ter, in the House that Don Rodrigo de Ovalle now lives in, and which has descended to him from his Father and Grandfather, whom I knew. And although I am no Historiographer, I cannot refrain from mentioning, in passing, how greatly deceived Ambrosio de Morales must have been, by the Similarity of Name, when he said that ancient Munda was situated where a small Town called Monda now stands, built below the Sierra Bermeja: for no one could have asserted this, who had seen the Ground. But what Paulus Hirtius asserts with respect to the Country between Osuna and Ronda-la-vieja, accords very well with my Opinion; and as the great Ampitheatre is still in being, (I saw it myself in the Year 1586,)\* it is proved to have been a Colony of the Romans. Added to this, I recollect having heard from Juan de Luzon, a Gentle-

\* I saw this Ampitheatre in 1813. Tr.

✓ man of a noble Understanding and much Learning, and also from his Grandson, a young Gentleman, by name Cardenas, descended from warlike Ancestors; that, at a Farm of his, situated on the Spot where Munda stood, some Labourers were one Day sowing in the Fields, and found a Stone, on which were these Words: "Munda Imperatore Sabino." And I have heard my Grandfather, who was also descended from the victorious Chiefs that took part with the Catholick Kings, mention the Fact.

I have related these Particulars, because all those who are acquainted with the Circumstances are now dying away, and I am desirous that the Truth should be certified to Posterity. The City has some Natural Curiosities which People go to see from many Leagues round, particularly the lofty Cliffs and Rocks on which its Foundations are laid. It abounds in all the Necessaries of Life, and consequently very few of its

Inhabitants leave it for the sake of seeing the World; but such as do leave it to become Soldiers, or to embark in any other Profession, prove themselves capable of any Employment they undertake. But as I am not writing History, I shall pass these Truths by without further Remark. I shewed the Merchants as much as I could, and left them, with the Intention of going to the West Indies.

## CHAP. XX.

*The Squire Returns to Salamanca—Adopts a Soldier's Life—Embarks for the West Indies—Engages in an Adventure which does not terminate quite to his Wish.*

THE Business that brought me to Ronda being finished, I proceeded to Salamanca, where I remained till they fitted out an Armada at Santander, under General Pedro Melendez, Governor of the Floridas; an experienced Mariner, appointed for this Reason to the chief Command.

With the natural Desire I then had to see the World, I gave up my Studies, and attached myself to a Captain, a Friend of mine, who was in search of Men to serve in that Armada. And whoever had seen the vast Number collected together for this Service, from Castile and Andalucia, would

have supposed it capable of resisting the whole World: but as the Hand of God governs every thing, and without his incomprehensible Will, neither the Power of Kings, the Valour of Generals, nor the Zeal of the greatest Warriors is sufficient to overturn the Weakness of one miserable Individual; so, that powerful Army experienced a most unfortunate Catastrophe: not in Battle, for it never arrived at that Point; but a Sick-ness spread itself among the Soldiers, of which almost the whole of them died without leaving the Port.

A very superior Set of People embarked on this Occasion: young and robust, and elevated with those lofty Hopes which their noble Courage inspired. I embarked in a Brigantine with the same Crew, though (in consequence of a new Arrangement) under a different Captain; and in this second Ship, I was appointed Ensign of Armada. Indeed it became a Saying in those Days: “Un-

happy the Mother who has not a Son an Ensign in the Armada." Don Diego Maldonado was the Admiral, a Gentleman of excellent Taste, into whose good Graces I fell, and I gained the Post of Ensign to the Second Captain in consequence. I was soon attacked by a Quotidian Fever, which persecuted us equally at Land and at Sea; and as no Pre-eminence is possessed (however deservedly) without exciting Envy, a young Gentleman of the same Company to which I belonged, was infected with it on account of my good Fortune; and he persuaded eight or ten of his Comrades to unite with him in earnest Attempts to remove me from my Situation. But the more Snares they laid for my Disgrace, the further was I from falling into them; though any one in a similar Situation would have found it difficult to extricate himself. There is, in fact, no better Remedy for avoiding Evils of this Description, than the not noticing the first

Steps towards an Affront; especially at the robust Period of Life, at which I then was. For although not very young, I was very passionate, and Illness had made me somewhat captious.

In order to avoid this young Gentleman, I remained some Days on Shore without going on board the Vessel; for it is always worth while to take these Precautions against similar Vexations. My Landlady cured me of my Fever, by giving me Wine of Ribadavia, and an Infusion of Arsenic; for sick People have Faith in every Thing that restores them to Health. As I was of a warm Disposition, the more the Fever increased, the more did my Hatred of the envious Man increase with it: so that, on their recommending me to go on Board again, for the Benefit of my Health, I followed their Advice, though the Fever was still hanging about me. And as he was still bent on his spiteful Intentions, he agreed with his Comrades (on whom he

expended the little he had) to give me an Opportunity of fighting him. I knew how to swim, and he did not. I answered a Question which he and his Comrades, who were standing in the Gangway, put to me, and he immediately told me I lied. It occurred to me that if I should strike him, his Friends would probably attack me with their Swords without any Scruple. I therefore closed with him, and jumped overboard with him in my Arms, giving him some hearty Kicks while I had him in the Water, out of the Reach of his Friends' Assistance. Having forced him down below the Surface, I seized hold of the Ship's Boat which lay alongside. The poor Wretch, having swallowed some Quarts of Water, rose again; and the first Thing he found to assist him was my Leg, which he grasped so obstinately, that all the Kicks I gave him with the other Foot, were not sufficient to make him quit his Hold.

The Rascals on whose Aid he had placed

so much Reliance, before he had ventured to insult me, remained at their former Station in the Gangway, almost splitting their Sides with laughing (instead of trying to assist either of us) at seeing him keep fast Hold of my Leg, while I clung to the Boat. I called out to the Seamen (for my Companion could not utter a Word) to throw out a Rope; which they did, and two of them lowering themselves down, carried us up into the Vessel, as if we had been two Tunny-fish. For I could not ascend alone, as he still kept fast Hold of my Leg, but, being unaccustomed to the Element, came up half-drowned. They gave him some Blows in the Stomach, which made him throw up the Water he had swallowed, while I wrung my Clothes, and dried them as well as I could.

The miserable Wretch experienced on this Occasion, that one Leg of his Adversary was of more Value to him, than the twelve Arms of his Friends. For Heaven

so orders Things, that Friendships founded on bad Designs, are productive of no Benefit. Nobody should, indeed, confide implicitly in others ; for it is easy to promise Assistance, but doubtful whether it will be afforded.

Every one, in these Cases, looks to his own Risk when involving himself in Matters that do not concern him. His Insolence gained him my Contempt, and the Favour of others. But in this same Contempt he found his Preservation, whilst their Favour stood him in no Stead.

This bold Act of Revenge drove away my Fever, and furnished a Subject of Merriment to the whole Fleet. The Adelantado heard of it, and laughed heartily ; but the Admiral came on board our Vessel, with a View of ascertaining what my Grievance had been, and said, with great Good-humour : “ These Friendships, contracted on the Sea, under the Influence of Neptune, I, as Admiral, confirm. And I wish you, Gentlemen Sol-

diers, to understand for the future, that no Affronts must be given under my Flag; and that he who bears any patiently, shall be esteemed an honourable prudent Soldier." He made my Opponent, who was half dead with Fear, a Present, and carried me Home to dine with him; and I was so overjoyed, that I poured out my Nonsense on every Body belonging to the Fleet, that came in my Way. An unfortunate Armament, whereof nearly twenty thousand Soldiers embarked, only three hundred remaining fit for Service; which Number, Captain Vanegas conducted. But in this Instance, the Exertions even of the Count of Olivarez were insufficient; a most excellent Minister, sagacious and discerning in all State Affairs, and fit to govern the World. The Adelantado and other great Officers of his Majesty died there, which completed the Ruin of that great Body of Men. I quitted it, like the rest, who stopped behind to recover their Health;

for, in truth, all who escaped Death, fell sick ; and it was said that there was something bad in the Provisions.

Leaving Santander, I took the Road to Laredo and Portugalete, and arrived at Bilbao, where Fortune was as adverse to me as usual. Although I was not yet very robust, nor my Health re-established, I had still something of the Air of a Soldier about me : and as that Armament had been so much talked of, every Body was pleased at seeing the Soldiers who had belonged to it. The Women especially, as greater Friends to Novelty, always went out to look at every Soldier that passed by. Being in a Church at Bilbao, a very handsome Biscayan Woman (of which there are many with most lovely Faces) fixed her Eyes upon me. I returned the Compliment with such good Effect, that before she left the Place, (after having conversed with me for some Time, and given me a Hint of her Inclination to go to Castile)

she desired that I would repair that Night to her House, and make her a Signal. I told her, that as common Signals were apt to produce Doubt, on hearing the Noise of a Cat she might come to the Window, for it would be me who made it. She agreed to it; and at Midnight, when I supposed that every body would be asleep, I went and leaned against a Wall in the Shade, and with great Caution placed myself in a Corner, directly under her Window; where, on account of the Shade, no one could see me. I then made the *Cat-signal*,\* which set all the Dogs barking, and an Ass braying. A Passenger on the other Side of the Street, probably having some Assignation as well as myself, at hearing the Noise of the Cat and Dogs, while I was attentively watching the Window, to see whether my

\* This Anecdote is likewise copied into Gil Blas. T.

Signal was observed, took up a Stone, crying in Biscayan: "The Devil take these Cats that have set all the Dogs a barking;" and drawing back his Hand with a Stone in it, he threw it with great Violence towards the Spot where he had heard the Cat, and struck me on the Ribs. I continued silent, supporting my Pain as well as I could, though it drove from my Mind all Thoughts of the Window, and even all Love for the Lady: for it occurred to me that God had permitted this on account of the little Respect I had shewn him in the Church, arranging an Affair there, that was an Offence against His Majesty; for in Sacred Places, Fear and Shame ought to serve as a Bridle to such Undertakings. If the Temples are founded for the Purpose of offering Sacrifices to God, and of imploring his Favours, how can we expect that he will grant them, when we treat him with so

little Respect in his own Dwelling-place?  
And those who reverence not such Places,  
must have Minds void of all Shame.

Let no Man follow Women into Churches,  
for there is Plenty of Room elsewhere, in  
which to see and converse with them.  
Great Chastisements have fallen upon those  
who have not had Respect for the Temples  
of God: while, on the other hand, great  
Mercies have been manifested towards those  
who have trembled at the Thoughts of treat-  
ing them disrespectfully; and this not only  
among the Followers of the true Religion,  
but even among the Worshippers of false  
Gods.

I withdrew, partly in consequence of my  
bad Success, and partly because we are  
not apt to regret forsaking Persons with  
whom we have no Intimacy. But as she  
was desirous to go to Castile, she found  
Means to send me Word by a Friend, (who  
knew about as much of Castilian as I did of

the Biscayan Language) that, as I did not chuse to go to her House, to speak to her, I should meet her at the Entrance of the Town on the Vitoria Side. But Men who, in Places where they are not known, and with whose Customs they are unacquainted, act according to their own Fancies, deserve to find themselves exposed to the same Danger that I was. There is no such Thing as an Assignation unattended with Danger; and it shews great Ignorance to make one where we have no Experience. Those who speak of a Biscayan, in Castile, speak of a simple, well-disposed Man. But I believe that in Bilbao, as the Capital of the Kingdom, or as a Frontier or Sea-port Town, there are some Vagabond Fellows who possess something of the Roguery of Valladolid, or even of Seville. I went to the Place of Appointment rather late, and found the Lady there with her Friend or Companion. We walked on, conversing, my Lady

sometimes singing in Biscayan, for the other did not understand a Word of Castilian; and this, together with what she had to say relative to her going to Castile, entertained us so much, that Night overtook us when we were at some Distance from the City. We set out on our Return, and arriving at a Mill, met four ill-looking Fellows who came out of a Tavern, not a mere Cyder House, but where they sold good Wine, of which there are several in the Neighbourhood of the Mills. These Men seeing two Biscayan Women with one Castilian, allowed their Heads, in the State they were in, to govern their Actions, and placing themselves two on one Side of us, and two on the other, they drew their Swords and began slashing away at me.

I was not my own Master; for, on one Side was a steep Hill, and on the other, a high Wall, which went down to a Mill-dam. The Women took to their Heels, whilst I

did all I possibly could to prevent the Fellows from getting behind me. But the Rogues were Bravadoes, and knew well how to manage Affairs of this kind. Seeing that I could not avoid the Danger, and not being able to advance or ascend the Hill, I attacked two of them, in the Hope of driving them away. But the whole four closing with me at the same Moment, threw me into the Mill-dam, so near the Wheel, that the furious Current would have carried me against it, and I should have inevitably been dashed to pieces, had I not seized hold of a Stake near the Gate, that stopped the Water and turned it upon the Wheel. But this Stake was so close to the Wheel, and had so little Strength, that I found myself, as it yielded to my Weight, on the point of perishing. The Villains ran off in pursuit of the Women, as soon as they saw me soused in the Water. And though, in such unforeseen Dangers, one particularly requires

Assistance, I had no one to help me. The Stake bent more and more, while I continued approaching nearer to the Wheel. But turning my Head towards the Left, I observed a small Tree by the Bank Side, and thinking it might be stronger than the Stake, I resolved to reach it. Beginning therefore to recover my Spirits, I kept fast hold of the Stake with my Right-hand, and stretched out my Left towards the Tree, contriving thus to get hold of one of its Branches. My Weight being now divided between the two, though I could not resist the immense Fury of the Current, which impelled my Feet forward close to the Wheel, I managed at least to support myself better, until at length getting my Left Leg out of the Water, I found a Stone on the Wall, on which I contrived to place it; and, exerting myself, I improved my Condition so much, that, with the Assistance of my Arms, I was able to take hold of the Post on which the Flood-

gate was hung. Then leaning my Weight on my Left-hand, I drew out my Knife with my Right, and getting it under Water, I made a Lever by means of it, which raised the Flood-gate so much, that half the Water found its Way through; and, repeating my Efforts frequently, I raised it at last so completely, that the Current now rushed out with the same Fury with which it had entered; and, pursuing its natural Course, enabled me to make use of my Feet, and proceed along the Channel in which the Water had run; taking hold of the Stakes that supported the Wall of the Mill-dam.

Like one who had escaped from Death to Life, without Cloak, Sword, or Hat, I now pursued my Way; almost doubting whether I was actually the Person that had lately been exposed to such imminent Danger. I went running along by the Mills, like a Man just discharged from Prison, the sooner to reach a Place where I might recover my

Breath and change my Clothes, lest the Wet should give me Cold. Those who met me, spoke to me in Biscayan ; inquiring whether I was mad. But I was in too much Haste to return them any Answer, and arriving at length at my Inn, I found the Wrist of my Right-hand swelled larger than my Thigh, in consequence of a Blow the Rogues had given it. I was confined to my Bed eight or ten Days, recovering from the Terror that the near Prospect of Death had produced.

This was the greatest Danger I ever encountered, and occasioned wholly by Persons who did not speak, but acted like silent Assassins. I was astonished to find, amongst a People who profess so much Kindness and Simplicity, treacherous Wretches such as these, without Pity, Justice, or Reason. While I was confined to my Bed, I took myself to task, saying: " Mr. Marcos de Obregon, how long have you been so bold

and so valiant? What has a Student to do with these Exploits? How much Attention you pay to those excellent Rules your Father taught you! Do you not recollect that the first Precept he gave you was, to feel the Pulse of an Affair before you should venture to engage in it? and the second, if you did engage in it, that you should consider whether it would prove Matter of Offence to another? Very prettily have you profited by these Instructions! It has a good Appearance, has it not, to pass from the Profession of a Student to that of a Soldier, (each so honourable,) and from these to that of a Miller—not to a real Miller indeed, but to that of being *milled*! How little Uneasiness would it have occasioned to that scoundrel Wheel to have become your Executioner, and to have torn you in Quarters!” I tried my Legs and my Arms, and finding them serviceable, though weak, I returned Thanks to my Guardian Angel, whose

Bounty supplies us with Prudence, our own not sufficing to protect us from Troubles and Adversities. But it will suffice to prevent our falling into them; except that we seldom acquire this Virtue till late in Life, and after so much Experience in Misfortunes, that when it does come it appears of little Use. And Youth is naturally so full of Variety and Changes, that Young Men are more inclined to trust to Fortune and Chance, than to pay obedience to Providence. I acknowledge that it was the small Share of Prudence I possessed, which led me to the Point of perishing miserably, where I should have become the Food, not of Fishes, but of *Worms*; unless it had happened that the Dogs of the Mill had made a Banquet on me, before their Master should hear of my being drowned. I got through my Troubles the best Way I could, which was not very well; for among the Soldiery, there was not much Money;

although one finds among them Men of Experience, capable of estimating the Blessings of Peace, at the same Time that they are animated with a Desire to engage in the Business of War.

## CHAP. XXI.

*The Squire arrives at Vitoria—Encouraged by the Great—Travels to Navarre and Aragon—Gives up his Mind to Gaming; and Reflections thereon, as also on Jealousy.*

I LEFT Biscay (pouring out a thousand Blessings on it) with the Intention of reaching Vitoria as soon as possible; and on my Arrival there, I found a great Nobleman, a Friend of mine, Don Felipe de Lezcano, who received me into his House, and entertained me so well, that I soon recovered from the Effects of my past Troubles; and not wishing to leave any Thing unseen, I went from thence to Navarre; Don Ferdinando de Toledo, a Son of the great Duke of Alva, being then the Constable of that Province: but taking great care not to engage in any

Thing which I had not well weighed the  
 Consequences of; for as in every Kingdom,  
 City, and Town, there are different Customs,  
 he who is not acquainted with them, by  
 living a regular quiet Life, fulfils a natural  
 Obligation, and also acts up to that first  
 Precept of Nature, (Self-preservation,) which  
 the Adventure of the Mill brought to my  
 Recollection. I endeavoured always to pro-  
 fit by it, except when it slipped from my  
 Memory; and then, being young, I stumbled  
 from Time to Time, principally in those  
 Things which Age alone can mature; and  
 as Custom becomes in a short time Habit,  
 what is not repugnant to Sense and Reason  
 I was not anxious to abandon, unless Force  
 constrained me. At last I grew into so  
 much Favour in Navarre and Aragon, that  
 I acquired many Friends there. On arri-  
 ving at Zaragoza, a City, and the Capital of  
 the ancient Kingdom of Aragon, which in  
 those Days had not so great a Reputation

as it deserved; I met with so many and such good Friends, that I appeared, by the Kindness they shewed me, rather a Native than a Stranger: but I was always very cautious not to gaze in at their Windows, (for they are exceedingly jealous in that Kingdom,) nor to take Offence at any Body; nor to lay hold of Words of little Importance; for this creates a great deal of Enmity and Hatred. A great Prince entertained me in his House during the Time I remained there. He was a great Lover of Musick, and a Friend to all Acts of Genius and Virtue, protecting and assisting me in my Necessities; and so great was the Favour he shewed me, that I got into a Habit of amusing myself at Play, a great deal more than I ought to have done, which was enough to distract my Senses, never having before been led into the Vice of Gaming: but as in Palaces Idleness is so predominant, and Learning and the Sciences so little

encouraged, I gave into that Life which all engaged in :—a Vice against Charity, full of Anger, creating an Insolence in him who gains, and a forced Humility in him who loses; dragging *him* along so completely who pursues it, that it leaves him no Will of his own in other Things; but induces him to prefer Play to Honour, and to leave a Wife and Family to starve of Hunger: these are its common Effects; there are others also which will not bear repeating. A Gentleman of very good Understanding had given himself up so entirely to Play, that he had converted the Habit into a second Nature; and his own Mother reproving him, and intreating him to leave it off, (promising if he would, to make over to him her whole Property, which was not contemptible,) he replied, that he was like a Man with a Dagger stuck in his Body, who would retain his Life till they should draw it out, when Death would immediately en-

sue; and it would happen in the same Way to him if they attempted to deprive him of his Play. But the Covetousness of Winners is so great, and the Desperation of Losers so extreme, that the one rests not till he has lost back what he had gained, nor does the other live in Peace till he has recovered his Losses; the one becomes uneasy from his Gains, the other torments himself with the Hope of winning, and both alternately change their Condition: nor can any one credit the infernal Hatred which the Loser feels against the Winner, however he may endeavour to conceal it. It seems as if on these Occasions all Ties of Friendship and of Nature were forgotten.

He who would kindle Dissention between two intimate Friends, can take no better Method than leading them to play high against each other: the Devil requires no further Assistance to make them bitter Enemies. Such is the Power of that Hatred

engendered by Play. How many infamous Deaths, Frauds, Treacheries, Robberies, and Lies, proceed from Gaining!

I hate to think on the distressing Events which I have seen arise from this Vice. But I contend that the Temptations it holds forth are so great, that a Man fond of Retirement, of Writing, Reading, or other Acts of Virtue, if he should play once and lose, has need of the Assistance of Heaven to enable him to unite again the Thread which he has thus broken. I diverted myself with this fascinating Pursuit awhile, and then, forsaking it myself, warned my Friends to beware of its captivating Influence. To one of these Companions of mine an Incident occurred, which proved very mortifying to me, and made every Body laugh who heard of it. He asked me to accompany him one Night, in his Visit to a *certain Person*, wishing to take me that I might act as a Guard to him. I dressed myself as for

Night Duty, with my Sword and Buckler, a Pair of loose linen Breeches, a Cloak with large Skirts, and other Things to disguise myself; in which Trim I went with him whither he was disposed to carry me, which was to a House with a Stone Bench in front of it. The Clock struck Eleven, and afterwards Twelve, which was his appointed Hour. He desired me to seat myself at the Door, and said that he would come out again presently: I stretched myself upon the Bench, and muttering between my Teeth, began to encourage Sleep as much as I could, for it was now my Time for going to Rest. The following Day was to be the solemn Day of the Apostles. I heard Two strike, and then Three, for my Friend was prevented coming out by some Accident; I roused myself up, and began walking backwards and forwards, reciting my Prayers, thinking by these Means to prevent myself from falling asleep again,

though, in fact, nothing is more likely to encourage it. I returned to my Bench, being tired with walking so much; and as my Supper had been long digested, I continued rubbing my Eyes as hard as I could, without any Effect; but at last, I do not know how, I remained fast asleep without desiring it, till they began ringing for High Mass, with all the Noise that the Bells make on one of these Feast Days. Some Ladies who were passing by, exclaimed: “How the Pig snores!” and sent a Squire to awaken me. I awoke, and opening my Eyes with a great Yawn, beheld the Sun shining in the midst of the Street, and hearing the jingling of the Bells, I wrapped myself up in my Cloak, and began running, not towards my Inn, but towards Medicis Square, with more than three hundred Dogs after me; and in turning a Corner, I came in contact with a blind Man, who was carrying a Dozen of Eggs in his Bosom.

At the same Moment that I encountered him, he lifted his Staff and struck me on the Left Shoulder with it: and as the Yellow of the Eggs was streaming down, the People cried out that he had broken the Gall in his Body. I had now very nearly reached the House where I meant to take Refuge, when, what with my Haste, and the Hindrance of the Dogs, I stumbled, and found myself extended at the Door of a certain well-bred Lady, to whom I had once sent a Brace of Partridges, that she might regale herself with them; and because they were larded with Bacon, she threw them out upon the Dunghill. It may seem that the Object with which I write this Book is partly defeated by relating these trifling Circumstances; but if the Matter be well weighed, they will be found not deficient in Substance; for I am not recounting here the Achievements of great Princes and valiant Generals, but the Life of a poor Squire,

who must encounter these and many more such Accidents; and I am anxious to censure an Inadvertency so great as that into which my Friend and I fell. To accompany a Person at Night who goes on a concerted Plan, I take to be a very foolish Thing: for, if he goes where there is nothing to fear, he can have no need of a Witness to his juvenile Indiscretions; and if he goes where he has a Suspicion of some Danger, it is clear that he cannot wish to injure the Reputation of the House: if he has to run away, the less Embarrassment he has the better; and consequently he will escape sooner alone than with a Companion, and will have no one afterwards to tell that he ran away: and although it is much more wise and safe, not to engage in these Affairs, yet, if one does, it is preferable to have no Associate; for the Friendships of Men come to an End, and then they are apt to reveal Secrets. Who will

not say that the Kindness I shewed in waiting for, and protecting my Friend, was not a Piece of Folly? Two o'Clock was past, and as the Day was approaching, what Necessity was there for me to put myself to so much Torment to avoid sleeping? What Royal Fortress had they ordered me to guard, unless it was that of a good-for-nothing Fellow, to place myself in Danger, greater than the Shame that resulted from the Adventure? When a Man exposes himself to such Risks, it ought to arise from his knowing that the Life or Honour of some Person is in Danger, or from Obedience to the Command of some great Prince or Republick; but I consider it a mere officious sort of Kindness to expose ourselves to the Caprices of Fortune, for the Sake of those who care as little about our Bodies, as they do for their own Souls. What Honour or Advantage should I have lost, if I had gone home to take the Repose

and Rest which Nature requires for its Preservation? If he had found Fault with me for having left him, I might have asked him whether I had deserted him in some Dungeon, from whence I might have drawn him out with my Hand, or whether he had left me reposing in my Bed; or whether he had considered himself amongst Enemies of the Faith, while he remained amongst the Enemies of its Followers? I have always heard it said, that he who is a Friend in Trouble ought to be so likewise in Pleasure; but in this Case, mine was the Trouble, and his the Pleasure. I refreshed myself by a Change of Clothes and a Nap, (though I had already slept long enough to satisfy any moderate Man,) in the House where I had first entered; and where I found one of its Inhabitants very full of Melancholy; so much so, that although he saw me fall on the Ground, with my Sword on one Side, and my Buckler on the other, it did not pro-

duce any Laughter in him, as in the rest of the By-standers: for a Fall generally occasions some Annoyance to the Person himself, and much Amusement to every one that witnesses it. However, this good Man was standing, when I fell, at the Door of the Lady who did not like Bacon; and perceiving that I was vexed, he approached to comfort me; telling me that all Men in the World are liable to suffer Afflictions, and that he was as full of them as a Man could be. I asked him what his Distresses were, that they made him so sorrowful, (for I have ever been compassionate): he replied, in one Word, “ Jealousy.” “ Is that your Complaint?” rejoined I. “ I do not wish to inquire into the Particulars of the Business, whether your Suspicions are confirmed, or imaginary; but this I mean to say, that it is a Complaint of young Men of little Experience; who, if they were only to reason thus, ‘ the Man I am jealous of

goes about raging with Jealousy of me,' they would console themselves with reflecting on his Suffering and Disquietude. What greater Satisfaction could one experience than that of seeing one's Enemy suffer, and having the Laugh against him? For to suppose that a Woman who gives herself up to her Inclinations, will be content with one Lover, is like thinking that a Sharper will be satisfied with one Ignoramus to play upon. Jealousy keeps a Nest of Devils in the Body of those who entertain it; and it appears as if they carried it about confined within their own Breast, since it does Harm to no one but themselves; and the more silent they are on the Subject, the more does the Passion increase. Its Remedy stands on so bad a Foundation, that, on ascertaining the Truth, it dies away, or else they get quit of it by degrees, by withdrawing themselves from the Object which has caused it. I am convinced, that of four

jealous Persons, scarcely one has any just Grounds for his Suspicion; and that the very Object himself is often wholly ignorant of the Matter." I now took Leave of the good Man, leaving him somewhat comforted, and returned to my Inn. A few Days after I set out for Valladolid, visiting Burgos and the Rioja, a fertile Province and superb Climate, bearing some Resemblance to Andalusia.

## CHAP. XXII.

*Enters the Service of Count of Lemos—Folly of Joking  
on the Natural Infirmities, or Credulity of others.*

IN Valladolid I served the Count of Lemos, Don Pedro de Castro, (renowned for his great Strength); a Nobleman of most excellent Taste, and Goodness peculiarly his own, independent of his Lineage, which is of the noblest; seeing that he is descended from the Race of Judges of Castile, Nuño, Rasura, and Layn Calvo, and also from the Royal Family of Portugal. I entered into his good Graces without much Trouble; for the Count was a Man of such singular Generosity, Mildness, and Affability, that it was no difficult Matter to gain his Esteem. Notwithstanding this, however, I did not find myself very comfortable at first, be-

cause I was deficient in *that* which is required by such as serve in a Palace, viz.: the Art of flattering with Dexterity and Grace; of seasoning a Falsehood to make it palatable; of telling Tales with Hypocrisy and Artifice; of feigning Friendship and dissembling Hatred. For these Things do not correspond well with ingenuous, independent Spirits: yet I was convinced of its being necessary; for a Servant ought always to appear with a cheerful Countenance in presence of his Master; to execute diligently whatever he is ordered, and indeed, in many Cases, what he is not ordered to do; and to exert himself to the utmost punctually to perform the Duties of his Office. As to the first, that of preserving a cheerful Appearance, it is very difficult for a melancholy Man to effect it: but there is one Remedy for this, viz. for the Servant not to go into the Presence of his Lord, except when he finds himself in good Hu-

mour; for the Cheerfulness of Servants (besides that it is a Part of their Business) helps their Master to live with Comfort to himself; and, unless they shew it, he thinks they are disgusted with his Service, and discharges them. But this Prince shewed so much Favour to his Servants, that he forced them to feel satisfied with themselves, and to serve him with every Appearance of Good-will; for on their doing every Thing they were bound to do, he honoured them, when he was entitled to be honoured. This Greatness of Mind and Courtesy have always shone conspicuous in this most ancient House, as it appears at this Day, in its present Representative, Don Pedro de Castro; who, from the most tender Age, displayed so great an Excellence of Wit and Valour, accompanied with extreme Liberality of Sentiment, that the King having placed him in the most eminent Offices and Employments the Spanish Monarchy can

boast of, his Reputation has gathered marvellous Fruits from it ; being very grateful to his King, greatly beloved by the People under his Government, and highly esteemed by Foreign Nations.

Whilst I was in this House at Valladolid, that great Comet was discovered, which had been foretold so many Years by Astronomers, as threatening the Head of the Portuguese Government. There were many Conjectures made upon this Event, and some of them so absurd as were sufficient to make one laugh heartily : amongst the rest, was one ; “ That great Things were to be diminished by it, and little Things exalted.” This Opinion got to the Ears of a very little Man, who was by no means satisfied with the Smallness of his Stature ; which, even with the Assistance of very high Heels to his Slippers, was still much below the Standard of other Men. He was ever polite and affable ; apt to be ena-

moured; fluent of Speech, fond of talking, and not devoid of Affectation. When conversing, however, he was not so desirous that his Ideas should be found to equal those of the Society in which he might be, as that his Shoulders should be on a Level with those of the Circle around him; and as this could never be the Case, he would work his Body (as if *that* was to blame) into a thousand Contortions; first raising up this Side, then that, till his Bones cracked again. When, therefore, the Interpretation of the Comet was made known to him, that small Things were to be exalted, he fully persuaded himself that it was intended to be applied to him. How apt we are to believe what we desire, although it be such Absurdity as this! They told him that I was a Conjuror; and, that if I thought proper, I could make him grow two or three Inches or more; but that it was necessary to keep the Matter a profound Secret, lest any one

should know of my possessing this diabolic Art.

As I was walking across the Square, with some of the principal Domestics, they pointed me out to the little Man, that he might know me again. Before those who had turned his Brain, had given me a Hint on the Subject, he came up to me; and, in a studied Speech, offered me his Friendship, his Purse, and his Favour, during the Remainder of my Life. He concluded his Address as follows: "You must already have observed the Injury that Nature has done a Man of my Endowments, by bestowing so diminutive a Body on one possessed of such an elevated Mind. I know you can supply this Deficiency if you please; and, by doing so, you will have a Slave devoted to your Service for ever!" "God alone," said I, "is able to perform this; seeing that he alone is superior to Nature. But, if you wish to become taller from the Feet up-

wards, you may add some more Cork to your Heels; and if from the Chest upwards, by hanging yourself a little, you may stretch three or four Inches of your Neck." "Aye, Sir!" he replied; "they told me that you would probably deny me this Favour. For God's sake, grant my Request, and that too as soon as possible."

I found him so bewildered in Folly, that it became necessary to explain to him something of the Works of Nature. I therefore said to him: "You are treating, Sir, of an Impossibility, which not only cannot be performed; but all those who are aware of your giving into such an Error, will set you down for a Madman. The Works of Nature are so perfect that they cannot be improved. She does nothing in vain, and every Thing she does is founded on Reason. There is no Superfluity in her Works, nor any Thing wanting that is necessary to us. Nature is like a Judge; who, after pronouncing Sen-

tence, cannot revoke or change it, being no longer Master in the Case, but having referred it to a superior Tribunal. So Nature, having completed her Works, and bestowed on them their several Properties, can give no further Decision in the Case, unless God, as a superior Being, thinks fit to make an Alteration in them. If she makes it large, large it must remain: if small, it remains small; if monstrous, so it must continue. Nor is there any good Reason why a Man should weary himself thinking to perform Impossibilities." To which he replied; "Pray, is it not more difficult for a Man to make himself invisible? and there are some who can do it." "That is very easily done indeed," said I; for a Man makes himself invisible by placing himself behind a Wall, or concealing himself under a Veil; and you may make yourself invisible by merely placing a Mosquito before you." "Fine Consolation,

said he, “to find him who I imagined could give me that which I have been all my Life eager to obtain”—“What Consolation,” I replied, “can *he* expect, who wishes to act against the Works of Nature herself? for she represents to us the Will of the first Mover and Author of all Things; who, although he created all Men equal, it *was* not in their exterior Appearance, but in the reasonable Properties of the Soul: and this it is which makes Man superior to the other Animals, and not his being tall or short. If Nature had created you with Inconsistencies, such as, giving you the Arms of a Giant, with those Legs of a Turnspit; or had placed a huge preposterous Nose upon those Cheeks of a Mandrake; you might have had some Reason to complain, though you could not have helped yourself. But, however, if you are short, you are so well made, and there is such good Proportion in your Members, that your Ears are larger than

your Feet; and he who has gone half Way towards the Attainment of one of the most important Virtues that can shine in Man, why should he go about seeking one that has the Power to make him grow taller?" "What Virtue is that?" said he. "Humility," replied I: "and in order to attain so divine a Virtue, your Knees are already bowed, so that it appears as if you were always upon them, and by humbling your Mind you will complete the Attainment. If you had been born in the Days of the Heathens, who believed in Transformations, Nature would have been so enraged at your not being satisfied with what she had done for you, that in her Anger she would have transformed you into a *Bull-Frog*, to humble the Pride of your Soul, and diminish the Size of your Body." He answered not a Word to all this for a Time; but at last said: "I abide by the Interpretation of the Comet, which was, that small Things should

be exalted, and lofty Things brought low. But now that you have amused yourself by laughing at me, you are bound to put me in such a Predicament, that no one else may be tempted to serve me in the same Way. For he who knows how to talk as you have done, must know how to perform my Requests: and as to what you tell me about being humble, I will have nothing to say to it; for I have sufficient Reason for valuing myself, being a Gentleman by Descent, on the Side of my Grandmother, who, before she married my Grandfather, had been united to a very honourable Gentleman; and she possesses now the Fee-simple of his Estate, as his Executrix.” “So then,” replied I, “thence proceeds your Vanity; and not wishing to be humble, you are like those who shine and regale themselves at the Expence of others. Now, I confess, I am not astonished at your being proud, though with so much Reason to be the reverse; for Humility is a Virtue

of which none were ever emulous or envious ; since all the Qualities that adorn a Man, have this bad Fortune, except Humility and Poverty, so abhorred of Men, and so much loved by the Author of Life : but if Humility arises from the Knowledge of ourself, and you do not possess this Knowledge, how can you be humble?" " I did not come hither," he replied, " to hear you preach about Virtues, but to try the Effect of Enchantments, or supernatural Things, in order to attain my Object."

The good Man then took his Leave ; and presently after, four Friends of mine, Men of Humour, and not a little wicked withal, came in, and asked me whether the little Fellow had been with me to make his Request. I told them that he had ; and that I had undeceived him in his Nonsense and extreme Ignorance. " Pray then," said they, " let us have some Fun with him ; for if he is so great an Ass, as to believe that one can

make him grow taller, we may prevail on him to give us a handsome Entertainment, diverting ourselves a little at his Expence.” “I would not be concerned in it,” said I, “for all the World; for Tricks from which general Scandal and individual Injury may arise, are by no means allowable.” “You must know,” said they, “that he is a Slave to Avarice and Misery; and we have been doing this in the Hope of making him expend a Portion of that which he will feel in his very Soul.” “If that is his Disposition,” said I, “you will never draw him out of it, even if you raise him as high as the Pinnacle of the Giralda:\* for the Avaricious and Drunkards never find that they have enough of that which they covet; neither can they appease the vile Thirst they carry about them. I recollect some wicked Fellows, in attempting to make a Man spend his Money, putting him in Agonies by per-

\* On the Church at Seville. *Tr.*

suading him that he was ill; so that at last he proved really so ill, by the Force of Imagination, that they were compelled to carry him to his House half dead. In this Case, however, the Injury would be more serious in proportion as the Work is more impossible to be accomplished. To persuade a Man to a Fancy so entirely opposite to Nature, a thousand Tricks must be played which cannot be put in execution without bad Consequences to the poor Devil, who neither sees his diminutive Figure, nor is sensible of his Ignorance."

But they persevered obstinately in their Intention of playing him some Trick, which should have the Appearance of Enchantment. "When this is done," inquired I, "who will be most confused? he, in being the Object of this Trick, or you from having been the Inventors of it, after he shall have discovered the Truth? We ought always to reflect on the Result; and this Fiction and

Deceit cannot be long concealed. For my part, I consider the State of the Deceived, as preferable to that of the Deceiver: for the former argues Simplicity, and a good Heart; but the other Falsehood and Wickedness. There are but few Tricks that one can play with any Degree of Propriety; and Care should ever be taken that, so far from injuring the Person against whom they are directed, they should be of a Nature to amuse him as well as others. We are not Judges what every Man is capable of bearing: for what passes for a trifling Joke with one, when applied to another, becomes a serious Evil. We see bad Consequences result every Day from these *serious Jokes*. This poor miserable Fellow does not possess sufficient Strength of Mind to support such a serious Joke as this must needs prove. I will have no Concern in the Affair; for, if I had, I should act in direct Opposition to my own Opinion, which is, that it would be unjust and shame-

ful. Not that I should be amazed at him who allows himself to be deceived, because he expects to gain by it ; but I should be astonished at a Person acting the Part of a Deceiver, without any other Object than that of doing Mischief.

They went away, and afterwards played him a very scurvy Trick ; giving out that I was the Author of it. They confined his Diet for three Days to four Ounces of Bread, and two Ounces of Almonds and Raisins, together with two Draughts of Water ; first measuring his Figure against a white Wall, and sticking in a small Nail to mark his Height. He followed this Regimen, and his two Sisters rubbed his Arms and Legs every Night and Morning, at the Desire of these Conjurers : they would ask him, after going through this Operation till they were tired : “ Brother, why do we do this ? ” And he would reply, “ Barbarians, do not trouble your Heads

with what *we Men do.*" During these three Days of Diet and Rubbing, he went up every Morning at Day-break, to the House-top, and, looking towards the rising Sun, made certain Signs, which they had prescribed to him, against the Mist of Valladolid; and this, and all the other Ceremonies he observed punctually. The three Days being completed, with his Brain full of Distraction, he went to his roguish Advisers, with a Face like the Skull of a Mandrake, and appearing somewhat taller from being so thin and wasted. One of them went to the Wall against which they measured him; and, removing the Nail two Inches lower down, stopping up the Hole with some Wax, which they got from a Wax-chandler's, and which being fresh, was very white, they then sent him to measure himself; and, as the Nape of his Neck now reached the Nail, he was quite beside himself with Joy; thinking that he had grown as much as the Nail had

been lowered. He came with a broad Grin on his Face, appearing like a flayed Ape, and wanted to throw himself at the Feet of the Person that had made him grow. But they told him that he must be silent about it; for if he were not, his Size would diminish again, and that the most difficult Part was to come. He replied, that if they told him to go down to Hell itself, he would do it, to preserve his Height. "Well," said they, "what we require, is not much short of this;" and they desired him to go, between eleven and twelve o'Clock that Night, into a certain Room, through a very narrow Lane, which passed under some dreary desolate Houses, alone and without a Light; and when there, he should be told what further was required of him. He was in great Trouble when he heard this cruel Sentence; but at last said, with the strongest Emotions of Fear: "Well, well! I will do it! I will do it!" He set out at Night, through the

narrow Lane, his Hair standing on end, and his Knees trembling under him, without hearing a Dog or a Cat to keep him Company; and, on arriving at the Room, four Masks of Devils rushed out from beneath the four Corners of the Bed, with each a Light in his Mouth; and this, together with his previous Alarm, made him believe that he had really got into the infernal Regions: for all very credulous People are easily frightened. And while they were raising their Dæmons, he remained still, without knowing where he was; and having no Power to move, he fell flat on the Floor. They became alarmed, and even sorry for what they had done, and could think of nothing but leaving him where he was, and escaping themselves from the Place. He soon recovered, and crawled Home as fast as the miserable State to which he was reduced permitted. They took care to hide themselves, and keep out of the way. It

happened, soon after this Adventure, that I was under the Necessity of losing a little Blood; and, as this confined me to the House, I related the Story to the Count, who was much diverted with it, finding it greatly to his Taste, and telling the Story to every one that came to the House. The Affair, however, was not seriously noticed, on account of the Interference of this great Prince, though for some Days they continued in a State of great Alarm; for the little Man complained to every Body of their Treatment of him, and to some who had Power to punish them for the Imposition.

I called them together the first Opportunity, and explained to them how important it was not to do wrong, even in Joke; since the jesting on this Man's unfortunate Figure was very near being attended with serious Mischief to themselves. No one likes to hear of his own Defects; and though he may appear to bear it, and even pretend to

laugh at it, it is sure to make more or less of an Impression on the Mind. And one feels it in proportion as the Ridicule is well founded.

This good Prince was so great an Enemy of Reporters of idle Tales, that upon any one telling him an ill-natured Story of any Thing that had occurred in the Palace, he would send for the Person of whom it had been told, and reprove him in Presence of the Tale-bearer; and if he attempted to deny the Fact, the Prince would say: "Very well, you need only ask Mr. Such-a-one, it was he that told me." Thus every Thing was set right by the admirable Conduct of the Count.

## CHAP. XXIII.

*A Tale-bearer rewarded—End of first Part of the Squire's Recital to the Hermit—Reasoning on Supernatural Appearances.*

AS I may not have another Opportunity, I will now relate an Anecdote which will serve as a further Proof of this Prince's Hatred of Tales and idle Reports. Once, when I was by, a certain Flatterer came to tell him, that a Gentleman of Valladolid had been speaking ill of his Character; and he was running on magnifying and making the most of this Story, when the Count interrupted him, by asking: "And pray what did you on this Occasion?" "Oh!" said the other, "I came immediately to acquaint your Excellency with what had happened, that you might send and punish him for an Offence committed against so noble a Per-

sonage." "You were quite right," said the Count. "Ho! there; give this Gentleman half a dozen Blows, well laid on with a good thick Cudgel." "Me!" said the Man, "what can this mean?" "No,, no," said the Count, "they are not intended for *you*, but only that you should carry them from me to the Person who spoke ill of me; for as you have brought me that which I did not know before, you may take that to him which he does not know." And he added, to a Page: "Bermudez, do you run, and say to Mr. Such-a-one, that the next Time he speaks ill of me, he had better not do it before such Fellows as these, who come and report it to me directly: it will be a sufficient Punishment for him, to know that I am acquainted with what he has said." They both thought themselves very well paid, as they told me afterwards; for although they did not give the Man his Beating, he was sufficiently alarmed by the Threat.

The Hermit here began to nod his Head, and to yawn frequently, like a Man in the Locutory of a Convent of Nuns, against his Will; for ever since Dinner I had done nothing else but talk to the Sound of the Water-spouts, which, though few, with the Noise and Violence of the Wind, played their Part so that one might perceive that there was Musick all the Night through. We supped on what the good Man had to produce; and, little as it was, it assisted our Repose, and made Room not only to promote Digestion, but to dream Nonsense, conformably with the Supper we had eaten, and the tempestuous Weather; for I really believe, (though some Friends to Divination may turn their Heads by seeking the Interpretation of their Dreams,) that they do conform to the State of the Weather, and to the Food we eat acting in obedience to the predominant Humour.

It is a great Sign of Ignorance to set one-

self to interpret that which proceeds from hot or cold, moist or dry Humours; and if any Thing should come true that we dream, either accidentally, or through the Interference of good or bad Angels, there can be no good Reason for our troubling ourselves to prove the Truth of it, when it manifests itself so clearly.

Can it alter  
that nature  
we created

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.













UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

---

Do not  
remove  
the card  
from this  
Pocket.

---

Acme Library Card Pocket  
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."  
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

